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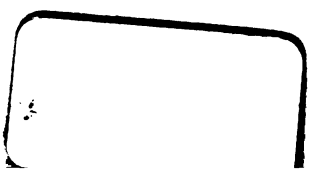

Helen F. Bradford

Wellesley Hills, Mass.

March 12, 1915

The Works

OF

LORD BYRON.

Lord Byron
circa 1804-6.
from a portrait belonging to A. C. Benson Esq.re

The Works

OF

LORD BYRON.

A NEW, REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION,
WITH [illegible] ILLUSTRATIONS.

[illegible]

EDITED BY

ERNEST H. PROTHERO, M.A., M.V.O,
LATE FELLOW OF ALL SOULS COLLEGE, OXFORD.

(SECOND IMPRESSION.)

LONDON:
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NEW YORK: CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.
1902.

The Works

OF

LORD BYRON.

A NEW, REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION,
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

Letters and Journals. Vol. I.

EDITED BY

ROWLAND E. PROTHERO, M.A., M.V.O.,
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PREFACE.

Two great collections of Byron's letters have been already printed. In Moore's *Life*, which appeared in 1830, 561 were given. These, in FitzGreene Halleck's American edition of Byron's *Works*, published in 1847, were increased to 635. The first volume of a third collection, edited by Mr. W. E. Henley, appeared early in 1897. A comparison of the number of letters contained in these three collections down to August 22, 1811, shows that Moore prints 61, Halleck 78, and Mr. Henley 88. In other words, the edition of 1897, which was the most complete so far as it goes, added 27 letters to that of 1830, and 10 to that of 1847. But it should be remembered that by far the greater part of the material added by Halleck and Mr. Henley was seen and rejected by Moore.

The present edition, down to August 22, 1811, prints 168 letters, or an addition of 107 to Moore, 90 to Halleck, and 80 to Mr. Henley. Of this additional matter considerably more than two-thirds was inaccessible to Moore in 1830.

In preparing this volume for the press, use has been

also made of a mass of material, bearing more or less directly on Byron's life, which was accumulated by the grandfather and father of Mr. Murray. The notes thus contain, it is believed, many details of biographical interest, which are now for the first time published.

It is necessary to make these comparisons, in order to define the position which this edition claims to hold with regard to its predecessors. On the other hand, no one can regret more sincerely than myself—no one has more cause to regret—the circumstances which placed this wealth of new material in my hands rather than in those of the true poet and brilliant critic, who, to enthusiasm for Byron, and wide acquaintance with the literature and social life of the day, adds the rarer gift of giving life and significance to bygone events or trivial details by unconsciously interesting his readers in his own living personality.

Byron's letters appeal on three special grounds to all lovers of English literature. They offer the most suggestive commentary on his poetry; they give the truest portrait of the man; they possess, at their best, in their ease, freshness, and racy vigour, a very high literary value.

The present volume, which covers the period from 1798 to August, 1811, includes the letters written by Byron from his eleventh to his twenty-third year. They therefore illustrate the composition of his youthful poetry, of *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers*, and of the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*. They carry his history down to the eve of that morning in March, 1812, when he awoke and found himself famous—in a degree and to

an extent which to the present generation seem almost incomprehensible.

If the letters were selected for their literary value alone, it is probable that very few of those contained in the present volume would find a place in a collection formed on this principle. But biographical interest also demands consideration, and, in the case of Byron, this claim is peculiarly strong. He has for years suffered much from the suppression of the material on which a just estimate of his life may be formed. It is difficult not to regret the destruction of the *Memoirs*, in which he himself intended his history to be told. Their loss cannot be replaced; but their best substitute is found in his letters. Through them a truer conception of Byron can be formed than any impression which is derived from Dallas, Leigh Hunt, Medwin, or even Moore. It therefore seems only fair to Byron, that they should be allowed, as far as possible, to interpret his career. For other reasons also it appears to me too late, or too soon, to publish only those letters which possess a high literary value. The real motive of such a selection would probably be misread, and thus further misconceptions of Byron's character would be encouraged.

With one exception, therefore, the whole of the available material has been published. The exception consists of some of the business letters written by Byron to his solicitor. Enough of these have been printed to indicate the pecuniary difficulties which undoubtedly influenced his life and character; but it was not considered necessary to publish the whole series. Men of genius ask money from their lawyers in the same

language, and with the same arguments, as the most ordinary persons.

The picture which the letters give of Byron, is, it is believed, unique in its completeness, while the portrait has the additional value of being painted by his own hand. Byron's career lends itself only too easily to that method of treatment, which dashes off a likeness by vigorous strokes with a full brush, seizing with false emphasis on some salient feature, and revelling in striking contrasts of light and shade. But the style here adopted by the unconscious artist is rather that in which Richardson the novelist painted his pathetic picture of Clarissa Harlowe. With slow, laborious touches, with delicate gradations of colour, sometimes with almost tedious minuteness and iteration, the gradual growth of a strangely composite character is presented, surrounded by the influences which controlled or moulded its development, and traced through all the varieties of its rapidly changing moods. Written, as Byron wrote, with habitual exaggeration, and on the impulse of the moment, his letters correct one another, and, from this point of view, every letter contained in the volume adds something to the truth and completeness of the portrait.

Round the central figure of Byron are grouped his relations and friends, and two of the most interesting features in the volume are the strength of his family affections, and the width, if not the depth, of his capacity for friendship. His father died when the child was only three years old. But a bundle of his letters, written from Valenciennes to his sister, Mrs. Leigh, in 1790–91, still exists, to attest, with startling plainness of speech, the

strength of the tendencies which John Byron transmitted to his son. The following extract contains the father's only allusion to the boy:—

"Valenciennes, Feb. 16, 1791.

"Have you never received any letters from me by "way of Bologne? I have sent two. For God's sake "send me some, as I have a great deal to pay. With "regard to Mrs. Byron, I am glad she writes to you. "She is very amiable at a distance; but I defy you and "all the Apostles to live with her two months, for, if any "body could live with her, it was me. *Mais jeu de "Mains, jeu de Vilains.* For my son, I am happy to "hear he is well; but for his walking, 'tis impossible, as "he is club-footed."

Between his mother and himself, in spite of frequent and violent collisions, there existed a real affection, while the warmth of his love for his half-sister Augusta, who had much of her brother's power of winning affection, lost nothing in its permanence from the rarity of their personal intercourse. Outside the family circle, the volume introduces the only two men among his contemporaries who remained his lifelong friends. In his affection for Lord Clare, whom he very rarely saw after leaving school, there was a tinge of romance, and in him Byron seems to have personified the best memories of an idealized Harrow. In Hobhouse he found at once the truest and the most intimate of his friends, a man whom he both liked and respected, and to whose opinion and judgment he repeatedly deferred. On Hobhouse's side, the sentiment which induced him, eminently sensible and practical as he was, to treasure the nosegay which Byron had given

him, long after it was withered, shows how attractive must have been the personality of the donor.

Without the *Dictionary of National Biography*, the labour of preparing the letters for the press would be trebled. Both in the facts which it supplies, and in the sources of information which it suggests, it is an invaluable aid.

In conclusion, I desire to express my special obligations to Lord Lovelace and Mr. Richard Edgcumbe, who have read the greater part of the proofs, and to both of whom I am indebted for several useful suggestions.

R. E. PROTHERO.

March, 1898.

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THE

LETTERS OF LORD BYRON.

CHAPTER I.

1788–1805.

CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL.

CATHERINE GORDON of Gight (1765–1811), afterwards Mrs. Byron, and mother of the poet, was descended on the paternal side from Sir William Gordon of Gight, the third son, by Annabella Stewart, daughter of James I. of Scotland, of George, second Earl of Huntly, Chancellor of Scotland (1498–1502), and Lord-Lieutenant of the North from 1491 to his death in 1507. The owners of Gight, now a ruin, once a feudal stronghold, were a hot-headed, hasty-handed race, sufficiently notable to be commemorated by Thomas the Rhymer, and to leave their mark in the traditions of Aberdeenshire. In the seventh generation from Sir William Gordon, the property passed to an heiress, Mary Gordon. By her marriage with Alexander Davidson of Newton, who assumed the name of Gordon, she had a son Alexander, Mrs. Byron's grandfather, who married Margaret Duff of Craigston, a cousin of the first Earl of Fife. Their eldest son, George, the fifth of the Gordons of Gight who bore that

name, married Catherine Innes of Rosieburn, and by her became the father of Catherine Gordon, born in 1765, afterwards Mrs. Byron. Both her parents dying early, Catherine Gordon was brought up at Banff by her grandmother, commonly called Lady Gight, a penurious, illiterate woman, who, however, was careful that her granddaughter was better educated than herself. Thus, for the second time, Gight, which, with other property, was worth between £23,000 and £24,000, passed to an heiress.

Miss Catherine Gordon had her full share of feminine vanity. At the age of thirty-five she was a stout, dumpy, coarse-looking woman, awkward in her movements, provincial in her accent and manner. But as her son was vain of his personal appearance, and especially of his hands, neck, and ears, so she, when other charms had vanished, clung to her pride in her arms and hands. She exhausted the patience of Stewardson the artist, who in 1806, after forty sittings, painted her portrait, by her anxiety to have a particular turn in her elbow exhibited in the most pleasing light. Of her ancestry she was, to use her son's expression, as "proud as Lucifer," looked down upon the Byron family, and regarded the Duke of Gordon as an inferior member of her clan. In later life, at any rate, her temper was ungovernable; her language, when excited, unrestrained; her love of gossip insatiable. Capricious in her moods, she flew from one extreme to the other, passing, for the slightest cause, from passionate affection to equally passionate resentment. How far these defects were produced, as they certainly were aggravated, by her husband's ill treatment and her hard struggle with poverty, it is impossible to say. She had many good qualities. She bore her ruin, as her letters show, with good sense, dignity, and composure. She lived on a miserable

pittance without running into debt; she pinched herself in order to give her son a liberal supply of money; she was warm-hearted and generous to those in distress. She adored her scamp of a husband, and, in her own way, was a devoted mother. In politics she affected democratic opinions, took in the *Morning Chronicle*, and paid for it, as is shown by a bill sent in after her death, at the rate of £4 17*s.* 6*d.* for the half-year—no small deduction from her narrow income. She was fond of books, subscribed to the Southwell Book Club, copied passages which struck her in the course of her reading, collected all the criticisms on her son's poetry, made shrewd remarks upon them herself (Moore's *Journal and Correspondence*, vol. v. p. 295), and corresponded with her friends on literary subjects.

In 1785 Miss Catherine Gordon was at Bath, where, it may be mentioned, her father had, some years before, committed suicide. There she met, and there, on May 13, 1785, in the parish church of St. Michael, as the register shows, she married Captain John Byron.

Captain John Byron (1755–91), born at Plymouth, was the eldest son of Admiral the Hon. John Byron (1723-86) —known in the Royal Navy as "Hardy Byron" or "Foul-"weather Jack"—by his marriage (1748) with Sophia Trevanion of Carhais, in Cornwall. The admiral, next brother to William, fifth Lord Byron, was a distinguished naval officer, whose *Narrative* of his shipwreck in the *Wager* was published in 1768, and whose *Voyage round the World* in the *Dolphin* was described by "an officer "in the said ship" in 1767. His eldest son, John Byron, educated at Westminster and a French Military Academy, entered the Guards and served in America. A gambler, a spendthrift, a profligate scamp, disowned by his father, he in 1778 ran away with, and in 1779 married, Lady

Carmarthen, wife of Francis, afterwards fifth Duke of Leeds, *née* Lady Amelia d'Arcy, only child and heiress of the last Earl of Holderness, and Baroness Conyers in her own right.

Captain Byron and his wife lived in Paris, where were born to them a son and a daughter, both of whom died in infancy, and Augusta, born 1783, the poet's half-sister, who subsequently married her first cousin, Colonel George Leigh. In 1784 Lady Conyers died, and Captain Byron returned to England, a widower, over head and ears in debt, and in search of an heiress.

It was a rhyme in Aberdeenshire—

> "When the heron leaves the tree,
> The laird of Gight shall landless be."

Tradition has it that, at the marriage of Catherine Gordon with "mad Jack Byron," the heronry at Gight passed over to Kelly or Haddo, the property of the Earl of Aberdeen. "The land itself will not be long in following," said his lordship, and so it proved. For a few months Mrs. Byron Gordon—for her husband assumed the name, and by this title her Scottish friends always addressed her—lived at Gight. But the ready money, the outlying lands, the rights of fishery, the timber, failed to liquidate Captain Byron's debts, and in 1786 Gight itself was sold to Lord Aberdeen for £17,850. Mrs. Byron Gordon found herself, at the end of eighteen months, stripped of her property, and reduced to the income derived from £4200, subject to an annuity payable to her grandmother. She bore the reverse with a composure which shows her to have been a woman of no ordinary courage. Her letters on the subject are sensible, not ill-expressed, and, considering the circumstances in which they were written, give a favourable impression of her character.

The wreck of their fortunes compelled Mrs. Byron Gordon and her husband to retire to France. At the beginning of 1788 she had returned to London, and on January 22, 1788, at 16, Holles Street (since numbered 24, and now destroyed), in the back drawing-room of the first floor, gave birth to her only child, George Gordon, afterwards sixth Lord Byron. Hanson gives the names of the nurse, Mrs. Mills, the man-midwife, Mr. Combe, the doctor, Dr. Denman, who attended Mrs. Byron at her confinement. Dallas was, therefore, mistaken in his supposition that the poet was born at Dover. The child was baptized in London on February 29, 1788, as is proved by the register of the parish of Marylebone.

Shortly after the birth of her son, Mrs. Byron settled in Aberdeen, where she lived for upwards of eight years. During her stay there, in the summer of 1791, her husband died at Valenciennes. In the year 1794, by the death of his cousin William John Byron (1772–94) from a wound received at the siege of Calvi, in Corsica, her son became the heir to his great-uncle, the "wicked Lord Byron" (William, fifth Lord Byron, 1722–98), and a solicitor named Hanson was appointed to protect the boy's interests. From Aberdeen Mrs. Byron kept up a correspondence with her sister-in-law, Frances Leigh (*née* Byron), wife of General Charles Leigh, to whom, in a letter, dated March 27, 1791, she speaks of her son as "very well, and really a charming boy." Writing again to Mrs. Leigh, December 8, 1794, she says, "I think myself much obliged to you for being so interested for George; you may be sure I would do anything I could for my son, but I really don't see what can be done for him in that case. You say you are afraid Lord B. will dispose of the estates that are left, if he can; if he has it in his power, nobody can prevent him from

"selling them; if he has not, no one will buy them from "him. You know Lord Byron. Do you think he will "do anything for George, or be at any expense to give "him a proper education; or, if he wish to do it, is his "present fortune such a one that he could spare anything "out of it? You know how poor I am, not that I mean "to ask him to do anything for him, that is to say, to "be of any expense on his account." If any application was made to the boy's great-uncle, it was unsuccessful. On May 19, 1798, Lord Byron died, and Hanson informed Mrs. Byron that her son had succeeded to the title and estates. At the end of the summer of that year, the little Lord Byron, with his mother and the nurse May Gray, reached Newstead, and, within a few weeks from their arrival, his first letter was written. His letters to his mother, it may be observed, are always addressed to "the Honourable Mrs. Byron," a title to which she had no claim.

I.—To Mrs. Parker.[1]

Newstead Abbey, Nov. 8th, 1798.

DEAR MADAM,—My Mamma being unable to write herself desires I will let you know that the potatoes are

1. This letter, the first that Byron wrote, was written when he was ten years and ten months old. It is preserved in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, and a facsimile is given by Elze, in his *Life of Lord Byron*.

It is apparently addressed to his aunt, Mrs. Parker. Charlotte Augusta Byron, daughter of Admiral the Hon. John Byron, married Christopher Parker (1761–1804), Vice-Admiral 1804, the son of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Peter Parker, Bart. (1721–1811). Her son, who, on the death of his grandfather, succeeded to the baronetcy as Sir Peter Parker, second Bart. (1786–1814), commanded H.M.S. *Menelaus*, and was killed in an attack on a body of American militia encamped near Baltimore. (See Byron's "Elegy on the "Death of Sir Peter Parker," and his letter to Moore, October 7,

now ready and you are welcome to them whenever you please.

She begs you will ask Mrs. Parkyns if she would wish the poney to go round by Nottingham or to go home the nearest way as it is now quite well but too small to carry me.

I have sent a young Rabbit which I beg Miss Frances will accept off and which I promised to send before. My Mamma desires her best compliments to you all in which I join.

I am, Dear Aunt, yours sincerely,

BYRON.

I hope you will excuse all blunders as it is the first letter I ever wrote.

2.—To his Mother.

Nottingham, 13 March, 1799.

DEAR MAMA,—I am very glad to hear you are well. I am so myself, thank God; upon my word I did not expect so long a Letter from you; however I will answer it as well as I can. Mrs. Parkyns and the rest are well and are much obliged to you for the present. Mr. Rogers[1]

1814.) Her daughter Margaret, one of Byron's early loves, inspired, as he says, his "first dash into poetry" (see *Poems*, vol. i. p. 5, *note* 1).

1. Dummer Rogers, "Teacher of French, English, Latin, and "Mathematicks," was, according to *Notes and Queries* (4th series, vol. iii. p. 561), an American loyalist, pensioned by the English Government. He lived at Hen Cross, Nottingham, when Byron was staying in that city, partly with Mrs. Parkyns, partly at Mr. Gill's, in St. James's Lane, to be attended by a man named Lavender, "trussmaker to the general hospital," who had some local reputation for the treatment of misshapen limbs. Lavender, in 1814 (*Nottingham Directory* for 1814), appears as a "surgeon." Rogers, who read parts of Virgil and Cicero with Byron, represents him as, for his age, a fair scholar. He was often, during his lessons, in violent pain,

could attend me every night at a separate hour from the Miss Parkynses, and I am astonished you do not acquiesce in this Scheme which would keep me in Mind of what I have almost entirely forgot. I recommend this to you because, if some plan of this kind is not adopted, I shall be called, or rather branded with the name of a dunce, which you know I could never bear. I beg you will consider this plan seriously and I will lend it all the assistance in my power. I shall be very glad to see the Letter you talk of, and I have time just to say I hope every body is well at Newstead,

And remain, your affectionate Son,

BYRON.

P.S.—Pray let me know when you are to send in the Horses to go to Newstead. May [1] desires her Duty and I also expect an answer by the miller.

3.—To John Hanson.[2]

SIR,—I am not a little disappointed at your Stay, for this last week I expected you every hour; but, however,

from the position in which his foot was kept; and Rogers one day said to him, "It makes me uncomfortable, my Lord, to see you "sitting there in such pain as I *know* you must be suffering." "Never "mind, Mr. Rogers," answered the boy; "you shall not see any signs "of it in *me*." Many years after, when in the neighbourhood of Nottingham, Byron sent a kind message to his old instructor, bidding the bearer tell him that he could still recite twenty verses of Virgil which he had read with Rogers when suffering torture all the time.

1. Byron's nurse, who had accompanied him from Aberdeen (see p. 10, *note* 1).

2. John Hanson, of 6, Chancery Lane, a well-known London solicitor, was introduced to the Byron family by an Aberdeenshire friend of Mrs. Byron, Mr. Farquhar, a member of Parliament, and a civilian practising in Doctors' Commons. The acquaintance began in January, 1788, with Byron's birth, for the midwife and the nurse were recommended by Mrs. Hanson. Six years later, Hanson was

I beg it as a favour that you will come up soon from Newstead as the Holidays commence in three weeks Time. I congratulate you on Capt. Hanson's [1] being appointed commander of The *Brazen* Sloop of War, and I congratulate myself on Lord Portsmouth's [2] Marriage, hoping

employed by Mrs. Byron to watch the interests of her son, who in 1794 had become heir-presumptive to his great-uncle. It was Hanson who, in the summer of 1798, communicated the news of the death of Lord Byron to Mrs. Byron, and with his wife received her and her son at Newstead. From that time till the close of the minority, Hanson was intimately associated with Byron, both as a man of business and a friend. He selected Dr. Glennie's school for the boy, persuaded Lord Carlisle to become his guardian, introduced the ward to Lord Carlisle, and entered him at Harrow. It was at his house in Earl's Court that Byron, for five years, spent a considerable part of his successive holidays. There he made acquaintance with Hanson's children—his sons Charles, Hargreaves (his contemporary at Harrow), and Newton, and his daughter, Mary Anne, who subsequently (March 7, 1814) married the Earl of Portsmouth, Byron giving her away. This letter was written by Byron a few weeks after he had gone to school at Dr. Glennie's, in Lordship Lane, Dulwich. He remained there from August, 1799, to April, 1801.

In a letter to Mrs. Byron, dated September 1, 1799, Hanson describes Dr. Glennie's "Academy," where he had shortly before left the boy:—

"I left my entertaining companion with Mr. Glennie last "Thursday week, and I have since learnt from him that he is very "comfortable and likes the situation. His schoolfellows are very "fine youths, and their deportment does very great credit to their "Preceptor. I succeeded in getting Lord Byron a separate room, "and I am persuaded the greatest attention will be paid to him. Mr. "Glennie is a Scotchman, has travelled a great deal, and seems "every way qualified for his present situation."

1. Captain James Hanson, R.N., was the brother of John Hanson to whom the letter is written. Byron was born with a caul, prized by sailors as a preservative from drowning. The caul was sold by Mrs. Mills, the nurse who attended Mrs. Byron in January, 1788, to Captain Hanson. In January, 1800, Captain Hanson, in command of H.M.S. *Brazen*, had captured a French vessel, which he sent to Portsmouth with a prize crew. On the 26th of the month, while shorthanded, he was caught in a storm off Newhaven. The *Brazen* foundered, and Captain Hanson with all his men, except one, were drowned.

2. In the late autumn of 1799 Lord Portsmouth was staying with the Hansons before his marriage (November 23, 1799) with Miss Norton, sister of Lord Grantley. In rough play he pinched Byron's

his Lady, when he and I meet next, will keep him in a little better order. The manner I knew that Capt. Hanson was appointed Commander of the Ship before mentioned was this. I saw it in the public Paper, and now, since you are going to Newstead, I beg if you meet Gray [1] send her a packing as fast as possible, and give my Compliments

ear; the boy picked up a conch shell which was lying on the ground, and hurled it at Lord Portsmouth's head, missing it by a hair's breadth, and smashing the glass behind. In vain Mrs. Hanson tried to make the peace by saying that Byron did not mean the missile for Lord Portsmouth. "But I *did* mean it!" he reiterated; "I will teach a fool of an earl to pinch another noble's ear."

1. The following extract from a letter written by Hanson to Mrs. Byron (September 1, 1799) places the character of Byron's nurse in a different light to that which is given in Moore's *Life*:—

"I assure you, Madam, I should not have taken the liberty to "have interfered in your domestic Arrangements, had I not thought "it absolutely necessary to apprize you of the proceedings of your "Servant, Mrs. Gray; her conduct towards your son while at "Nottingham was shocking, and I was persuaded you needed but "a hint of it to dismiss her. Mrs. Parkyns, when I saw her, said "something to me about her; but when I found from dispassionate "persons at Nottingham, it was the general Topic of conversation, "it would have ill become me to have remained silent.

"My honourable little companion, tho' disposed to retain his "feelings, could not refrain, from the harsh usage he had received "at her hands, from complaining to me, and such is his dread of the "Woman that I really believe he would forego the satisfaction of "seeing you if he thought he was to meet her again. He told me "that she was perpetually beating him, and that his bones sometimes "ached from it; that she brought all sorts of Company of the very "lowest Description into his apartments; that she was out late at "nights, and he was frequently left to put himself to bed; that she "would take the Chaise-boys into the Chaise with her, and stopped "at every little Ale-house to drink with them. But, Madam, this "is not all; she has even —— traduced yourself.

"I entertain a very great affection for Lord Byron, and I trust I "shall not be considered solely in my professional character, but as "his Friend. I introduced him to my Friends, Lord Grantley and "his Brother General Norton, who were vastly taken with him, as "indeed are every one. And I should be mortified in the highest "degree to see the honourable feelings of my little fellow exposed to "insult by the inordinate Indiscretions of any Servant. He has "Ability and a quickness of Conception, and a correct Discrimina-"tion that is seldom seen in a youth, and he is a fit associate of "men, and choice indeed must be the Company that is selected "for him."

to Mrs. Hanson and to all my comrades of the Battalions in and out upon different Stations,

And remain, your little friend,

BYRON.

I forgot to tell you how I was. I am at present very well and my foot goes but indifferently; I cannot perceive any alteration.

4.—To his Mother.

Harrow-on-the-Hill, Sunday, May 1st, 1803.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I received your Letter the other day. And am happy to hear you are well. I hope you will find Newstead in as favorable a state as you can wish. I wish you would write to Sheldrake to tell him to make haste with my shoes.[1]

1. Byron appears to have suffered from what would now be described as infantile paralysis, which affected the inner muscles of the right leg and foot, and rendered him permanently lame. Before leaving London for Aberdeen, Mrs. Byron consulted John Hunter, who, in correspondence with Dr. Livingstone of Aberdeen, advised her as to the treatment of her son. Writing, May 31, 1791, to Mrs. Leigh, she says, "George's foot turns inward, and it is the "right foot; he walks quite on the side of his foot." In 1798 the child was placed under the care of Lavender (see p. 7, *note* 1) at Nottingham, doubtless on the recommendation of his aunt. In July, 1799, he was taken to London, in order to consult Dr. Baillie. From July, 1799, till the end of 1802, he was attended by Baillie in consultation with Dr. Laurie of 2, Bartholomew's Close. Special appliances were made for the boy, under their superintendence, by a scientific bootmaker named Sheldrake, in the Strand. In *The Lancet* for 1827–8 (vol. ii. p. 779) Mr. T. Sheldrake describes "Lord Byron's case," giving an illustration of the foot. His account does not tally, in some respects, with that taken from contemporary letters, and his sketch represents the left not the right leg. But the nature and extent of Byron's lameness have been the subject of a curious variety of opinion. Lady Blessington, Moore, Galt, the Contessa Albrizzi, never knew which foot was deformed. Jackson, the boxer, thought it was the *left* foot. Trelawney says that it proceeded from a contraction of the back sinews, and that the

I am sorry to say that Mr. Henry Drury [1] has behaved himself to me in a manner I neither *can* nor *will bear*.

right foot was most distorted. The lasts from which his shoes were made by Swift, the Southwell bootmaker, are preserved in the Nottingham Museum, and in both the foot is perfect in shape. The last pair of shoes modelled on them were made May 7, 1807. Mrs. Leigh Hunt says that the *left* foot was shrunken, but was not a club-foot. Stendhal says the *right* foot. Thorwaldsen indicates the *left* foot. Dr. James Millingen, who inspected the feet after the poet's death, says that there was a malformation of the *left* foot and leg, and that he was born club-footed. Two surgical boots are in the possession of Mr. Murray, made for Byron as a child; both are for the *right* foot, ankle, and leg, and, assuming that they were made to fit the foot, they are too long and thin for a club-foot. Both at Dulwich and at Harrow, Byron was frequently seen by Laurie, whom Mrs. Byron paid, as she once complained in a letter to Laurie, "at the rate of £150 a year." It is difficult to see what more could have been done for the boy, and the explanation of the failure to effect a cure is probably to be found in the following extracts from two of Laurie's letters to Mrs. Byron. The first is dated December 7, 1801:—

"Agreeable to your desire, I waited on Lord Byron at Harrow, "and I think it proper to inform you that I found his foot in a much "worse state than when I last saw it,—the shoe entirely wet through "and the brace round his ancle quite loose. I much fear his extreme "Inattention will counteract every exertion on my part to make him "better. I have only to add that with proper care and bandaging, "his foot may still be greatly recovered; but any delay further "than the present vacation would render it folly to undertake it."

The second letter is dated October 2, 1802. In it Laurie complains that the boy had spent several days in London without seeing him, and adds—

"I cannot help lamenting he has so little sense of the Benefit he "has already received as to be so apparently neglectful."

1. For Henry Drury (afterwards an intimate friend of Byron) and his father, the Head-master of Harrow, see p. 41, *note* 2.

When Byron went to Harrow, in April, 1801, he was placed in Henry Drury's house. But in January, 1803, he refused to go back to school unless he was removed from Drury's care. He was in consequence placed at Evans's house. Dr. Drury, writing to explain the new arrangement, says, in a letter to Hanson, dated February 4, 1803—

"The reason why Lord Byron wishes for this change arises from "the repeated complaints of Mr. Henry Drury respecting his In-"attention to Business, and his propensity to make others laugh "and disregard their Employments as much as himself. On this "subject I have had many very serious conversations with him, and "though Mr. H. D. had repeatedly requested me to withdraw him "from his Tuition, yet, relying on my own remonstrances and

He has seized now an opportunity of showing his resentment towards me. To day in church I was talking to a Boy who was sitting next me; *that* perhaps was not right, but hear what followed. After Church he spoke not a word to me, but he took this Boy to his pupil room, where he abused me in a most violent manner, called me *blackguard*, said he *would* and *could* have me expelled from the School, and bade me thank his *Charity* that *prevented* him; this was the Message he sent me, to which I shall return no answer, but submit my case to *you* and those you may think *fit* to *consult*. Is this fit usage for any body? had I *stole* or behaved in the most *abominable* way to him, his language could not have been more outrageous. What must the boys think of me to hear

"arguments to rectify his Error, and on his own reflection to "confirm him in what is right, I was unwilling to accede to my son's "wishes. Lord Byron has now made the request himself; I am "glad it has been made, as he thereby imposes on himself an "additional responsibility, and encourages me to hope that by this "change he intends to lay aside all that negligence and those "Childish Practices which were the cause of former complaints."

Fresh troubles soon arose, as Byron's letter indicates. Hanson forwarded the boy's complaint to Dr. Drury, from whom he received the following answer, dated May 15, 1803:—

"The Perusal of the inclosed has allowed me to inquire into the "whole Matter, and to relieve your young friend's Mind from any "uneasy impression it might have sustained from a hasty word I "fairly confess. I am sorry it was ever uttered; but certainly it "was never intended to make so deep a wound as his letter "intimates.

"I may truly say, without any parade of words, that I am deeply "interested in Lord Byron's welfare. He possesses, as his letter "proves, a mind that feels, and that can discriminate reasonably on "points in which it conceives itself injured. When I look forward "to the Possibility of the exercise of his Talents hereafter, and his "supplying the Deficiencies of fortune by the exertion of his abilities "and by application, I feel particularly hurt to see him idle, and "negligent, and apparently indifferent to the great object to be "pursued. This event, and the conversations which have passed "between us relative to it, will probably awaken in his mind a "greater degree of emulation, and make him studious of acquiring "Distinction among his Schoolfellows, as well as of securing to "himself the affectionate regard of his Instructors."

such a Message ordered to be delivered to me by a *Master*? Better let him take away my life than ruin my *Character*. My Conscience acquits me of ever *meriting* expulsion at this School; I have been *idle* and I certainly ought not to talk in church, but I have never done a mean action at this School to him or *any one*. If I had done anything so *heinous*, why should he allow me to stay at the School? Why should he himself be so *criminal* as to overlook faults which merit the *appellation* of a *blackguard*? If he had had it in his power to have me expelled, he would long ago have *done* it; as it is, he has done *worse*. If I am treated in this Manner, I will not stay at this *School*. I write you that I will not as yet appeal to Dr. Drury; his Son's influence is more than mine and *justice* would be *refused* me. Remember I told you, when I *left* you at *Bath*, that he would seize every means and opportunity of revenge, not for leaving him so much as the mortification he suffered, because I begged you to let me leave him. If I had been the Blackguard he talks of, why did he not of his own accord refuse to keep me as his *pupil*? You know Dr. Drury's first letter, in it were these Words: "My son and Lord "Byron have had some Disagreements; but I hope that "his future behaviour will render a change of Tutors un-"necessary." Last Term I was here but a short time, and though he endeavoured, he could find nothing to abuse me in. Among other things I forgot to tell you he said he had a great mind to expel the Boy for speaking to me, and that if he ever again spoke to me he would expel him. Let him explain his meaning; he abused me, but he neither did nor can mention anything bad of me, further than what every boy else in the School has done. I fear him not; but let him explain his meaning; 'tis all I ask. I beg you will write to Dr. Drury to let him know

what I have said. He has behaved to me, as also Mr. Evans, very kindly. If you do not take notice of this, I will leave the School myself; but I am sure *you* will not see me *ill treated;* better that I should suffer anything than this. I believe you will be tired by this time of reading my letter, but, if you love me, you will now show it. Pray write me immediately. I shall ever remain,

Your affectionate Son,

BYRON.

P.S.—Hargreaves Hanson desires his love to you and hopes you are very well. I am not in want of any Money so will not ask you for any. God bless, bless you.

5.—To his Mother.

Harrow-on-the-Hill, June 23rd, 6th, 8th, 30th, 1803.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I am much obliged to you for the Money you sent me. I have already wrote to you several times about writing to Sheldrake: I wish you would write to him, or Mr. Hanson to call on him, to tell him to make an Instrument for my leg immed^{ly}, as I want one, rather. I have been placed in a higher form in this School to day, and Dr. Drury and I go on very well; write soon, my Dear Mother.

I remain, your affectionate Son,

BYRON.

6.—To his Mother.[1]

Southwell, [Sept. 1803].

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I have sent Mealey [2] to day to you, before William came, but now I shall write myself.

1. This letter is endorsed by Hanson, "Lord Byron to his mother, "1803." In September, 1803, at the end of the summer holidays, Byron did not return to Harrow. Dr. Drury asked the reason, received no reply, and, on October 4, applied to Hanson for an explanation. Hanson's inquiry drew from Mrs. Byron, on October 30, the following answer, with which was enclosed the above letter from Byron:—

"You may well be surprized, and so may Dr. Drury, that Byron "is not returned to Harrow. But the Truth is, I cannot get him to "return to school, though I have done all in my power for six weeks "past. He has no indisposition that I know of, but love, desperate "love, the *worst* of all *maladies* in my opinion. In short, the Boy "is distractedly in love with Miss Chaworth, and he has not been "with me three weeks all the time he has been in this county, but "spent all his time at Annesley.

"If my son was of a proper age and the lady *disengaged*, it is the "last of all connexions that I would wish to take place; it has given "me much uneasiness. To prevent all trouble in future, I am "determined he shall not come here again till Easter; therefore I "beg you will find some proper situation for him at the next "Holydays. I don't care what I pay. I wish Dr. Drury would "keep him.

"I shall go over to Newstead to-morrow and make a *last effort* to "get him to Town."

The effort, if made, failed. On November 7, 1803, Mrs. Byron wrote again:—

"Byron is really so unhappy that I have agreed, much against my "inclination, to let him remain in this County till after the next "Holydays."

It was not till January, 1804, that Byron returned to Harrow.

Miss Mary Anne Chaworth, the object of Byron's passion, was then living with her mother, Mrs. Clarke, at Annesley, near Newstead (see *Poems*, vol. i. p. 189, and *note* 1). The grand-niece of the Mr. Chaworth who was killed in a duel by William, fifth Lord Byron, on January 26, 1765 (*Annual Register*, 1765, pp. 208–212; and *State Trials*, vol. xix. pp. 1178–1236), and the heiress of Annesley, she married, in August, 1805, John Musters, by whom she had a daughter, born in 1806. (See "Well! thou art happy!" *Poems*, vol. i. p. 277; see also, for other allusions to Mrs. Chaworth Musters, *ibid.*, pp. 210, 239, 282, 285; and "The Dream" of July, 1816.) In Byron's memorandum-book, he describes a visit which he paid to Matlock

I promise you, upon my *honour*, I will come over tomorrow in the *Afternoon*. I was not wishing to resist your *Commands*, and really seriously intended coming over tomorrow, ever since I received your last Letter; you know as well as I do that it is not your Company I dislike, but the place you reside in. I know it is time to go to Harrow. It will make me *unhappy;* but I will *obey*. I only desire, entreat, this one day, and on my *honour* I will be over tomorrow in the evening or afternoon. I am sorry you disapprove my Companions, who, however, are the first this County affords, and my equals in most respects; but I will be permitted to chuse for myself. I shall never interfere in your's and I desire you will not molest me in mine. If you grant me this favour, and allow me this one day unmolested, you will eternally oblige your

Unhappy Son,

BYRON.

I shall attempt to offer no excuse as you do not desire one. I only entreat you as a Governor, not as a Mother, to allow me this one day. Those that I most love live in this County; therefore in the name of Mercy

with Miss Chaworth's mother, her stepfather Mr. Clarke, some friends, "and *my* M. A. C. Alas! why do I say MY? Our union "would have healed feuds in which blood had been shed by our "fathers,—it would have joined lands broad and rich, it would have "joined at least *one* heart, and two persons not ill matched in years "(she is two years my elder) and—and—and—*what* has been the "result?" (*Life*, p. 27).

Mrs. Musters, after an unhappy married life, died in February, 1832, at Wiverton Hall, near Nottingham.

The connection between the families of Chaworth and Byron came through the marriage of William, third Lord Byron (died 1695), with Elizabeth Chaworth (died 1683), daughter of George Chaworth, created (1627) Viscount Chaworth of Armagh (Thoroton's *Nottinghamshire*, vol. i. p. 198).

2. Owen Mealey, the steward at Newstead.

I entreat this one day to take leave, and then I will join you again at Southwell to prepare to go to a place where—— I will write no more; it would only incense you. Adieu. Tomorrow I come.

7.—To the Hon. Augusta Byron.[1]

[At 63, Portland Place, London.]

Burgage Manor, [Thursday], March 22d, 1804.

Although, My ever Dear Augusta, I have hitherto appeared remiss in replying to your kind and affectionate

1. The Hon. Augusta Byron, Byron's half-sister (January, 1783—November, 1851), was the daughter of Captain John Byron by his first wife, Amelia d'Arcy (died 1784), only child of the last Earl of Holderness, Baroness Conyers in her own right, the divorced wife of Francis, Marquis of Carmarthen, subsequently fifth Duke of Leeds. After the return of Captain and Mrs. Byron to London early in 1788, she was brought up by her grandmother, the Countess of Holderness. When the latter died, Augusta Byron divided her time between her half-sister, Lady Mary Osborne, who married, July 16, 1801, Lord Pelham, subsequently (1805) Earl of Chichester; her half-brother George, who succeeded his father as sixth Duke of Leeds in 1799; her cousin, the Earl of Carlisle; and General and Mrs. Harcourt. From their houses her letters during the period 1803–7 are written. In 1807 she married her first cousin, Colonel George Leigh of the Tenth Dragoons, the son of General Charles Leigh, by Frances, daughter of Admiral the Hon. John Byron. By her husband, who was a friend of the Prince Regent and well known in society, she was the mother of seven children. Their home was at Newmarket, till, in April, 1818, they were granted apartments in Flag Court, St. James's Palace, where she died in November, 1851.

Augusta Byron seems scarcely to have seen her brother between his infancy and 1802. Lady Holderness and Mrs. Byron were not on friendly terms, and it was not till the former's death that any intimacy was renewed between the brother and sister. Writing on October 18, 1801, to Augusta Byron, Mrs. Byron says, in allusion to the death of Lady Holderness, "As I wish to bury what is "past in *oblivion*, I shall avoid all reflections on a person now no "more; my opinion of yourself I have suspended for some years; "the time is now arrived when I shall form a very *decided* one. "I take up my pen now, however, to condole with you on the "melancholy event that has happened, to offer you every consolation "in my power, to assure you of the inalterable regard and friend-"ship of myself and son. We will be extremely happy if ever we

letters; yet I hope you will not attribute my neglect to a want of affection, but rather to a shyness naturally

"can be of any service to you, now or at any future period. I take "it upon me to answer for him; although he knows so little of you, "he often mentions you to me in the most affectionate manner, "indeed the goodness of his heart and amiable disposition is such "that your being his sister, had he never seen you, would be a "sufficient claim upon him and ensure you every attention in his "power to bestow.

"Ah, Augusta, need I assure you that you will ever be dear to "me as the Daughter of the man I tenderly loved, as the sister of my "beloved, my darling Boy, and I take God to witness you *once* "was dear to me on your own account, and may be so *again*. I "still recollect with a degree of horror the many *sleepless* nights, "and days of *agony*, I have passed by your bedside drowned in tears, "while you lay insensible and at the gates of death. Your recovery "certainly was wonderful, and thank God I did my duty. These "days you cannot remember, but I never will forget them. . . . "Your brother is at Harrow School, and, if you wish to see him, "I have now no desire to keep you asunder."

From 1802 till Byron's death, Augusta took in him the interest of an elder sister. Writing to Hanson (June 17, 1804), she says—

"Pray write me a line and mention all you hear of my dear "Brother: he was a most delightful correspondent while he remained "in Nottinghamshire: but I can't obtain a single line from Harrow. "I was much struck with his *general improvement*; it was beyond the "expectations raised by what you had told me, and his letters gave "me the most excellent opinion of both his *Head* and *Heart*."

In this tone the letters are continued (see extracts p. 39; p. 45, *note* 1; and p. 97, *note* 1).

From the end of 1805, with some interruptions, and less regularity, the correspondence between brother and sister was maintained to the end of Byron's life. To Augusta, then Mrs. Leigh, Byron sent a presentation copy of *Childe Harold*, with the inscription: "To "Augusta, my dearest sister, and my best friend, who has ever "loved me much better than I deserved, this volume is presented "by her father's son and most affectionate brother." She was the god-mother of Byron's daughter Augusta Ada, born December 10, 1815. In January, 1816, when Lady Byron was still with her husband, she writes of and to Mrs. Leigh: "In this at least, I *am* "'truth itself,' when I say that, whatever the situation may be, "there is no one whose society is dearer to me, or can contribute "more to my happiness." Lady Byron left Byron on January 15, 1816. Writing to Mrs. Leigh from Kirby Mallory, she speaks of her as her "best comforter," notices her absolute unselfishness, and says that Augusta's presence in Byron's house in Piccadilly is her "great comfort" (Lady Byron's letters to Mrs. Leigh, January 16 and January 23, 1816, quoted in the *Quarterly Review* for October, 1896, p. 414). Through Mrs. Leigh passed many communications

inherent in my Disposition. I will now endeavour as amply as lies in my power to repay your kindness, and for the Future I hope you will consider me not only as *a Brother* but as your warmest and most affectionate *Friend*, and if ever Circumstances should require it your *protector*. Recollect, My Dearest Sister, that you are *the nearest relation* I have in *the world both by the ties of Blood* and *affection*. If there is anything in which I can serve

between Byron and Lady Byron after the separation. To her, Byron, in 1816 and 1817, wrote the two sets of "Stanzas to Augusta," the "Epistle to Augusta," and the Journal of his journey through the Alps, "which contains all the germs of *Manfred*" (letter to Murray, August, 1817). She was in his thoughts on the Rhine, and in the third canto of *Childe Harold*:—

> "But one thing want these banks of Rhine,
> Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine."

To her he was writing a letter at Missolonghi (February 23, 1824), which he did not live to finish, "My dearest Augusta, I received "a few days ago your and Lady Byron's report of Ada's health." He carried with him everywhere the pocket Bible which she had given him. "I have a Bible," he told Dr. Kennedy (*Conversations*), "which my sister gave me, who is an excellent woman, and I read "it very often." His last articulate words were "My sister—my "child."

Several volumes of Mrs. Leigh's commonplace books are in existence, filled with extracts mostly on religious topics. She was, wrote the late Earl Stanhope, in a letter quoted in the *Quarterly Review* (October, 1869, p. 421), "very fond" of talking about Byron. "She was," he continues, "extremely unprepossessing in her person "and appearance—more like a nun than anything, and never can "have had the least pretension to beauty. I thought her shy and "sensitive to a fault in her mind and character." Frances, Lady Shelley, who died in January, 1873, and was intimately acquainted with Byron and his contemporaries, speaks of her as a "Dowdy-Goody." "I have seen," she writes (see *Quarterly Review*, October, 1869, p. 421, quoting from a letter signed E. M. U., which appeared in the *Times* for September 11, 1869), "a great deal of Mrs. Leigh "(Augusta), having passed some days with her and Colonel Leigh, "for my husband's shooting near Newmarket, when Lord Byron "was in the house, and, as she told me, was writing *The Corsair*, "to my great astonishment, for it was a wretched small house, full "of her ill-trained children, who were always running up and down "stairs, and going into 'uncle's' bedroom, where he remained all "the morning."

you, you have only to mention it; Trust to your Brother, and be assured he will never betray your confidence. When You see my Cousin and future Brother George Leigh,[1] tell him that I already consider him as my Friend, for whoever is beloved by you, my amiable Sister, will always be equally Dear to me.

I arrived here today at 2 o'clock after a fatiguing Journey, I found my Mother perfectly well. She desires to be kindly remembered to you; as she is just now Gone out to an assembly, I have taken the first opportunity to write to you, I hope she will not return immediately; for if she was to take it into her head to peruse my epistle, there is one part of it which would produce from her a panegyric on *a friend of yours*, not at all agreeable to me, and I fancy, *not particularly delightful to you*. If you see Lord Sidney Osborne[2] I beg you will remember me to him; I fancy he has almost forgot me by this time, for it is rather more than a year Since I had the pleasure of Seeing him.—Also remember me to poor old Murray;[3]

1. See preceding note.

2. Francis, fifth Duke of Leeds, married, October 14, 1788, as his second wife, Miss Catherine Anguish, by whom he had two children: the eldest, a son, Sydney Godolphin Osborne, was born December 16, 1789.

3. Joe Murray had been for many years in the employment of William, fifth Lord Byron. At his master's death, in 1798, he was taken into the service of the Duke of Leeds.

"I saw poor Joseph Murray the other night," writes Augusta Byron to Hanson (June 17, 1804), "who wishes me particularly to "apply to Col. Leigh, to get him into some City Charity which the "Prince of Wales is at the head of.

"I cannot understand what he means, nor can any body else, and "therefore, as he said he was advised by you, I think it better to "apply to you on the subject. I'm sure Col. Leigh would be happy "to oblige him; but in general he dislikes *asking favours* of the "*Prince*, and this present moment is a bad one to chuse for the "purpose, as H.R.H. is so much taken up with *public affairs*. I "am very anxious about poor Joseph, and would almost do anything "to serve him. I fear he is too old and infirm to go to service "again."

tell him we will see that something is to be done for him, for *while I live he shall never be abandoned In his old Age.* Write to me Soon, my Dear Augusta, And do not forget to love me, In the meantime, I remain, more than words can express, your ever sincere, affectionate

Brother and Friend,

BYRON.

P.S.—Do not forget to knit the purse you promised me, Adieu my beloved Sister.

8.—To the Hon. Augusta Byron.

[63, Portland Place, London.]

Southwell, March 26th, 1804.

I received your affectionate letter, my ever Dear Sister, yesterday and I now haste to comply with your injunction by answering it as soon as possible. Not, my Dear Girl, that it can be in the least irksome to me to write to you, on the Contrary it will always prove my Greatest pleasure, but I am sorry that I am afraid my correspondence will not prove the most entertaining, for I have nothing that I can relate to you, except my affection for

Three years later (March 19, 1807), Augusta Byron writes again to Hanson :—

"I have just had a pitiful note from poor old Murray, telling me "of his dismissal from the Duchess of Leeds ; but he says he does "not leave her till June. I therefore hope something may in the "mean time be done for him. He requests me to write word of it "to my Brother. I shall certainly comply with his wishes, and "send *two lines* on that subject to Southwell, where I conclude "he is."

Byron made Murray an allowance of £20 a year (see Letter 83), took him, as soon as he could, into his service, and was careful, as he promises, to provide that he should not be "abandoned in his "old age." His affection for Murray is marked by the postscript to the letter to Mrs. Byron of June 22, 1809 (see also *Life*, pp. 74, 121); as also by his draft will of 1811, in which he leaves Murray £50 a year for life.

you, which I can never sufficiently express, therefore I should tire you, before I had half satisfied myself. Ah, How unhappy I have hitherto been in being so long separated from so amiable a Sister! but fortune has now sufficiently atoned by discovering to me a relation whom I love, a Friend in whom I can confide. In both these lights, my Dear Augusta, I shall ever look upon you, and I hope you will never find your Brother unworthy of your affection and Friendship.

I am as you may imagine a little dull here; not being on terms of intimacy with Lord Grey[1] I avoid Newstead, and my resources of amusement are Books, and writing to my Augusta, which, wherever I am, will always constitute my Greatest pleasure. I am not reconciled to Lord Grey, *and I never will.* He was once my *Greatest Friend*, my reasons for ceasing that Friendship are such as I cannot explain, not even to you, my Dear Sister, (although were they to be made known to any body, you would be the first,) but they will ever remain hidden in my own breast.

They are Good ones, however, for although I am *violent* I am not *capricious* in my *attachments*. My mother disapproves of my quarrelling with him, but if she knew the cause (which she never will know,) She would reproach me no more. He Has forfeited all *title to my esteem*, but I hold him in too much *contempt* ever *to hate him.* My

1. Henry, third Earl of Sussex, died in 1799, when the earldom lapsed. He was, however, succeeded in the ancient barony of Grey de Ruthyn by his daughter's son, Henry Edward, twentieth Baron Grey de Ruthyn (1780–1810), to whom Newstead was let. "I am "glad," writes Mrs. Byron to Hanson, March 10, 1803, "that "Newstead is well let. I cannot find Lord Grey de Ruthin's Title "in the Peerage of England, Ireland, or Scotland. I suppose he is "a *new* Peer." Lord Grey de Ruthyn married, in 1809, Anna Maria, daughter of William Kelham, of Ryton-upon-Dunsmore, Warwick. (See Byron's Letter to his mother, August 15, 1809.) The lease of Newstead terminated in April, 1808.

mother desires to be kindly remembered to you. I shall soon be in town to resume my studies at Harrow; I will certainly call upon you in my way up. Present my respects to Mrs. Harcourt;[1] I am Glad to hear that I am in her Good Graces for I shall always esteem her on account of her behaviour to you, my Dear Girl. Pray tell me If you see Lord S. Osborne, and how he is; what little I know of him I like very much and If we were better acquainted I doubt not I should like him still better. Do not forget to tell me how Murray is. As to your Future prospects, my Dear Girl, *may they be happy!* I am sure you deserve Happiness and if *you* do not meet with it I shall begin to think it is "a bad world we live "in." Write to me soon. I am impatient to hear from you. God bless you, My amiable Augusta, I remain,

Your ever affectionate Brother and Friend,

BYRON.

9.—To the Hon. Augusta Byron.

[At General Harcourt's, St. Leonard's Hill, Windsor, Berkshire.]

Burgage Manor, April 2d, 1804.

I received your present, my beloved Augusta, which was very acceptable, not that it will be of any use as a token of remembrance, No, my affection for you will never permit me to forget you.

I am afraid, my Dear Girl, that you will be absent when I am in town. I cannot exactly say when I return

1. Probably the wife of General the Hon. William Harcourt (1742–1830), who distinguished himself in the War of American Independence, succeeded his only brother in 1809 as third (and last) Earl Harcourt, was created a field-marshal in 1821, and died in 1830. He married, in 1778, Mary, daughter of the Rev. William Danby, and widow of Thomas Lockhart. She died in 1833.

to Harrow, but however it will be in a very short time. I hope you were entertained by Sir Wm. Fawcet's funeral on Saturday,[1] Though I should imagine such spectacles rather calculated to excite Gloomy ideas. But I believe *your motive* was *not quite of so mournful a cast.*

You tell me that you are tired of London. I am rather surprised to hear that, for I thought the Gaieties of the Metropolis were particularly pleasing to *young ladies.* For my part I detest it; the smoke and the noise feel particularly unpleasant; but however it is preferable to this horrid place, where I am oppressed with *ennui*, and have no amusement of any kind, except the conversation of my mother, which is sometimes very *edifying*, but not always very *agreeable.* There are very few books of any kind that are either instructive or amusing, no society but old parsons and old Maids;—I shoot a Good deal; but, thank God, I have not so far lost my reason as to make shooting my only amusement. There are indeed some of my neighbours whose only pleasures consist in field sports, but in other respects they are only one degree removed from the brute creation.

These however I endeavour not to imitate, but I

1. General the Right Hon. Sir William Fawcett, K.B. (1728–1804), Colonel of the 3rd Dragoon Guards, Adjutant-General (1778–1797), and Governor of Chelsea Hospital (1796–1804), died at his house in Great George Street, Westminster, March 22, 1804. He had served during the rebellion of 1745, and distinguished himself during the Seven Years' War, where he was aide-de-camp first to General Elliot, and afterwards to the Marquis of Granby. An excellent linguist, he translated from the French, *Reveries: or Memoirs upon the Art of War, by Field-Marshal Count Saxe* (1757); and from the German, *Regulations for the Prussian Cavalry* (1757), *Regulations for the Prussian Infantry*, and *The Prussian Tacticks* (1759). His military and diplomatic services were commemorated by a magnificent funeral on Saturday, March 31, 1804. The body was carried through the streets from Westminster to the chapel of Chelsea Hospital, the Prince Regent, the Duke of Clarence, and the Duke of Kent following the hearse, and eight general officers acting as pall-bearers.

sincerely wish for the company of a few friends about my own age to soften the austerity of the scene. I am an absolute Hermit; in a short time my Gravity which is increased by my solitude will qualify me for an Archbishoprick; I really begin to think that I should become a mitre amazingly well. You tell me to write to you when I have nothing better to do; I am sure writing to you, my Dear Sister, must ever form my Greatest pleasure, but especially so, at this time. Your letters and those of one of my Harrow friends form my only resources for driving away *dull care*. For Godsake write me a letter as long as may fill *twenty sheets* of paper, recollect it is my only pleasure, if you won't Give me twenty sheets, at least send me as long an epistle as you can and as soon as possible; there will be time for me to receive one more Letter at Southwell, and as soon as I Get to Harrow I will write to you. Excuse my not writing more, my Dear Augusta, for I am sure you will be sufficiently tired of reading this complaining narrative. God bless you, my beloved Sister. Adieu.

I remain your sincere and affectionate
Friend and Brother,
BYRON.

Remember me kindly to Mrs. Harcourt.

10.—To the Hon. Augusta Byron.

[At General Harcourt's, St. Leonard's Hill, Windsor, Berkshire.]

Burgage Manor, April 9th, 1804.

A thousand thanks, my dear and Beloved Augusta, for your affectionate Letter, and so ready compliance with the request of a peevish and fretful Brother; it acted as a cordial on my drooping spirits and for a while dispelled

the Gloom which envelopes me in this uncomfortable place. You see what power your letters have over me, so I hope you will be liberal in your epistolary consolation.

You will address your next letter to Harrow as I set out from Southwell on wednesday, and am sorry that I cannot contrive to be with you, as I must resume my studies at Harrow directly. If I speak in public at all, it will not be till the latter end of June or the beginning of July. You are right in your conjecture for I feel not a little nervous in the anticipation *of my Debut*[1] as *an orator*. By the bye, I do not dislike Harrow. I find *ways* and *means* to amuse *myself very pleasantly* there; the friend, whose correspondence I find so amusing, is an old

1. Mrs. Byron, writing to Hanson, July 24, 1804, says, "I was "informed by a Gentleman yesterday that he had been at Harrow "and heard him speaking, and that he acquitted himself uncommonly "well." Byron's name occurs in three of the Harrow speech-bills —July 5, 1804; June 6, 1805; and July 4, 1805. The three bills are printed below :—

HARROW SCHOOL PUBLIC SPEECHES.

1. JULY 5, 1804.

Erskine, Maj.	Cæsar	Ex Sallustio.
Sinclair	Cato	
Long	C. Canuleius ad Pleb.	Ex Livio.
Molloy, Sr.	The Country Box	Lloyd.
Lord Byron	Latinus	Ex Virgilio.
Leeke	Drances	
Peel, Sr.	Turnus	
Chaplin	Henry the Fifth to his Soldiers	Shakespear.
Clayton	Micipsa ad Jugurtham	Ex Sallustio.
Rowley	Germanicus moriens	Ex Tacito.
Grenside, Sr.	General Wolfe to his Soldiers	Enfield.
Morant, Sr.	Dido	Ex Virgilio.
Mr. Calthorpe, Sr.	In Catilinam	Ex Cicerone.
Lloyd, Sr.	The Ghost	Shakespear.
Mr. Powys	Tiresias	Ex Horatio.
Sir Thomas Acland	The Boil'd Pig	Wesley.
Leveson Gower	Ad Antoninum	Ex Cicerone.
Drury, Max.	Earl of Strafford	Hume.

sporting companion of mine, whose recitals of Shooting and Hunting expeditions are amusing to me as having

2. JUNE 6, 1805.

There were no Speeches for May, 1805. *Dr. Butler came to Harrow this year, after the Easter Holiday.*—G. B.*

Doveton	Canuleius	Ex Livio.
Farrer, Sr.	Medea	Ex Ovidio.
Long	Caractacus	Mason.
Rogers	Manlius	Ex Sallustio.
Molloy	Micipsa	Ex Sallustio.
Lord Byron	Zanga	Young.
Drury, Sr.	Memmius	Ex Sallustio.
Hoare	Ajax	Ex Ovidio.
East	Ulysses	
Leeke	The Passions: an Ode	Collins.
Calvert, Sr.	Galgacus	Ex Tacito.
Bazett	Catilina ad Consp.	Ex Sallustio.
Franks, Sr.	Antony	Shakespeare.
Wildman, Majr.	Sat. ix., Lib. i.	Ex Horatio.
Lloyd, Sr.	The Bard: an Ode	Gray.

3. JULY 4, 1805.

Lyon	Piso ad Milites	Ex Tacito.
East	Cato	Addison.
Saumarez	Drances	Ex Virgilio, *Æn.* xi.
Annesley	Turnus	
Calvert	Lord Strafford's Defence	Hume.
Erskine, Sr.	Achilles	Ex Homero, *Il.* xvi.
Bazett	York	Shakespeare.
Harrington	Camillus	Ex Livio.
Leeke	Ode to the Passions	Collins.
Sneyd	Electra	Ex Sophocle.
Long	Satan's Soliloquy	Milton, *P. L.*, b. iv.
Gibson	Brutus	Ex Lucano.
Drury, Sr.	Cato	
Lord Byron	Lear	Shakespeare.
Hoare	Otho ad Milites	Ex Livio.
Wildman	Caractacus	Mason.
Franks	Wolsey	Shakespeare.

Of Byron's oratorical powers, Dr. Drury, Head-master of Harrow, formed a high opinion.

"The upper part of the school," he writes (see *Life*, p. 20),

* Note, in Dr. G. Butler's writing, in the bound volume of Speech-Bills presented by him to the Harrow School Library.

often been his companion in them, and I hope to be so still oftener.

My mother Gives a *party* to night at which the principal *Southwell Belles* will be present, with one of which, although I don't as yet know whom I shall so far *honour*, *having never seen them*, I intend to *fall violently* in love; it will serve as an amusement *pour passer le temps* and it will at least have the charm of novelty to recommend it, then you know in the course of a few weeks I shall be

"composed declamations, which, after a revisal by the tutors, were "submitted to the master. To him the authors repeated them, that "they might be improved in manner and action, before their public "delivery. I certainly was much pleased with Lord Byron's attitude, "gesture, and delivery, as well as with his composition. All who "spoke on that day adhered, as usual, to the letter of their com- "position, as, in the earlier part of his delivery, did Lord Byron; "but, to my surprise, he suddenly diverged from the written compo- "sition, with a boldness and rapidity sufficient to alarm me, lest he "should fail in memory as to the conclusion. There was no failure; "he came round to the close of his composition without discovering "any impediment and irregularity on the whole. I questioned him "why he had altered his declamation. He declared he had made "no alteration, and did not know, in speaking, that he had deviated "from it one letter. I believed him; and, from a knowledge of his "temperament, am convinced that, fully impressed with the sense "and substance of the subject, he was hurried on to expressions and "colourings more striking than what his pen had expressed."

"My qualities," says Byron, in one of his note-books (quoted by Moore, *Life*, p. 20), "were much more oratorical and martial than "poetical; and Dr. Drury, my grand patron (our head-master), had "a great notion that I should turn out an orator, from my fluency, "my turbulence, my voice, my copiousness of declamation, and my "action. I remember that my first declamation astonished him into "some unwonted (for he was economical of such) and sudden com- "pliments before the declaimers at our first rehearsal."

For his subjects Byron chose passages expressive of vehement passion, such as Lear's address to the storm, or the speech of Zanga over the body of Alonzo, from Young's tragedy *The Revenge*. Zanga's character and speech are famous in history from their application to Benjamin Franklin, in Wedderburn's speech before the Privy Council (January, 1774) on the Whately Letters (Stanhope's *History of England*, vol. v. p. 327, ed. 1853):—

> "I forg'd the letter, and dispos'd the picture,
> I hated, I despis'd, and I destroy."

quite *au désespoir*, shoot myself and Go out of the world with *éclat*, and my History will furnish materials for a pretty little Romance which shall be entitled and denominated the loves of Lord B. and the cruel and Inconstant Sigismunda Cunegunda Bridgetina, etc., etc., Princess of Terra Incognita.

Don't you think that I have a very good Knack for *novel writing?* I have Just this minute been called away from writing to you by two Gentlemen who have given me an invitation to go over to Screveton, a village a few miles off, and spend a few days; but however I shall not accept it, so you will continue to address your letters to Harrow as usual. Write to me as soon as possible and give me a long letter. Remember me to Mrs. Harcourt and all who enquire after me. Continue to love me and believe me,

Your truly affectionate Brother and Friend,

BYRON.

P.S.—My Mother's love to you, Adieu.

11.—To the Hon. Augusta Byron.

Burgage Manor, August 18th, 1804.

MY DEAREST AUGUSTA,—I seize this interval of my *amiable* mother's absence this afternoon, again to inform you, or rather to desire to be informed by you, of what is going on. For my own part I can send nothing to amuse you, excepting a repetition of my complaints against my tormentor, whose *diabolical* disposition (pardon me for staining my paper with so harsh a word) seems to increase with age, and to acquire new force with Time. The more I see of her the more my dislike augments; nor can I so entirely conquer the appearance of it, as to prevent her from perceiving my opinion; this, so far from calming the

Gale, blows it into a *hurricane*, which threatens to destroy everything, till exhausted by its own violence, it is lulled into a sullen torpor, which, after a short period, is again roused into fresh and revived phrenzy, to me most terrible, and to every other Spectator astonishing. She then declares that she plainly sees I hate her, that I am leagued with her bitter enemies, viz. Yourself, L[d] C[arlisle] and Mr. H[anson], and, as I never Dissemble or contradict her, we are all *honoured* with a multiplicity of epithets, too *numerous*, and some of them too *gross*, to be repeated. In this society, and in this amusing and instructive manner, have I dragged out a weary fortnight, and am condemned to pass another or three weeks as happily as the former. No captive Negro, or Prisoner of war, ever looked forward to their emancipation, and return to Liberty with more Joy, and with more lingering expectation, than I do to my escape from this maternal bondage, and this accursed place, which is the region of dullness itself, and more stupid than the banks of Lethe, though it possesses contrary qualities to the river of oblivion, as the detested scenes I now witness, make me regret the happier ones already passed, and wish their restoration.

Such Augusta is the happy life I now lead, such my *amusements*. I wander about hating everything I behold, and if I remained here a few months longer, I should become, what with *envy*, *spleen and all uncharitableness*, a complete *misanthrope*, but notwithstanding this,

Believe me, Dearest Augusta, ever yours, etc., etc.,

BYRON.

12.—To Elizabeth Bridget Pigot.[1]

Burgage Manor, August 29, 1804.

I received the arms, my dear Miss Pigot, and am very much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken.

1. Elizabeth Bridget Pigot lived with her mother and two brothers on Southwell Green, in a house opposite Burgage Manor. Miss Pigot thus describes her first meeting with Byron (*Life*, p. 32):—

"The first time I was introduced to him was at a party at his "mother's, when he was so shy that she was forced to send for him "three times before she could persuade him to come into the "drawing-room, to play with the young people at a round game. "He was then a fat, bashful boy, with his hair combed straight "over his forehead, and extremely like a miniature picture that his "mother had painted by M. de Chambruland. The next morning "Mrs. Byron brought him to call at our house, when he still con-"tinued shy and formal in his manner. The conversation turned "upon Cheltenham, where we had been staying, the amusements "there, the plays, etc.; and I mentioned that I had seen the character "of Gabriel Lackbrain very well performed. His mother getting "up to go, he accompanied her, making a formal bow, and I, in "allusion to the play, said, 'Good-by, Gaby.' His countenance "lighted up, his handsome mouth displayed a broad grin, all his "shyness vanished, never to return, and, upon his mother's saying, "'Come, Byron, are you ready?'—no, she might go by herself, he "would stay and talk a little longer; and from that moment he used "to come in and go out at all hours, as it pleased him, and in our "house considered himself perfectly at home."

The character of "Gabriel Lackbrain," mentioned above, occurs in *Life*, a comedy by F. Reynolds. It was at Byron's suggestion that Moore, when preparing the *Life*, applied to Miss Pigot for letters. On January 22, 1828, he was taken to call on her and her mother by the Rev. John Becher. "Their reception of me most cordial and flatter-"ing; made me sit in the chair which Byron used to sit in, and re-"marked, as a singularity, that this was the poor fellow's birthday; he "would to-day have been forty. On parting with Mrs. Pigot, a fine, "intelligent old lady, who has been bedridden for years, she kissed "my hand most affectionately, and said that, much as she had always "admired me as a poet, it was as the friend of Byron she valued and "loved me. . . . Her affection, indeed, to his memory is unbounded, "and she seems unwilling to allow that he had a single fault. . . . "Miss Pigot in the evening, with his letters, which interested me "exceedingly; some written when he was quite a boy, and the bad

It is impossible I should have any fault to find with them. The sight of the drawings gives me great pleasure for a double reason,—in the first place, they will ornament my books, in the next, they convince me that *you* have not entirely *forgot* me. I am, however, sorry you do not

"spelling and scrambling handwriting delightful; spelling, indeed, "was a very late accomplishment with him" (*Diary of Thomas Moore*, vol. v. p. 249). (See "To Eliza," *Poems*, vol. i. pp. 47–49; see also the lines "To M. S. G.," *Poems*, vol. i. pp. 79, 80; see for the lines which Byron wrote in her copy of Burns, *Poems*, vol. i. pp. 233, 234.)

Miss Pigot died at Southwell in 1866, her brother John (see letter of August 9, 1806, p. 100, *note* 3) in 1871. Her brother Henry, whom Byron used to call his grandson, died October 28, 1830, a captain in the 23rd Native Infantry in the service of the East India Company.

The following undated note (1810) from Mrs. Pigot to Mrs. Byron illustrates the enthusiastic interest with which the Pigots followed Byron's career:—

"Indeed, my dear Mrs. Byron, you have given me a very *great* "*treat* in sending me *English Bards* to look at; you know how "very highly I thought of the *first* edition, and this is certainly much "improved; indeed, I do not think anybody but Lord Byron could "(in these our days) have produced such a work, for it has all the "fire of ancient genius. I have always been accustomed to tell you "my thoughts most sincerely, and I cannot say that I like that "addition to the part where *Bowles* is mentioned; it wants that "*brilliant spirit* which almost invariably accompanies Lord B.'s "writings. Maurice, too, and his granite weight of leaves, is in "truth a heavy comparison. But I turn with pleasure from these "specks in the sun to notice 'Vice and folly, Greville and Argyle;' "it is *most admirable:* the *same pen* may *equal*, but I think it is not "in the power of human abilities to *exceed* it. As to Lord Carlisle, "I think he well deserves the Note Lord B. has put in; I am *very* "*much* pleased with it, and the little word *Amen* at the end, gives "a point *indescribably good*. The whole of the conclusion is excel- "lent, and the Postscript I think must entertain everybody except "*Jeffrey*. I hope the poor Bear is well; I wish you could make "him understand that he is *immortalised*, for, if *four-leg'd Bears* "have any vanity, it would certainly delight him. Walter Scott, "too (I really do not mean to call him a Bear), will be highly "gratified: the compliment to him is very elegant: in short, I look "upon it as a most *highly finished* work, and Lord Byron has cer- "tainly taken the Palm from *all our* Poets. . . . A good account "of yourself I assure you will always give the most sincere pleasure "to my dear Mrs. Byron's very affectionate friend, Margt. Pigot. "Elizabeth begs her compts."

return sooner—you have already been gone an *age*. I perhaps may have taken my departure for London before you come back; but, however, I will hope not. Do not overlook my watch-riband and purse, as I wish to carry them with me. Your note was given me by Harry,[1] at the play, whither I attended Miss Leacroft,[2] and Dr. S——; and now I have sat down to answer it before I go to bed. If I am at Southwell when you return,—and I sincerely hope you will soon, for I very much regret your absence,—I shall be happy to hear you sing my favourite, "The Maid of Lodi."[3] My mother, together with myself, desires to be affectionately remembered to

1. Henry Pigot. (See p. 33, *note* 1.)

2. Miss Julia Leacroft, daughter of a neighbour, Mr. John Leacroft. (See lines "To Lesbia," *Poems*, vol. i. pp. 41–43.) The private theatricals in September, 1806 (see p. 117, *note* 3), were held at Mr. Leacroft's house. Later, Captain Leacroft expostulated with Byron on his attentions to his sister, and, according to Moore, threatened to call him out. Byron was ready to meet him; but afterwards, on consulting Becher, resolved never to go near the house again.—*Prose and Verse of Thomas Moore*, edited by Richard Herne Shepherd (London, 1878), p. 420. (But see Letters 62, 63, 64.)

3. By Dibdin, set to music by Shield. (See Moore's *Life*, p. 33.) Byron's love for simple ballad music lasted throughout his life. As a boy at Harrow, he was famous for the vigour with which he sang "This Bottle's the Sun of our Table" at Mother Barnard's. He liked the Welsh air "Mary Anne," sung by Miss Chaworth; the songs in *The Duenna;* "When Time who steals our Years away," which he sang with Miss Pigot; or "Robin Adair," in which he was accompanied by Miss Hanson on her harp. "It is very odd," he said to Miss Pigot, "I sing much better to your playing than to "any one else's." "That is," she answered, "because I play to your "singing." Moore (*Journal and Correspondence*, vol. v. pp. 295, 296), speaking of "Byron's chanting method of repeating poetry," says that "it is the men who have the worst ears for music that *sing* "out poetry in this manner, having no nice perception of the differ- "ence there ought to be between animated reading and *chant*." Rogers (*Table-Talk, etc.*, pp. 224, 225) expresses the same opinion, when he says, "I can discover from a poet's versification whether "or not he has an ear for music. To instance poets of the present "day:—from Bowles's and Moore's, I should know that they had "fine ears for music; from Southey's, Wordsworth's, and Byron's, "that they had no ears for it."

Mrs. Pigot, and, believe me, my dear Miss Pigot, I remain, your affectionate friend,

BYRON.

P.S.—If you think proper to send me any answer to this, I shall be extremely happy to receive it. Adieu.

P.S. 2d.—As you say you are a novice in the art of knitting, I hope it don't give you too much trouble. Go on *slowly*, but surely. Once more, adieu.

13.—To the Hon. Augusta Byron.

[Castle Howard, Malton, Yorkshire.]

Harrow-on-the-Hill, October 25th, 1804.

MY DEAR AUGUSTA,—In compliance with your wishes, as well as gratitude for your affectionate letter, I proceed as soon as possible to answer it; I am glad to hear that *any body* gives a good account of me; but from the quarter you mention, I should imagine it was exaggerated. That you are unhappy, my dear Sister, makes me so also; were it in my power to relieve your sorrows you would soon recover your spirits; as it is, I sympathize better than you yourself expect. But really, after all (pardon me my dear Sister), I feel a little inclined to laugh at you, for love, in my humble opinion, is utter nonsense, a mere jargon of compliments, romance, and deceit; now, for my part, had I fifty mistresses, I should in the course of a fortnight, forget them all, and, if by any chance I ever recollected one, should laugh at it as a dream, and bless my stars, for delivering me from the hands of the little mischievous Blind God. Can't you drive this Cousin [1] of ours out of your pretty little head (for as to *hearts* I think they are out of the question), or if you are so far

1. Colonel George Leigh.

gone, why don't you give old L'Harpagon[1] (I mean the General) the slip, and take a trip to Scotland, you are now pretty near the Borders. Be sure to Remember me to my formal Guardy Lord Carlisle,[2] whose magisterial

1. General Leigh, father of the colonel. Both Harpagon and Cléante (*L'Avare*) wish to marry Mariane; but the miser prefers his casket to the lady, who therefore marries Cléante.

2. Frederick Howard, fifth Earl of Carlisle (1748–1825), was, on his mother's side, connected with the Byron family. The Hon. Isabella Byron (1721–1795), daughter of the fourth Lord Byron, married, in 1742, Henry, fourth Earl of Carlisle. She subsequently, after the death of Lord Carlisle (1758), married, as her second husband, Sir William Musgrave. She was a woman of considerable ability, and apparently, in later life, of eccentric habits—a "recluse in pride and "rags." She was the reputed writer of some published poetry, and of *Maxims addressed to Young Ladies*. Some of these maxims might have been of use to her grand-nephew: "Habituate yourself to that "way of life most agreeable to the person to whom you are united; "be content in retirement, or with society, in town, or country." Her *Answer* to Mrs. Greville's ode on *Indifference* has more of the neck-or-nothing temper of the Byrons:—

"Is that your wish, to lose all sense
In dull lethargic ease,
And wrapt in cold indifference,
But half be pleased or please?
. . . . . .
"It never shall be my desire
To bear a heart unmov'd,
To feel by halves the gen'rous fire,
Or be but half belov'd.

"Let me drink deep the dang'rous cup,
In hopes the prize to gain,
Nor tamely give the pleasure up
For fear to share the pain.

"Give me, whatever I possess,
To know and feel it all,
When youth and love no more can bless,
Let death obey my call."

Lady Carlisle's son, Frederick, who was educated at Eton and Cambridge, succeeded his father as fifth Earl of Carlisle, in 1758, when he was ten years old. After leaving Cambridge, he started on a continental tour with two Eton friends—Lord FitzWilliam and Charles James Fox. A lively letter-writer, his correspondence with his friend George Selwyn, while in Italy, shows him to have been

presence I have not been into for some years, nor have I any ambition to attain so great an honour. As to your

a young man of wit, feeling, and taste. It is curious to notice that, at Rome, he singles out, like his cousin in *Childe Harold* or *Manfred*, as the most striking objects, the general aspect of the "marbled "wilderness," the moonlight view of the amphitheatre, the Laocoon, the Belvedere Apollo, and the group of Niobe and her daughters. One other taste he shared with Byron—he was a lover of dogs, and "Rover" was his constant companion abroad.

Lord Carlisle returned to England in 1769. Like Fox, he was a prodigious dandy. They "once travelled from Paris to Lyons "for the express purpose of buying waistcoats; and during the "whole journey they talked of nothing else" (*Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers*, pp. 73, 74). Already well known in London society, Carlisle was a close friend of George Selwyn, a familiar figure at White's and Brookes's, an inveterate gambler, an adorer of Lady Sarah Bunbury, who, as Lady Sarah Lennox, had won the heart of George III. The flirtation provoked from Lord Holland an adaptation of *Lydia, dic per omnes*:—

"Sally, Sally, don't deny,
But, for God's sake, tell me why
You have flirted so, to spoil
That once lively youth, Carlisle?
He used to mount while it was dark;
Now he lies in bed till noon,
And, you not meeting in the park,
Thinks that he gets up too soon," etc.

In 1770 Lord Carlisle married Lady Margaret Leveson Gower, a beautiful and charming woman. "Everybody," writes Lord Holland to George Selwyn (May 2, 1770), "says it is impossible not to "admire Lady Carlisle." But matrimony did not at once steady his character. For the next few years—though in 1773 he published a volume of *Poems*—his pursuits were mainly those of a young man of fashion, and he impoverished himself at the gaming-table. From 1777 onwards, however, his life took a more serious turn. In that year he became Treasurer of the Household, and was sworn a member of the Privy Council. In 1778 he was the chief of the three commissioners sent out by Lord North to negotiate with the United States. There he declined a challenge from Lafayette, provoked by reflections on the French court and nation, which he had issued with his fellow-commissioners in their political capacity. In 1779 he was nominated Lord-Lieutenant of Yorkshire, and First Lord of Trade and Plantations. He was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland from 1780 to 1782, and held the post of Lord Privy Seal in the Duke of Portland's administration of 1783. Till the outbreak of the French Revolutionary wars, he was an opponent of Pitt; but after 1792 he consistently supported the Government.

Carlisle was a collector of pictures, statuary, and works of art.

favourite Lady Gertrude, I don't remember her; pray, is she handsome? I dare say she is, for although they are

He was also a writer of verse, tragedies, and pamphlets; but, in literature, his admirable letters are his best claim to be remembered. One of his two tragedies, *The Father's Revenge* (1783), was praised by Walpole, and received the guarded approval of Dr. Johnson. His published poetry consisted of an ode on the death of Gray, verses on that of Lord Nelson, "Lines for the Monument of a "favourite Spaniel," an address to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and translations from Dante. The first two poems provoked Richard Tickell to write the *Wreath of Fashion* (1780). "The following lines," says Tickell, in his "Advertisement," were "occasioned by the "Author's having lately studied, with infinite attention, several "fashionable productions in the *Sentimental* stile. . . . For example, "A Noble Author has lately published his works, which consist of "*three* compositions: *one* an Ode upon the death of Mr. Gray; the "two others upon the death of his Lordship's *Spaniel*."

> "Here, placid *Carlisle* breathes his gentle line,
> Or haply, gen'rous *Hare*, re-echoes thine.
> Soft flows the lay: as when, with tears, He paid
> The last sad honours to his —— Spaniel's shade!
> And lo! he grasps the badge of wit, a wand;
> He waves it thrice and *Storer* is at hand."

His contemporaries seem to have thought that his poetry, weak though it was, was indebted to his Eton friends, "the Hare with "many friends," and Antony Storer. The latter's name is linked with that of Carlisle in another satire, *Pandolfo Attonito*:—

> "Fall'n though I am, I ne'er shall mourn,
> Like the dark Peer on Storer's urn,"

where a note refers to "Antony Storer, formerly Member for Mor-"peth (*as some persons* near Carlisle and Castle Howard *may possibly* "*recollect*), a gentleman well known in the circles of fashion and "polite literature." Carlisle's name occurs in many of the satires of the day on literary subjects. *The Shade of Pope* (ii. 191, 192) says—

> "Carlisle is lost with Gillies in surprize,
> As Lysias charms soft Jersey's classic eyes;"

and in the *Pursuits of Literature* (Dialogue ii. line 234), a note to the line—

> "While lyric Carlisle purrs o'er love transformed,"

again associates his name with that of Lady Jersey.

In 1799 Lord Carlisle was persuaded by Hanson to become Byron's guardian, in order to facilitate legal proceedings for the recovery of the Rochdale property, illegally sold by William, fifth Lord Byron. He was introduced to his ward by Hanson, who took the boy to

a *disagreeable, formal, stiff* Generation, yet they have by no means plain *persons*, I remember Lady Cawdor was

Grosvenor Place, to see his guardian and consult Dr. Baillie in July, 1799. He seemed anxious to befriend the boy; but Byron was eager, as Hanson notes, to leave the house. When Mrs. Byron, in 1800, was anxious to remove her son from Dr. Glennie's care, Carlisle exercised his authority, and forbade the schoolmaster to give him up to his mother. He probably, on this occasion, experienced Mrs. Byron's temper, for Augusta Byron, writing to Hanson (November 18, 1804), says that he dreaded "having any "concern whatever with Mrs. Byron." Byron does not seem to have met his guardian again till January, 1805, when Augusta Byron writes to Hanson: "I hear from Lady Gertrude Howard that "Lord Carlisle was *very much* pleased with my brother, and I am "sure, from what he said to me at Castle Howard, is disposed to "show him all the kindness and attention in his power. I know "you are so partial to Byron and so much interested in all that "concerns him, that you will rejoice almost as much as I do that "his acquaintance with Lord C. is renewed. In the mean time it is "a great comfort for me to think that he has spent his Holydays so "comfortably and so much to his wishes. You will easily believe "that he is a *very great favourite of mine*, and I may add the more "I see and hear of him, the more I *must* love and esteem him."

It may be doubted whether Carlisle ever saw the dedication of *Hours of Idleness*. Augusta Byron, in a letter to Hanson of February 7, 1807, says, "I return you my Brother's poems with "many Thanks. Mrs. B. has had the attention to send me 2 "copies. I like some of them very much: but you will laugh when "I tell you I have never had courage to shew them to Lord Carlisle "for fear of his disapproving others." The years 1806–7, spent at Southwell, as his sister says, "in idleness and ill humour with the "whole World," were not the most creditable of Byron's life, and Carlisle's efforts to make him return to Cambridge failed. It is, moreover, certain that in 1809 Carlisle was ill; it is also probable that at a time when the scandal of Mary Anne Clarke and the Duke of York threatened to come before the House of Lords, he was unwilling to connect himself in public with a cousin of whom he knew no good, and of whose political views he was ignorant. These causes may have combined to produce the coldly formal letter, in which he told Byron the course of procedure to be adopted in taking his seat in the House of Lords, and ignored the young man's wish that his cousin and guardian should introduce him. (For Byron's attack upon Carlisle, and his subsequent admission of having done him "some wrong," see *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers*, lines 723–740; and *Childe Harold*, Canto III. stanzas xxix., xxx.)

It is possible that the "paralytic puling" may have been suggested by the "placid purring" of previous satirists. In March, 1814, his sister Augusta was trying hard to persuade Byron, as he notes in his Diary, "to make it up with Carlisle. I have refused *every* body

a sweet, pretty woman; pray, does your sentimental Gertrude resemble her? I have heard that the duchess of Rutland was handsome also, but we will say nothing about her temper, as I hate Scandal.

Adieu, my pretty Sister, forgive my levity, write soon, and God bless you.

I remain, your very affectionate Brother,

BYRON.

P.S.—I left my mother at Southwell, some time since, in a monstrous pet with you for not writing. I am sorry to say the old lady and myself don't agree like lambs in a meadow, but I believe it is all my own fault, I am rather too fidgety, which my precise mama objects to, we differ, then argue, and to my shame be it spoken fall out a *little*, however after a storm comes a calm; what's become of our aunt the amiable antiquated Sophia?[1] is she yet in the land of the living, or does she sing psalms with the

"else, but I can't deny her anything, though I had as lief 'drink up "Eisel—eat a crocodile.'"

Lord Carlisle had three daughters: the eldest, Lady Caroline Isabella Howard, married, in 1789, John, first Lord Cawdor, and died in 1848; the second, Lady Elizabeth, married, in 1799, John Henry, fifth Duke of Rutland, and died in 1825; the third, Lady Gertrude, married, in 1806, William Sloane Stanley, of Paultons, Hants, and died in 1870.

1. Sophia Maria Byron, third daughter of Admiral Byron, born October 14, 1757, died June, 1821, was called "Sophia" after her mother, Sophia Trevanion, who married, in 1748, the Hon. John Byron, afterwards Admiral Byron. Mrs. Byron knew Dr. Johnson well, and she and Miss Burney were the only two friends who, as Mrs. Piozzi (then Mrs. Thrale) thought, might regret her departure from Streatham in 1782 (*Life and Writings of Mrs. Piozzi*, vol. i. p. 171). "Mrs. Byron, who really loves me," says Mrs. Piozzi (*ibid.*, p. 125), "was disgusted at Miss Burney's carriage to me." In August, 1820, Mrs. Piozzi writes to a Miss Willoughby, to tell her "what wonders "Lord Byron is come home to do, for I see his arrival in the paper. "His grandmother was my intimate friend, a Cornish lady, Sophia "Trevanion, wife to the Admiral, *pour ses péchés*, and we called her "Mrs. Biron always, after the French fashion" (*Life and Writings, etc.*, vol. ii. pp. 456, 457). Mrs. Byron died at Bath in 1790.

Blessed in the other world. Adieu. I am happy enough and Comfortable here. My friends are not numerous, but select; among them I rank as the principal Lord Delawarr,[1] who is very amiable and my particular friend; do you know the family at all? Lady Delawarr is frequently in town, perhaps you may have seen her; if she resembles her son she is the most amiable woman in Europe. I have plenty of acquaintances, but I reckon them as mere Blanks. Adieu, my dear Augusta.

14.—To the Hon. Augusta Byron.

Friday, November 2d, 1804.

This morning, my dear Augusta, I received your affectionate letter, and it reached me at a time when I wanted consolation, not however of your kind for I am not yet old enough or Goose enough to be in love; no, my sorrows are of a different nature, though more calculated to provoke risibility than excite compassion. You must know, Sister of mine, that I am the most unlucky wight in Harrow, perhaps in Christendom, and am no sooner out of one scrape than into another. And to day, this very morning, I had a thundering Jobation from our Good Doctor,[2] which deranged my *nervous system*, for at

1. Lady Delawarr, widow of John Richard, fourth Earl Delawarr, whom she married in 1783, died in 1826. Her only son, George John, fifth earl, succeeded his father in 1795. He went from Harrow to Brasenose College, Oxford; married, in 1813, Lady Elizabeth Sackville; was Lord Chamberlain 1858–9; and died in 1869. He was the "Euryalus" of "Childish Recollections" (see *Poems*, vol. i. p. 100; and lines "To George, Earl of Delawarr," *ibid.*, p. 126).

2. The Rev. Joseph Drury, D.D. (1750–1834), educated at Westminster and Trinity College, Cambridge, was appointed an Assistant-master at Harrow before he was one and twenty. He was Head-master from 1784 to 1805. In that year he retired, and till his death in 1834 lived at Cockwood, in Devonshire, where he devoted

least five minutes. But notwithstanding He and I now and then disagree, yet upon the whole we are very good friends, for there is so much of the Gentleman, so much mildness, and nothing of pedantry in his character, that I cannot help liking him, and will remember his instructions with gratitude as long as I live. He leaves Harrow soon, *apropos*, so do I. This quitting will be a considerable loss to the school. He is the best master we ever had, and at the same time respected and feared; greatly will he be regretted by all who know him. You tell me you don't know my friend L[d] Delawarr; he is considerably younger than me, but the most good tempered, amiable, clever fellow in the universe. To all which he adds the quality (a good one in the eyes of women) of being remarkably handsome, almost too much so for a boy. He is at present very low in the school, not owing to his want of ability, but to his years. I am nearly at the top of it; by the rules of our Seminary he is under my power,

himself to farming. The following statement by Dr. Drury illustrates Byron's respect for his Head-master (*Life*, p. 20):—

"After my retreat from Harrow, I received from him two "very affectionate letters. In my occasional visits subsequently to "London, when he had fascinated the public with his productions, "I demanded of him, why, as in *duty bound*, he had sent none to "me? 'Because,' said he, 'you are the only man I never wish to "read them;' but in a few moments, he added, 'What do you "think of the *Corsair*?'"

Dr. Drury married Louisa Heath, sister of the Rev. Benjamin Heath, his predecessor in the Head-mastership. They had four children, all of whom have some connection with Byron's life. (1) Henry Joseph Drury (1778–1841), educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge (Fellow), Assistant-master at Harrow School, married (December 20, 1808) Ann Caroline Tayler, and had a numerous family. Mrs. Drury's sister married the Rev. F. Hodgson (see page 195, *note* 1). (2) Benjamin Heath Drury (1782–1835), educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge (Fellow), Assistant-master at Eton. (3) Charles Drury (1788–1869), educated at Harrow and Queen's College, Oxford (Fellow). (4) Louisa Heath Drury (1787–1873) married John Herman Merivale.

Dr. Drury's brother, Mark Drury, the Lower Master at Harrow, was the candidate whom Byron supported for the Head-mastership.

but he is too goodnatured ever to offend me, and I like him too well ever to exert my authority over him. If ever you should meet, and chance to know him, take notice of him on my account.

You say that you shall write to the Dowager Soon; her address is at Southwell, *that* I need hardly inform you. Now, Augusta, I am going to tell you a secret, perhaps I shall appear undutiful to you, but, believe me, my affection for you is founded on a more firm basis. My mother has lately behaved to me in such an eccentric manner, that so far from feeling the affection of a Son, it is with difficulty I can restrain my dislike. Not that I can complain of want of liberality; no, She always supplies me with as much money as I can spend, and more than most boys hope for or desire. But with all this she is so hasty, so impatient, that I dread the approach of the holidays, more than most boys do their return from them. In former days she spoilt me; now she is altered to the contrary; for the most trifling thing, she upbraids me in a most outrageous manner, and all our disputes have been lately heightened by my one with that object of my cordial, deliberate detestation, Lord Grey de Ruthyn. She wishes me to explain my reasons for disliking him, which I will never do; would I do it to any one, be assured you, my dear Augusta, would be the first who would know them. She also insists on my being reconciled to him, and once she let drop such an odd expression that I was half inclined to believe the dowager was in love with him. But I hope not, for he is the most disagreeable person (in my opinion) that exists. He called once during my last vacation; she threatened, stormed, begged me to make it up, "he himself loved me, "and wished it;" but my reason was so excellent—that neither had effect, nor would I speak or stay in the same

room, till he took his departure. No doubt this appears odd; but was my reason known, which it never will be if I can help it, I should be justified in my conduct. Now if I am to be tormented with her and him in this style, I cannot submit to it. You, Augusta, are the only relation I have who treats me as a friend; if you too desert me, I have nobody I can love but Delawarr. If it was not for his sake, Harrow would be a desert, and I should dislike staying at it. You desire me to burn your epistles; indeed I cannot do that, but I will take care that They shall be invisible. If you burn any of mine, I shall be *monstrous angry;* take care of them till we meet.

Delawarr[1] and myself are in a manner connected, for one of our forefathers in Charles the 1st's time married into their family. Hartington,[2] whom you enquire after, is on very good terms with me, nothing more, he is of a soft milky disposition, and of a happy apathy of temper which defies the softer emotions, and is insensible of ill treatment; so much for him. Don't betray me to the Dowager. I should like to know your Lady Gertrude, as you and her are so great Friends. Adieu, my Sister, write. From

[Signature, etc., cut out.]

1. Thomas, third Lord Delawarr, Captain-general of all the Colonies planted or to be planted in Virginia, died in 1618. His fourth daughter, Cecilie, widow of Sir Francis Bindlose, married Sir John Byron, created Lord Byron by Charles I. His fifth daughter, Lucy, married Sir Robert Byron, brother to Lord Byron. But the first Lord Byron left no heirs, and the title descended to his brother, Richard Byron, from whom the poet was descended.

2. William Spencer, Marquis of Hartington (1790–1858), succeeded his father as sixth Duke of Devonshire in 1811, and died unmarried. His sister, Georgiana Dorothy, married, in 1801, Lord Carlisle's eldest son.

15.—To the Hon. Augusta Byron.

Harrow, Saturday, 11th Novr., 1804.

I thought, my dear Augusta,[1] that your opinion of my *meek mamma* would coincide with mine; Her temper is

1. In consequence of this letter, Augusta Byron wrote as follows to Hanson, and Byron spent the Christmas holidays of 1804 with his solicitor :—

"Castle Howard, Nov. 18, 1804.

"My dear Sir,—I am afraid you will think I presume almost "too much upon the kind permission you have so often given me of "applying to you about my Brother's concerns. The reason that "induces me now to do so is his having lately written me several "Letters containing the most extraordinary accounts of his Mother's "conduct towards him and complaints of the uncomfortable Situa- "tion he is in during the Holidays when with her. All this you "will easily imagine has more *vexed* than *surprized* me. I am "quite unhappy about him, and wish I could in any way remedy "the grievances he confides to me. I wished, as the most likely "means of doing this, to mention the subject to Lord Carlisle, who "has always expressed the greatest interest about Byron and also "shewn me the greatest Kindness. Finding that he did *not object* "to it, I yesterday had some conversation with Lord C. on the "subject, and it is partly by his advice and wishes that I trouble "you with this Letter. He authorized me to tell you that, if you "would allow my Brother to spend the next vacation with you "(which *he* seems *strongly* to wish), that it would put it into his "power to see more of him and shew him more attention than he "has hitherto, being withheld from doing so from the dread of "having any concern whatever with Mrs. Byron.

"I need hardly add that it is almost MY first wish that this "should be accomplished. I am sure you are of my opinion that "it is now of the greatest consequence to Byron to secure the "friendship of Lord C., the only relation he has who possesses the "*Will* and *power* to be of use to him. I think the Letters he writes "me *quite perfect* and he does not express one sentiment or idea I "should wish different; he tells me he is soon to leave Harrow, but "does not say where he is to go. I conclude to Oxford or Cam- "bridge. Pray be so good as to write me a few lines on this subject.

"I trust entirely to the interest and friendship you have ever so "kindly expressed for my Brother, for *my Forgiveness*. Of course "you will not mention to Mrs. B. having heard from me, as she "would only accuse me of wishing to estrange her Son from her, "which would be very far from being the case further than his "Happiness and comfort are concerned in it. My opinion is that "*as* they cannot agree, they had better be separated, for such eternal

so variable, and, when inflamed, so furious, that I dread our meeting; not but I dare say, that I am troublesome enough, but I always endeavour to be as dutiful as possible. She is so very strenuous, and so tormenting in her entreaties and commands, with regard to my reconciliation, with that detestable Lord G.[1] that I suppose she has a penchant for his Lordship; but I am confident that he does not return it, for he rather dislikes her than otherwise, at least as far as I can judge. But she has an excellent opinion of her personal attractions, sinks her age a good six years, avers that when I was born she was only eighteen, when you, my dear Sister, know as well as I know that she was of age when she married my father, and that I was not born for three years afterwards. But vanity is the weakness of *your sex*,—and these are mere foibles that I have related to you, and, provided she never molested me, I should look upon them as follies very excusable in a woman. But I am now coming to what must shock you, as much as it does me, when she has occasion to lecture me (not very seldom you will think no doubt) she does not do it in a manner that commands respect, and in an impressive style. No! did she do that, I should amend my faults with pleasure, and dread to offend a kind though just mother. But she flies into a fit of phrenzy, upbraids me as if I was the most undutiful wretch in existence, rakes up the ashes of my *father*, abuses him, says I shall be a true Byrrone, which is the worst epithet she can invent. Am I to call this woman mother? Because by nature's law she has

"Scenes of wrangling are enough to spoil the very best temper and "Disposition in the universe. I shall hope to hear from you soon, "my dear sir, and remain,

"Most sincerely yours,
"AUGUSTA BYRON."

1. Lord Grey de Ruthyn. (See p. 23, *note* 1.)

authority over me, am I to be trampled upon in this manner? am I to be goaded with insult, loaded with obloquy, and suffer my feelings to be outraged on the most trivial occasions? I owe her respect as a Son, But I renounce her as a Friend. What an example does she shew me! I hope in God I shall never follow it. I have not told you all, nor can I; I respect you as a female, nor, although I ought to confide in you as a Sister, will I shock you with the repetition of Scenes, which you may judge of by the Sample I have given you, and which to all but you are buried in oblivion. Would they were so in my mind! I am afraid they never will. And can I, my dear Sister, look up to this mother, with that respect, that affection I ought? Am I to be eternally subjected to her caprice? I hope not—; indeed a few short years will emancipate me from the Shackles I now wear, and then perhaps she will govern her passion better than at present. You mistake me, if you think I dislike Lord Carlisle; I respect him, and might like him did I know him better. For him too my mother has an antipathy, why I know not. I am afraid he could be but of little use to me, in separating me from her, which she would oppose with all her might; but I dare say he would assist me if he could, so I take the will for the Deed, and am obliged to him in exactly the same manner as if he succeeded in his efforts. I am in great hopes, that at Christmas I shall be with Mr. Hanson during the vacation, I shall do all I can to avoid a visit to my mother wherever she is. It is the first duty of a parent, to impress precepts of obedience in their children, but her method is so violent, so capricious, that the patience of Job, the versatility of a member of the House of Commons could not support it. I revere Dr. Drury much more than I do her, yet he is never violent, never outrageous:

I dread offending him, not however through fear, but the respect I bear him makes me unhappy when I am under his displeasure. My mother's precepts, never convey instruction, never fix upon my mind; to be sure they are calculated, to inculcate obedience, so are chains, and tortures, but though they may restrain for a time, the mind revolts from such treatment. Not that Mrs. Byron ever injures my *sacred* person. I am rather too old for that, but her words are of that rough texture, which offend more than personal ill usage. "A talkative "woman is like an Adder's tongue," so says one of the prophets, but which I can't tell, and very likely you don't wish to know, but he was a true one whoever he was.

The postage of your letters, My dear Augusta, don't fall upon me; but if they did, it would make no difference, for I am Generally in cash, and should think the trifle I paid for your epistles the best laid out I ever spent in my life. Write Soon. Remember me to Lord Carlisle, and, believe me, I ever am

Your affectionate Brother and Friend,

BYRONE.

16.—To the Hon. Augusta Byron.

[Castle Howard, Malton, Yorkshire.]

Harrow-on-the-Hill, Novr., Saturday, 17th, 1804.

I am glad to hear, My dear Sister, that you like Castle Howard so well, I have no doubt what you say is true and that Lord C. is much more amiable than he has been represented to me. Never having been much with him and always hearing him reviled, it was hardly possible I should have conceived a very *great friendship* for his L^d^.ship. My mother, you inform me, commends

my *amiable disposition* and *good understanding;* if she does this to you, it is a great deal more than I ever hear myself, for the one or the other is always found fault with, and I am told to copy the *excellent pattern* which I see before me in *herself.* You have got an invitation too, you may accept it if you please, but if you value your own comfort, and like a pleasant situation, I advise you to avoid Southwell.—I thank you, My dear Augusta, for your readiness to assist me, and will in some manner avail myself of it; I do not however wish to be separated from *her* entirely, but not to be so much with her as I hitherto have been, for I do believe she likes me; she manifests that in many instances, particularly with regard to money, which I never want, and have as much as I desire. But her conduct is so strange, her caprices so impossible to be complied with, her passions so outrageous, that the evil quite overbalances her *agreeable qualities.* Amongst other things I forgot to mention a most *ungovernable appetite* for Scandal, which she never can govern, and employs most of her time abroad, in displaying the faults, and censuring the foibles, of her acquaintance; therefore I do not wonder, that my precious Aunt, comes in for her share of encomiums; This however is nothing to what happens when my conduct admits of animadversion; "then comes the tug of "war." My whole family from the conquest are upbraided! myself abused, and I am told that what little accomplishments I possess either in mind or body are derived from her and *her alone.*

When I leave Harrow I know not; that depends on her nod; I like it very well. The master Dr. Drury, is the most amiable *clergyman* I ever knew; he unites the Gentleman with the Scholar, without affectation or pedantry, what little I have learnt I owe to him alone,

nor is it his fault that it was not more. I shall always remember his instructions with Gratitude, and cherish a hope that it may one day be in my power to repay the numerous obligations, I am under; to him or some of his family.

Our holidays come on in about a fortnight. I however have not mentioned that to my mother, nor do I intend it; but if I can, I shall contrive to evade going to Southwell. Depend upon it I will not approach her for some time to come if It is in my power to avoid it, but she must not know, that it is my wish to be absent. I hope you will excuse my sending so short a letter, but the Bell has just rung to summon us together. Write Soon, and believe me,

Ever your affectionate Brother,

BYRON.

I am afraid you will have some difficulty in decyphering my epistles, but *that* I know you will excuse. Adieu. Remember me to Ld Carlisle.

17.—To the Hon. Augusta Byron.

[Castle Howard, Malton, Yorkshire.]

Harrow-on-the-Hill, Novr. 21st, 1804.

MY DEAREST AUGUSTA,—This morning I received your by no means unwelcome epistle, and thinking it demands an immediate answer, once more take up my pen to employ it in your service. There is no necessity for my mother to know anything of my intentions, till the time approaches; and when it does come, Mr. H. has only to write her a note saying, that, as I could not accept the invitation he gave me last holidays, he imagined I might do it now; to this she surely can make no

objections; but, if she entertained the slightest idea of my making any complaint of her very *lenient* treatment, the scene that would ensue beggars all power of description. You may have some little idea of it, from what I have told you, and what you yourself know.

I wrote to you the other day; but you make no mention of receiving my letter in yours of the 18th inst. It is however of little importance, containing merely a recapitulation of circumstances which I have before detailed at full length.

To Lord Carlisle make my warmest acknowledgements. I feel more gratitude, than my feelings can well express; I am truly obliged to him for his endeavours, and am perfectly satisfied with your explanation of his reserve, though I was hitherto afraid it might proceed from personal dislike. I have some idea that I leave Harrow these holidays. The Dr., whose character I gave you in my last, leaves the mastership at Easter. Who his successor may be I know not, but he will not be a better I am confident. You inform me that you intend to visit my mother, then you will have an opportunity of seeing what I have described, and hearing a great *deal of Scandal.* She does not trouble me much with epistolary communications; when I do receive them, they are very concise, and much to the purpose. However I will do her the justice to say that she behaves, or rather means, well, and is in some respects very kind, though her manners are not the most conciliating. She likewise expresses a great deal of affection for you, but disapproves your marriage, wishes to know my opinion of it, and complains that you are negligent and do not write to her or care about her. How far her opinion of your love for her is well grounded, you best know. I again request you will return my sincere thanks to Lord Carlisle, and

for the future I shall consider him as more my friend than I have hitherto been taught to think. I have more reasons than one, to wish to avoid going to Notts, for there I should be obliged to associate with Lord G. whom I detest, his manners being unlike those of a Gentleman, and the information to be derived from him but little except about shooting, which I do not intend to devote my life to. Besides, I have a particular reason for not liking him. Pray write to me soon. Adieu, my Dear Augusta.

I remain, your affectionate Brother,

BYRON.

18.—To John Hanson.[1]

Saturday, Dec. 1st, 1804.

MY DEAR SIR,—Our vacation commences on the 5th of this Month, when I propose to myself the pleasure of

1. Byron spent the Christmas holidays of 1804–5 with the Hansons. He gave Hanson to understand that it was his wish to leave the school, and that Dr. Drury agreed with him in the decision. Hanson, after consulting Lord Carlisle, wrote to Drury, urging that Byron was too young to leave the school. Drury's reply, dated December 29, 1804, gave a different colour to the matter.

"Your letter," he writes, "supposes that Lord Byron was "desirous to leave school, and that I acquiesced in his Wish: but I "must do him the Justice to observe that *the wish originated with me.* "During his last residence at Harrow his conduct gave me much "trouble and uneasiness; and as two of his Associates were to leave "me at Christmas, I certainly suggested to him *my wish* that he "might be placed under the care of some private Tutor previously to "his admission to either of the Universities. This I did no less with "a view to the forming of his mind and manners, than to my own "comfort; and I am fully convinced that if such a situation can be "procured for his Lordship, it will be much more advantageous for "him than a longer residence at school, where his animal spirits and "want of judgment may induce him to do wrong, whilst his age and "person must prevent his Instructors from treating him in some "respects as a schoolboy. If we part now, we may entertain "affectionate dispositions towards each other, and his Lordship "will have left the school with credit; as my dissatisfactions were

spending the Holidays at your House, if it is not too great an Inconvenience. I tell you fairly, that at Southwell I should have nothing in the World to do, but play at cards and listen to the edifying Conversation of old Maids, two things which do not at all suit my inclinations. In my Mother's last Letter I find that my poney and pointers are not yet procured, and that Lord Grey is still at Newstead. The former I should be very dull at such a place as Southwell without; the latter is still more disagreeable to be with. I presume he goes on in the old way,—quarrelling with the farmers, and stretching his judicial powers (he being now in the commission) to the utmost, becoming a torment to himself, and a pest to all around him.—I am glad you approve of my Gun, feeling myself happy, that it has been tried by so *distinguished* a *Sportsman.*

I hope your Campaigns against the Partridges and the rest of the feathered Tribe have been attended with no serious Consequences—*trifling accidents* such as the top of a few fingers and a Thumb, you *Gentlemen* of the *city* being used to, of course occasion no interruption to your field sports.

Your Accommodation I have no doubt I shall be perfectly satisfied with, only do exterminate that *vile Generation* of *Bugs* which nearly ate me up the last Time I *sojourned* at your House. After undergoing the Purgatory of Harrow *board* and *Lodging* for three Months I shall not be *particular* or exorbitant in my demands.

Pray give my best Compliments to Mrs. Hanson

"expressed to him only privately, and in such a manner as not to "affect his public situation in the school."

Finally, however, Dr. Drury, yielding to the appeal of Lord Carlisle and Hanson, allowed the boy to return to Harrow, and Byron remained at the school till July, 1805, the last three months being passed under the rule of Dr. Butler.

and the now *quilldriving* Hargreaves.[1] Till I see you, I remain,

Yours, etc.,

BYRON.

19.—To the Hon. Augusta Byron.

6, Chancery Lane, Wednesday, 30th Jany., 1805.

I have delayed writing to you so long, My dearest Augusta, from ignorance of your residence, not knowing whether you *graced* Castle Howard, or Kireton with your *presence*. The instant Mr. H[anson] informed me where you was, I prepared to address you, and you have but just forestalled my intention. And now, I scarcely know what to begin with; I have so many things, to tell you. I wish to God, that we were together, for It is impossible that I can confine all I have got to say in an epistle, without I was to follow your example, and fill eleven pages, as I was informed, by my *proficiency* in *the art of magic*, that you sometimes send that *number* to *Lady Gertrude*.

To begin with an article of *grand importance;* I on Saturday dined with Lord Carlisle, and on further acquaintance I like them all very much. Amongst other circumstances, I heard of your *boldness* as a *Rider*, especially one anecdote about your horse carrying you into the stable *perforce*. I should have admired amazingly to have seen your progress, provided you met with no accident. I hope you recollect the circumstance, and know what I allude to; else, you may think that I am *soaring* into the *Regions of Romance*. I wish you to

1. Hargreaves Hanson, second son of John Hanson, had just left Harrow, and was articled as a pupil in his father's business. He died in 1811, at the age of 23.

corroborate my account in your next, and inform me whether my information was correct.

I think your friend Lady G. is a sweet girl. If your taste in *love*, is as good as it is in *friendship*, I shall think you a *very discerning little Gentlewoman*. His Lordship too improves upon further acquaintance, Her Ladyship I' always liked, but of the Junior part of the family Frederick [1] is my favourite. I believe with regard to my future destination, that I return to Harrow until June, and then I'm off for the university. Could I have found Room there, I was to have gone immediately.

I have contrived to pass the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Hanson, to whom I am greatly obliged for their hospitality. You are now within a days journey of my *amiable Mama*. If you wish your spirits *raised*, or rather *roused*, I would recommend you to pass a week or two with her. However I daresay she would behave very well to *you*, for you do not know her disposition so well as I do. I return you, my dear Girl, a thousand thanks for hinting to Mr. H. and Lord C. my uncomfortable situation, I shall always remember it with gratitude, as a most *essential service*. I rather think that, if you were any time with my mother, she would bore you about your marriage which she *disapproves* of, as much for the sake of finding fault as any thing, for that is her favourite amusement. At any rate she would be very inquisitive, for she was always tormenting me about it, and, if you told her any thing, she might very possibly divulge it; I therefore advise you, *when you see her* to say nothing, or as little, about it, as you can help. If you make haste,

1. The Hon. Frederick Howard, third son of Lord Carlisle, the "young, gallant Howard" of *Childe Harold* (Canto III. stanzas xxix., xxx.; see Byron's note), was killed at Waterloo. "The best "of his race," says Byron, in a letter to Moore, July 7, 1815.

you can answer this *well written* epistle by return of post, for I wish again to hear from you immediately; you need not fill *eleven pages*, *nine* will be sufficient; but whether it contains nine pages or nine lines, it will always be most welcome, my beloved Sister, to

Your affectionate Brother and Friend,

BYRON.

20.—To the Hon. Augusta Byron.

[London], Thursday, 4th April, 1805.

MY DEAREST AUGUSTA,—You certainly have excellent reasons for complaint against my want of punctuality in our correspondence; but, as it does not proceed from want of affection, but an idle disposition, you will, I hope, accept my excuses. I am afraid, however, that when I shall take up my pen, you will not be greatly *edified* or *amused*, especially at present, since, I sit down in very bad spirits, out of humour with myself, and all the world, except *you*. I left Harrow yesterday, and am now at Mr. Hanson's till Sunday morning, when I depart for Nottinghamshire, to pay a visit to my *mother*, with whom I shall remain for a week or two, when I return to town, and from thence to Harrow, until July, when I take my departure for the university, but which I am as yet undecided. Mr. H. Recommends Cambridge; L[d]. Carlisle allows me to chuse for myself, and I must own I prefer Oxford. But, I am not violently bent upon it, and whichever is determined upon will meet with my concurrence.—This is the outline of my plans for the next 6 months. I am Glad that you are Going to pay his *Lordship* a visit, as I shall have an opportunity of seeing you on my return to town, a pleasure, which, as I have been long debarred of it, will be doubly felt after so

long a separation. My visit to the Dowager does not promise me all the happiness I could wish; however, it must be gone through, as it is some time since I have seen her. It shall be as short as possible. I shall expect to find a letter from you, when I come down, as I wish to know when you go to town, and how long you remain there. If you stay till The middle of next month, you may have an opportunity of hearing me speak, as the first day of our *Harrow orations* occurs in May. My friend Delawarr,[1] (as you observed) danced with the little Princess, nor did I in the least *envy* him the honour. I presume you have heard That Dr. Drury leaves Harrow this Easter, and That, as a memorial of our Gratitude for his long services, The scholars presented him with plate to the amount of 330 Guineas.

I hope you will excuse this *Hypocondriac* epistle, as I never was in such low spirits in my life. Adieu, my Dearest Sister, and believe me,

Your ever affectionate though negligent Brother,

BYRON.

21.—To Hargreaves Hanson.

Burgage Manor, Southwell, Notts, 15 April, 1805.

DEAR HARGREAVES,—As I have been unable to return to Town with your father, I must request, that you will take care of my Books, and a parcel which I expect from my Taylor's, and, as I understand you are going to pay Farleigh a visit, I would be obliged to you to leave

1. On February 25, 1805, their Majesties gave a magnificent "house-"warming" at Windsor Castle. "The expenditure," says the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1805 (part i. pp. 262-264), "cannot have cost "less than £50,000. The floor of the ball-room, instead of being "chalked, was painted with most fanciful and appropriate devices "by an eminent artist." The "little Princess" Charlotte of Wales, we are told, left the Castle at half-past nine.

them under the care of one of the Clerks, or a Servant, who may inform me where to find them. I shall be in Town on Wednesday the 24th at furthest, when I shall not hope to see you, or wish it; not but what I should be glad of your *entertaining and loquacious* Society, but as I think you will be more amused at Farleigh, it would be selfish in me to wish that you should forego the pleasures of contemplating *pigs*, *poultry*, *pork*, *pease*, and *potatoes* together, with other Rural Delights, for my Company. Much pleasure may you find in your excursion and I dare say, when you have exchanged *pleadings* for *ploughshares* and *fleecing clients* for *feeding flocks*, you will be in no hurry to resume your Law Functions.

Remember me to your Father and Mother and the Juniors, and if you should find it convenient to dispatch a note in answer to this epistle, it will afford great pleasure to

Yours very sincerely and affectionately,

BYRON.

P.S.—It is hardly necessary to inform you that I am heartily tired of Southwell, for I am at this minute experiencing those delights which I have recapitulated to you and which are more entertaining to be *talked* of at a distance than enjoyed at Home. I allude to the Eloquence of a *near relation* of mine, which is as remarkable as your *taciturnity*.

22.—To Hargreaves Hanson.

Burgage Manor, April 20, 1805.

DEAR HARGREAVES,—Dr. Butler,[1] our new Master, has thought proper to postpone our Meeting till the 8th

1. The Rev. George Butler (1774–1853), who was Senior Wrangler

of May, which obliges me to delay my return to Town for one week, so that instead of Wednesday the 24th I shall not arrive in London till the 1st of May, on which Day (If I live) I shall certainly be in town, where I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you. I shall remain with you only a week, as we are all to return to the very day, on account of the prolongation of our Holidays. However, if you shall previous to that period take a *jaunt* into Hants, I beg you will leave my *valuables*, etc., etc., in the care of one of the *Gentlemen* of your office, as that *Razor faced Villain*, James, might perhaps take the Liberty of walking off with a suit. I have heard several times from Tattersall[1] and it is very probable we may see him on my return. I beg you will excuse this short epistle as my time is at present rather taken up, and Believe Me,

Yours very sincerely,

BYRON.

(1794), succeeded Dr. Drury as Head-master of Harrow School in April, 1805. He was then Fellow, tutor, and classical lecturer at Sydney Sussex College, Cambridge. From affection to Dr. Drury, Byron supported the candidature of his brother, Mark Drury, and avenged himself on Butler for the defeat of his candidate by the lines on "Pomposus" (see *Poems*, vol. i. pp. 16, 17, "On a Change "of Masters," etc.; and pp. 84–106, "Childish Recollections"). At a later period he became reconciled to Butler, who knew the Continent well, was an excellent linguist, and gave him valuable advice for his foreign tour in 1809–11. Butler resigned the Head-mastership of Harrow in April, 1824, and retired to a country living. In 1842 he was appointed to the Deanery of Peterborough, where he died in 1853.

1. John Cecil Tattersall entered Harrow in May, 1801. He was the "Davus" of "Childish Recollections" (*Poems*, vol. i. pp. 97, 98, and *notes*). He went from Harrow to Christ Church, Oxford, took orders, and died December 8, 1812.

23.—To the Hon. Augusta Byron.

[The Earl of Carlisle's, Grosvenor Place, London.]

Burgage Manor, April 23d, 1805.

MY DEAREST AUGUSTA,—I presume by this time, that you are safely arrived at the Earl's, at least I *hope* so; nor shall I feel myself perfectly easy, till I have the pleasure of hearing from yourself of your safety. I myself shall set out for town this day (Tuesday) week, and intend waiting upon you on Thursday at farthest; in the mean time I must console myself as well as I can; and I am sure, no unhappy mortal ever required much more consolation than I do at present. You as well as myself know the *sweet* and *amiable* temper of a certain personage to whom I am nearly related; of *course*, the pleasure I have enjoyed during my vacation, (although it has been greater than I expected) yet has not been so *superabundant* as to make me wish to stay a day longer than I can avoid. However, notwithstanding the dullness of the place, and certain *unpleasant things* that occur In a family not a hundred miles distant from Southwell, I contrived to pass my time in peace, till to day, when unhappily, In a most inadvertent manner, I said that Southwell was not *peculiarly* to my taste; but however, I merely expressed this in common conversation, without speaking disrespectfully of the *sweet* town; (which, between you and I, I wish was swallowed up by an earthquake, provided my *Eloquent mother* was not in it). No sooner had the unlucky sentence, which I believe was prompted by my evil Genius, escaped my lips, than I was treated with an Oration in the *ancient style*, which I have often so *pathetically* described to you, unequalled by any thing of *modern* or *antique* date; nay the *Philippics* against L[d].

Melville[1] were nothing to it; one would really Imagine, to have heard the *Good Lady*, that I was a most *treasonable culprit*, but thank St. Peter, after undergoing this *Purgatory* for the last hour, it is at length blown over, and I have sat down under these *pleasing impressions* to address you, so that I am afraid my epistle will not be

1. Henry Dundas (1742–1811), created Viscount Melville in 1802, Lord Advocate (1775–83), made himself useful to Lord North's Government as a shrewd, hard-working man of business, a ready speaker—in broad Scotch, and a consummate election agent. For twenty years he was the right-hand man of Pitt—

"Too proud from pilfered greatness to descend,
Too humble not to call Dundas his friend."

Not only was he Pitt's political colleague, but in private life his boon companion. A well-known epigram commemorates in a dialogue their convivial habits—

Pitt. "I cannot see the Speaker, Hal; can you?"
Dundas. "Not see the Speaker, Billy? I see two."

Melville, for a long series of years, held important political posts. He was Treasurer of the Navy (1782–1800); member of the Board of Control for India (1784–1802) and President (1790–1802); Home Secretary (1791–94); Secretary of War (1794–1801); First Lord of the Admiralty (1804–5). In 1802 a Commission had been appointed to examine into the accounts of the naval department for the past twenty years, and, in consequence of their tenth report, a series of resolutions were moved in the House of Commons (April, 1805) against Melville. The voting was even—216 for and 216 against; the resolutions were carried by the casting vote of Speaker Abbott. "Pitt was overcome; his friend was ruined. At "the sound of the Speaker's voice, the Prime Minister crushed his "hat over his brows to hide the tears that poured over his cheeks: "he pushed in haste out of the House. Some of his opponents, I "am ashamed to say, thrust themselves near, 'to see how Billy "took it.'" (Mark Boyd's *Reminiscences of Fifty Years*, p. 404.) Melville, who was heard at the bar of the House of Commons in his own defence, was impeached before the House of Lords (June 26, 1805) of high crimes and misdemeanours. At the close of the proceedings, which began in Westminster Hall on April 29, 1806, Melville was acquitted on all the charges. Whitbread took the leading part in the impeachment. See *All the Talents: a Satirical Poem*, by Polypus (E. S. Barrett)—

"Rough as his porter, bitter as his barm,
He sacrificed his fame to M—lv—lle's harm."
Dialogue ii.

the most entertaining. I assure you upon my *honour*, jesting apart, I have never been so *scurrilously*, and *violently* abused by any person, as by that woman, whom I think I am to call mother, by that being who gave me birth, to whom I ought to look up with veneration and respect, but whom I am sorry I cannot love or admire. Within one little hour, I have not only heard myself, but have heard my *whole family*, by the father's side, *stigmatized* in terms that the *blackest malevolence* would perhaps shrink from, and that too in words you would be shocked to hear. Such, Augusta, such is my mother; *my mother!* I disclaim her from this time, and although I cannot help treating her with respect, I cannot reverence, as I ought to do, that parent who by her outrageous conduct forfeits all title to filial affection. To you, Augusta, I must look up, as my nearest relation, to you I must confide what I cannot mention to others, and I am sure you will pity me; but I entreat you to keep this a secret, nor expose that unhappy failing of this woman, which I must bear with patience. I would be very sorry to have it discovered, as I have only one week more, for the present. In the mean time you may write to me with the greatest safety, as she would not open any of my letters, even from you. I entreat then that you will favour me with an answer to this. I hope however to have the pleasure of seeing you on the day appointed, but If you could contrive any way that I may avoid being asked to dinner by Ld C. I would be obliged to you, as I hate strangers. Adieu, my Beloved Sister,

I remain ever yours,

BYRON.

24.—To the Hon. Augusta Byron.

[The Earl of Carlisle's, Grosvenor Place, London.]

Burgage Manor, Southwell, Friday, April 25th, 1805.

MY DEAREST AUGUSTA,—Thank God, I believe I shall be in town on Wednesday next, and at last relieved from those *agreeable amusements*, I described to you in my last. I return you and Lady G. many thanks for your *benediction*, nor do I doubt its efficacy as it is bestowed by *two such Angelic beings;* but as I am afraid my *profane blessing* would but expedite your road to *Purgatory*, instead of *Salvation*, you must be content with my best wishes in return, since the *unhallowed adjurations* of a mere mortal would be of no effect. You say, you are sick of the Installation;[1] and that L^d. C. was not present; I however saw his name in the *Morning Post*, as one of the Knights Companions. I indeed expected that *you* would have been present at the Ceremony.

I have seen this young Roscius[2] several times at the

1. On St. George's Day, April 23, 1805, seven Knights were installed at Windsor as Knights of the Garter, each in turn being invested with the surcoat, girdle, and sword. The new Knights were the Dukes of Rutland and Beaufort; the Marquis of Abercorn; the Earls of Chesterfield, Pembroke, and Winchilsea; and, by proxy, the Earl of Hardwicke.

Lady Louisa Strangways, writing to her sister, Lady Harriet Frampton, on April 24, 1805 (*Journal of Mary Frampton*, p. 129), says, "I was full dressed for seventeen hours yesterday, and sat in "one spot for seven, which is enough to tire any one who enjoyed "what was going on, which I did not. I saw them walk to "St. George's Chapel, which was the best part, as it did not last "long. . . . Their dresses were very magnificent. The Knights, "before they were installed, were in white and silver, like the old "pictures of Henry VIII., and afterwards they had a purple mantle "put on. They had immense plumes of ostrich feathers, with a "heron's feather in the middle."

2. William Henry West Betty (1791–1874), the "Young Roscius," made his first appearance on the stage at Belfast, in 1803, in the part of "Osman," in Hill's *Zara;* and on December 1, 1804, at Covent

hazard of my life, from the *affectionate squeezes* of the surrounding crowd. I think him tolerable in some characters, but by no means equal to the ridiculous praises showered upon him by *John Bull*.

I am afraid that my stay in town ceases after the 10th. I should not continue it so long, as we meet on the 8th at Harrow, But, I remain on purpose to hear our *Sapient* and *noble Legislators* of Both Houses debate on the Catholic Question,[1] as I have no doubt there will be

Garden, as "Selim" disguised as "Achmet," in Browne's *Barbarossa*. In the winter season of 1804–5, when he appeared at Covent Garden and Drury Lane, such crowds collected to see him, that the military were called out to preserve order. Leslie (*Autobiographical Recollections*, vol. i. p. 218) speaks of him as a boy "of handsome features "and graceful manners, with a charming voice." Fox, who saw him in *Hamlet*, said, "This is finer than Garrick" (*Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers*, p. 88). Northcote (*Conversations*, p. 23) spoke of his acting as "a beautiful effusion of natural sensibility; and then "that graceful play of the limbs in youth gave such an advantage "over every one about him." "Young Roscius's premature powers," writes Mrs. Piozzi, February 21, 1805, "attract universal attention, "and I suppose that if less than an angel had told *his* parents that "a bulletin of that child's health should be necessary to quiet the "anxiety of a metropolis for his safety, they would not have believed "the prediction" (*Life and Writings of Mrs. Piozzi*, vol. ii. p. 263). In society he was the universal topic of conversation, and he commanded a salary of £50 a night, at a time when John Kemble was paid £37 16*s*. a week (*Life of Frederick Reynolds*, vol. ii. p. 364). "When," writes Mrs. Byron of her son to Hanson (December 8, 1804), "he goes to see the Young Roscius, I hope he will take care "of himself in the crowd, and not go alone." Betty lost his attractiveness with the growth of his beard. Byron's opinion of the merits of the youthful prodigy became that of the general public; but not till the actor had made a large fortune. He retired from the stage in 1824.

1. On March 25, 1805, petitions were presented by Lord Grenville in the House of Lords, and Fox in the House of Commons, calling the attention of the country to the claims of the Roman Catholics, and praying their relief from their disabilities, civil, naval, and military. On Friday, May 10, Lord Grenville moved, in the Upper House, for a committee of the whole House to consider the petition. At six o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, May 14, the motion was negatived by a division of 178 against 49. On Monday, May 13, Fox, in the Lower House, made a similar motion, which was negatived, at five o'clock on the morning of Wednesday,

many *nonsensical*, and some *Clever* things said on the occasion. I am extremely glad that you *sport* an audience Chamber for the Benefit of your *modest* visitors, amongst whom I have the *honour* to reckon myself: I shall certainly be most happy again to see you, notwithstanding my *wise* and *Good* mother (who is at this minute thundering against Somebody or other below in the Dining Room), has interdicted my visiting at his *Lordship's* house, with the threat of her malediction, in case of disobedience, as she says he has behaved very ill to her; the truth of this I much doubt, nor should the orders of all the mothers (especially such mothers) in the world, prevent me from seeing my Beloved Sister after so long an Absence. I beg you will forgive this *well written epistle*, for I write in a great Hurry, and, believe me, with the greatest impatience again to behold you, your

Attached Brother and [Friend,

BYRON].

P.S.—By the bye Lady G. ought not to complain of your writing a *decent* long letter to me, since I remember your *11 Pages* to her, at which I did not make the least complaint, but submitted like a *meek Lamb* to the innovation of my privileges, for nobody *ought* to have had so long an epistle but my *most excellent Self*.

25.—To John Hanson.

Harrow-on-the-Hill, 11 May, 1805.

DEAR SIR,—As you promised to cash my Draft on the Day that I left your house, and as you was only

May 15, by a division of 336 against 126. Byron, on April 21, 1812, in the second of his three Parliamentary speeches, supported the relief of the Roman Catholics.

prevented by the Bankers being shut up, I will be very much obliged to you to *give the ready* to this old Girl, Mother Barnard,[1] who will either present herself or send a Messenger, as she demurs on its being not payable till the 25th of June. Believe me, Sir, by doing this you will greatly oblige

Yours very truly,

BYRON.

26.—To the Hon. Augusta Byron.

[The Earl of Carlisle's, Grosvenor Place, London.]

[Harrow, Wednesday, June 5, 1805.]

MY DEAREST AUGUSTA,—At last you have a *decent* specimen of the dowager's talents for epistles in the *furioso* style. You are now freed from the *shackles* of her correspondence, and when I revisit her, I shall be bored with long stories of your *ingratitude*, etc., etc. She is as I have before declared certainly mad (to say she was in her senses, would be condemning her as a Criminal), her conduct is a *happy* compound of derangement and Folly. I had the other day an epistle from her; not a word was mentioned about you, but I had some of the usual *compliments* on my own account. I am now about to answer her letter, though I shall scarcely have patience, to treat her with civility, far less with affection, that was almost over before, and this has given the finishing stroke to *filial*, which now gives way to *fraternal* duty. Believe me, dearest Augusta, not ten thousand *such* mothers, or indeed any mothers, Could induce me to give you up.—No, No, as the dowager says in that rare epistle which now lies before me, "the time has been, but that is past "long since," and nothing now can influence your *pretty*

1. Mother Barnard was the keeper of the "tuck-shop" at Harrow.

sort of a *brother* (bad as he is) to forget that he is your *Brother*. Our first Speech day will be over ere this reaches you, but against the 2d you shall have timely notice.—I am glad to hear your illness is not of a Serious nature; *young Ladies* ought not to throw themselves in to the fidgets about a trifling delay of 9 or 10 years; age brings experience and when you in the flower of youth, between 40 and 50, shall then marry, you will no doubt say that I am a *wise man*, and that the later one makes one's self miserable with the matrimonial clog, the better. Adieu, my dearest Augusta, I bestow my *patriarchal blessing* on you and Lady G. and remain,

[Signature cut out.]

27.—To John Hanson.

Harrow-on-the-Hill, 27 June, 1805.

DEAR SIR,—I will be in Town on Saturday Morning, but it is absolutely necessary for me to return to Harrow on Tuesday or Wednesday, as Thursday is our 2d Speechday and Butler says he cannot dispense with my Presence on that Day. I thank you for your Compliment in the Beginning of your Letter, and with the Hope of seeing you and Hargreaves well on Saturday,

I remain, yours, etc., etc.,

BYRON.

28.—To the Hon. Augusta Byron.

[Address cut out], Tuesday, July 2d, 1805.

MY DEAREST AUGUSTA,—I am just returned from Cambridge, where I have been to enter myself at Trinity College.—Thursday is our Speechday at Harrow, and as I forgot to remind you of its approach, previous

to our first declamation,[1] I have given you *timely* notice this time. If you intend doing me the *honour* of attending, I would recommend you not to come without a Gentleman, as I shall be too much engaged all the morning to take care of you, and I should not imagine you would admire *stalking* about by yourself. You had better be there by 12 o'clock as we begin at 1, and I should like to procure you a good place; Harrow is 11 miles from town, it will just make a *comfortable* mornings drive for you. I don't know how you are to come, but for *Godsake* bring as few women with you as possible. I would wish you to Write me an answer immediately, that I may know on Thursday morning, whether you will drive over or not, and I will arrange my other engagements accordingly. I *beg*, *Madam*, you may make your appearance in one of his Lordships most *dashing* carriages, as our Harrow *etiquette*, admits of nothing but the most *superb* vehicles, on our Grand *Festivals*. In the mean time, believe me, dearest Augusta,

Your affectionate Brother,

BYRON.

29.—To John Hanson.

Harrow, 8 July, 1805.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have just received a Letter from my Mother, in which she talks of coming to Town about the *commencement* of our Holidays. If she does, it will be impossible for me to call on *my Sister*, previous to my leaving it, and at the same time I cannot conceive what the Deuce she can want at this season in London. I

1. Mrs. Byron, writing to Hanson (June 25, 1805), says, "The "fame of Byron's oratory has reached Southwell" (see page 27, *note* 1).

have written to tell her that my Holidays commence on the 6th of August, but however, July the 1st is the proper day.—I beg that if you cannot find some means to keep her in the Country that you at least will connive at this deception which I can palliate, and then I shall be down in the country before she knows where I am. My reasons for this are, that I do *not wish* to be detained in Town so uncomfortably as I know I shall be if I remain with her; that *I do wish* to see my Sister; and in the next place she can just as well come to Town after my return to Notts, as I don't desire to be dragged about according to her caprice, and there are some other causes I think unnecessary to be now mentioned. If you will only contrive by settling this business (if it is in your power), or if that is impossible, not mention anything about the day our Holidays commence, of which you can be easily supposed not to be informed. If, I repeat, you can by any means prevent this Mother from executing her purposes, believe me, you will greatly oblige

Yours truly,

BYRON.

30.—To Charles O. Gordon.[1]

Burgage Manor, Southwell, Notts, August 4, 1805.

Although I am greatly afraid, my Dearest Gordon, that you will not receive this epistle till you return from Abergeldie, (as your letter stated that you would be at Ledbury on Thursday next) yet, that is not my fault, for I have not deferred answering yours a moment, and, as

1. This and Letter 33 are written to Byron's Harrow friend, Charles Gordon, one of his "juniors and favourites," whom he "spoilt by indulgence." Gordon, who was the son of David Gordon of Abergeldie, died in 1829.

I have just now concluded my Journey, my first, and, I trust you will believe me when I say, most pleasing occupation will be to write to you.

We have played the Eton and were most confoundedly beat;[1] however it was some comfort to me that I got

1. Byron's reputation as a cricketer rests on this match between Eton and Harrow. It was played on the old cricket ground in Dorset Square, August 2, 1805, and ended in a victory for Eton by an innings and two runs. The score is thus given by Lillywhite, in his *Cricket Scores and Biographies of Celebrated Cricketers from* 1745 *to* 1826 (vol. i. pp. 319, 320)—

HARROW.

	First Innings.		*Second Innings.*
Lord Ipswich, b Carter	10	b Heaton	21
T. Farrer, Esq., b Carter	7	c Bradley	3
T. Drury, Esq., b Carter	0	st Heaton	6
— Bolton, Esq., run out	2	b Heaton	0
C. Lloyd, Esq., b Carter	0	b Carter	0
A. Shakespeare, Esq., st Heaton	8	run out	5
Lord Byron, c Barnard	7	b Carter	2
Hon. T. Erskine, b Carter	4	b Heaton	8
W. Brockman, Esq., b Heaton	9	b Heaton	10
E. Stanley, Esq., not out	3	c Canning	7
— Asheton, Esq., b Carter	3	not out	0
Byes	2	Byes	3
	55		65

ETON.

— Heaton, Esq., b Lloyd	0
— Slingsby, Esq., b Shakespeare	29
— Carter, Esq., b Shakespeare	3
— Farhill, Esq., c Lloyd	6
— Canning, Esq., c Farrer	12
— Camplin, Esq., b Ipswich	42
— Bradley, Esq., b Lloyd	16
— Barnard, Esq., b Shakespeare	0
— Barnard, Esq., not out	3
— Kaye, Esq., b Byron	7
— Dover, Esq., c Bolton	4
Byes	0
	122

At this match Lord Stratford de Redcliffe remembers seeing a "moody-looking boy" dismissed for a small score. The boy was Byron. But the moment is not favourable to expression of countenance.

11 notches the 1st Innings and 7 the 2d, which was more than any of our side except Brockman & Ipswich could contrive to hit. After the match we dined together, and were extremely friendly, not a single discordant word was uttered by either party. To be sure, we were most of us rather drunk and went together to the Haymarket Theatre, where we kicked up a row, As you may suppose, when so many Harrovians & Etonians met at one place; I was one of seven in a single hackney, 4 Eton and 3 Harrow, and then we all got into the same box, and the consequence was that such a devil of a noise arose that none of our neighbours could hear a word of the drama, at which, not being *highly delighted*, they began to quarrel with us, and we nearly came to a *battle royal*. How I got home after the play God knows. I hardly recollect, as my brain was so much confused by the heat, the row, and the wine I drank, that I could not remember in the morning how I found my way to bed.

The rain was so incessant in the evening that we could hardly get our Jarveys, which was the cause of so many being stowed into one. I saw young Twilt, your brother, with Malet, and saw also an old schoolfellow of mine whom I had not beheld for six years, but he was not the one whom you were so good as to enquire after for me, and for which I return you my sincere thanks. I set off last night at eight o'clock to my mother's, and am just arrived this afternoon, and have not delayed a second in thanking you for so soon fulfilling my request that you would correspond with me. My address at Cambridge will be Trinity College, but I shall not go there till the 20th of October. You may continue to direct your letters here, when I go to Hampshire which will not be till you have returned to Harrow. I will send my address previous to my departure from my mother's. I agree with

you in the hope that we shall continue our correspondence for a long time. I trust, my dearest friend, that it will only be interrupted by our being some time or other in the same place or under the same roof, as, when I have finished my *Classical Labour*, and my minority is expired, I shall expect you to be a frequent visitor to Newstead Abbey, my seat in this county which is about 12 miles from my mother's house where I now am. There I can show you plenty of hunting, shooting and fishing, and be assured no one ever will be more welcome guest than yourself—nor is there any one whose correspondence can give me more pleasure, or whose friendship yield me greater delight than yours, sweet, dearest Charles, believe me, will always be the sentiments of

Yours most affectionately,

BYRON.

31.—To the Hon. Augusta Byron.

[Castle Howard, Malton, Yorkshire.]

Burgage Manor, August 6th, 1805.

Well, my dearest Augusta, here I am, once more situated at my mother's house, which together with its *inmate* is as *agreeable* as ever. I am at this moment *vis à vis* and *Tête à tête* with that amiable personage, who is, whilst I am writing, pouring forth complaints against your *ingratitude*, giving me many oblique hints that I ought not to correspond with you, and concluding with an interdiction that if you ever after the expiration of my minority are invited to my residence, *she* will no longer condescend to grace it with her *Imperial* presence. You may figure to yourself, for your amusement, my solemn countenance on the occasion, and the *meek Lamblike* demeanour of her Ladyship, which, contrasted with my *Saintlike visage*, forms

a *striking family painting*, whilst in the back ground, the portraits of my Great Grandfather and Grandmother, suspended in their frames, seem to look with an eye of pity on their *unfortunate descendant*, whose *worth* and *accomplishments* deserve a *milder fate*. I am to remain in this *Garden* of *Eden* one month, I do not indeed reside at Cambridge till October, but I set out for Hampshire in September where I shall be on a visit till the commencement of the term. In the mean time, Augusta, your *sympathetic* correspondence must be some alleviation to my sorrows, which however are too ludicrous for me to regard them very seriously; but they are *really* more *uncomfortable* than *amusing*. I presume you were rather surprised not to see my *consequential* name in the papers [1] amongst the orators of our 2[d] speech day, but unfortunately some wit who had formerly been at Harrow, suppressed the *merits* of Long,[2] Farrer,[3] and myself, who were always

1. See page 27, *note* 1.

2. Edward Noel Long, son of E. B. Long of Hampton Lodge, Surrey, the "Cleon" of "Childish Recollections" (*Poems*, vol. i. pp. 101, 102), entered Harrow in April, 1801. He went with Byron to Trinity College, Cambridge, and till the end of the summer of 1806 was his most intimate friend. "We were," says Byron, in his Diary (*Life*, p. 31), "rival swimmers, fond of riding, reading, and "of conviviality. Our evenings we passed in music (he was musical, "and played on more than one instrument—flute and violoncello), "in which I was audience; and I think that our chief beverage was "soda-water. In the day we rode, bathed, and lounged, reading "occasionally. I remember our buying, with vast alacrity, Moore's "new quarto (in 1806), and reading it together in the evenings. ". . . *His* friendship, and a violent though pure passion—which "held me at the same period—were the then romance of the most "romantic period of my life." Long was Byron's companion at Littlehampton in August, 1806. In 1807 he entered the Guards, served with distinction in the expedition to Copenhagen, and was drowned early in 1809, "on his passage to Lisbon with his regiment "in the *St. George* transport, which was run foul of in the night by "another transport" (*Life*, p. 31. See also Byron's lines "To "Edward Noel Long, Esq.," *Poems*, vol. i. pp. 184–188).

3. Thomas Farrer entered Harrow in April, 1801. He played in Byron's XI. against Eton, on the ground in Dorset Square, on August 2, 1805.

supposed to take the Lead in Harrow eloquence, and by way of a *hoax* thought proper to insert a panegyric on those speakers who were really and truly allowed to have rather disgraced than distinguished themselves, of course for the *wit* of the thing, the best were left out and the worst inserted, which accounts for the *Gothic omission* of my *superior talents*. Perhaps it was done with a view to weaken our vanity, which might be too much raised by the flattering paragraphs bestowed on our performance the 1st speechday; be that as it may, we were omitted in the account of the 2d, to the astonishment of all Harrow. These are *disappointments* we *great men* are liable to, and we must learn to bear them with philosophy, especially when they arise from attempts at wit. I was indeed very ill at that time, and after I had finished my speech was so overcome by the exertion that I was obliged to quit the room. I had caught cold by sleeping in damp sheets which was the cause of my indisposition. However I am now perfectly recovered, and live in hopes of being emancipated from the slavery of Burgage manor. But Believe me, Dearest Augusta, whether well or ill,

I always am your affect. Brother,

BYRON.

CHAPTER II.

1805–1808.

CAMBRIDGE AND JUVENILE POEMS.

32.—To the Hon. Augusta Byron.

[Castle Howard, Malton, Yorkshire.]

Burgage Manor, August 10th, 1805.

I have at last succeeded, my dearest Augusta, in pacifying the dowager, and mollifying that *piece* of *flint* which the good Lady denominates her heart. She now has condescended to send you her *love*, although with many comments on the occasion, and many compliments to herself. But to me she still continues to be a torment, and I doubt not would continue so till the end of my life. However this is the last time she ever will have an opportunity, as, when I go to college, I shall employ my vacations either in town; or during the summer I intend making a tour through the Highlands, and to Visit the Hebrides with a party of my friends, whom I have engaged for the purpose. This my old preceptor Drury recommended as the most improving way of employing my Summer Vacation, and I have now an additional reason for following his advice, as I by that means will avoid the society of this woman, whose detestable temper destroys every Idea of domestic comfort. It is a happy thing that she is my mother and not my wife, so that I

can rid myself of her when I please, and indeed, if she goes on in the style that she has done for this last week that I have been with her, I shall quit her before the month I was to drag out in her company, is expired, and place myself any where, rather than remain with such a vixen. As I am to have a very handsome allowance,[1] which does not deprive her of a sixpence, since there is an addition made from my fortune by the Chancellor for the purpose, I shall be perfectly independent of her, and, as she has long since trampled upon, and harrowed up every affectionate tie, It is my serious determination never again to visit, or be upon any friendly terms with her. This I owe to myself, and to my own comfort, as well as Justice to the memory of my nearest relations, who have been most shamefully libelled by this female *Tisiphone*, a name which your *Ladyship* will recollect to have belonged to one of the Furies. You need not take the precaution of writing in so enigmatical a style in your next, as, bad as the woman is, she would not dare to open any letter addressed to me from you. Whenever you can find time to write, believe me, your epistles will be productive of the greatest pleasure, to your

Affectionate Brother,

BYRON.

1. During Byron's schooldays, Mrs. Byron received £500 a year from the Court of Chancery for his education. When he went to Cambridge, she gave up this allowance to her son, and the expenditure of a certain sum was sanctioned by Chancery for furniture, clothes, plate, etc. At the same time, Mrs. Byron applied for an allowance of £200 a year, but in 1807 the allowance had not been granted. Her pension, it may be added, most irregularly paid at all times, was reduced to £200 a year. Writing to Hanson (September 23, 1805), she says, "I give up the five hundred a year "to my son, and you will supply him with money accordingly. "The two hundred a year addition I shall reserve for myself; nor "can I do with less, as my house will always be a home for my son "whenever he chooses to come to it."

33.—To Charles O. Gordon.

Burgage Manor, August 14, 1805.

Believe me, my dearest Charles, no letter from you can ever be unentertaining or dull, at least to me; on the contrary they will always be productive of the highest pleasure as often as you think proper to gratify me by your correspondence. My answer to your first was addressed to Ledbury; and I fear you will not receive it till you return from your tour, which I hope may answer your expectation in every respect; I recollect some years ago passing near Abergeldie on an excursion through the Highlands, it was at that time a most beautiful place.

I suppose you will soon have a view of the eternal snows that summit the top of Lachin y Gair, which towers so magnificently above the rest of our *Northern Alps*. I still remember with pleasure the admiration which filled my mind, when I first beheld it, and further on the dark frowning mountains which rise near Invercauld, together with the romantic rocks that overshadow Mar Lodge, a seat of Lord Fife's, and the cataract of the Dee, which dashes down the declivity with impetuous violence in the grounds adjoining to the House. All these I presume you will soon see, so that it is unnecessary for me to expatiate on the subject. I sincerely wish that every happiness may attend you in your progress. I have given you an account of our match in my epistle to Herefordshire. We unfortunately lost it. I got 11 notches the first innings and 7 the 2d, making 18 in all, which was more runs than any of our side (except Ipswich) could make. Brockman also scored 18. We were very *convivial* in the evening.[1]

1. Here the letter, which is printed from a copy made by the Rev. W. Harness (see page 177, *note* 1), comes to an end.

34.—To Hargreaves Hanson.

Burgage Manor, August 19th, 1805.

MY DEAR HARGREAVES,—You may depend upon my Observance of your father's Invitation to Farleigh [1] in September, where I hope we shall be the cause of much destruction to the feathered Tribe and great Amusement to ourselves. The Lancashire Trial [2] comes on very soon, and Mr. Hanson will come down by Nottingham; perhaps, I may then have a chance of seeing him; at all events, I shall probably accompany him on his way back; as I hope his Health is by this time perfectly reestablished, and will not require a journey to Harrowgate. I shall not as you justly conjecture have any occasion for my *Chapeau de Bras*, as there is nobody in the Neighbourhood who would be worth the trouble of wearing it, when I went to their parties. I am uncommonly dull at this place, as you may easily imagine, nor do I think I shall have much Amusement till the commencement of the shooting season. I shall expect (when you next write) an account of your military preparations, to repel the Invader of our Isle whenever he makes the attempt.—*You* will doubtless acquire *great Glory* on the occasion, and in expectation of hearing of your Warlike Exploits,

I remain, yours very truly,

BYRON.

1. Hanson had property at Farleigh, near Basingstoke.
2. The Rochdale property of the Byron family had been illegally sold by William, fifth Lord Byron. Proceedings were taken to recover the property; but fresh points arose at every stage, and eventually Byron, unable to wait longer, sold Newstead.

35.—To Hargreaves Hanson.

Burgage Manor.

MY DEAR HARGREAVES,—I would be obliged to you, if you would write to your father, and enquire—what time it will be most convenient for him to receive my visit, and I will come to Town immediately to the time appointed and accompany you to the *Rural Shades* and *Fertile Fields* of Hants. You must excuse the laconic Style of my Epistle as this place is damned dull and I have nothing to relate, but believe me,

Yours truly,

BYRON.

36.—To Hargreaves Hanson.

Trinity Coll., October 25, 1805.

DEAR HARGREAVES,—I presume your father has by this time informed you of our safe Arrival here.[1] I can as yet hardly form an Opinion in favour, or against the College, but as soon as I am settled you shall have an account. I wish you to pack up carefully—& send immediately the remainder of my books, and also my *Stocks* which were left in Chancery Lane. *Mon Chapeau de Bras* take care of till Winter extends his Icy Reign and I shall visit the Metropolis. Tell your father that I am getting in the furniture he spoke of, but shall defer

1. Byron entered Trinity on July 1, 1805; but he did not go into residence till the following October. His tutors were the Rev. Thomas Jones (1756–1807), who was Senior Tutor from 1787 till his death in 1807, and the Rev. George Frederick Tavell (B.A., 1792; M.A., 1795), to whom Byron alludes in *Hints from Horace*, lines 228–230:—

> "Unlucky Tavell! doom'd to daily cares
> By pugilistic pupils, and by bears!"

papering and painting till the Recess. The sooner you execute my *commands* the better. Beware of Mr. Terry,

And believe me, yours faithfully,

BYRON.

The Bills for Furniture I shall send to Mr. H., your worthy papa, according to his *particular Desire*. The Cambridge Coach sets off from the White Horse, Fetter Lane.

37.—To John Hanson.

Trinity Coll., Oct. 26, 1805.

DEAR SIR,—I will be obliged to you to order me down 4 Dozen of Wine—Port, Sherry, Claret, and Madeira, one dozen of each. I have got part of my furniture in, and begin to admire a College life. Yesterday my appearance in the Hall in my State Robes was *Superb*, but uncomfortable to my *Diffidence*. You may order the Saddle, etc., etc., for "Oateater" as soon as you please and I will pay for them.

I remain, Sir, yours truly,

BYRON.

P.S.—Give Hargreaves a hint to be expeditious in his sending my *Valuables* which I begin to want. Your Cook had the Impudence to charge my Servant 15 Shillings for 5 Days provision which I think is exorbitant; but I hear that in *Town* it is but reasonable. Pray is it the custom to allow your Servants 3/6 per Diem, in London? I will thank you for Information on the Subject.

38.—To the Hon. Augusta Byron.

[Castle Howard, near Malton, Yorkshire.]

Trin. Coll. [Wednesday], Novr. 6th, 1805.

My dear Augusta,—As might be supposed I like a College Life extremely, especially as I have escaped the Trammels or rather *Fetters* of my domestic Tyrant Mrs. Byron, who continued to plague me during my visit in July and September. I am now most pleasantly situated in *Super*excellent Rooms, flanked on one side by my Tutor, on the other by an old Fellow, both of whom are rather checks upon my *vivacity*. I am allowed 500 a year, a Servant and Horse, so Feel as independent as a German Prince who coins his own Cash, or a Cherokee Chief who coins no Cash at all, but enjoys what is more precious, Liberty. I talk in raptures of that *Goddess* because my amiable Mama was so despotic. I am afraid the Specimens I have lately given her of my Spirit, and determination to submit to no more unreasonable demands, (or the insults which follow a refusal to obey her implicitly whether right or wrong,) have given high offence, as I had a most *fiery* Letter from the *Court* at *Southwell* on Tuesday, because I would not turn off my Servant, (whom I had not the least reason to distrust, and who had an excellent Character from his last Master) at her suggestion, from some caprice she had taken into her head.[1] I sent back to the Epistle, which was couched in *elegant* terms, a severe answer, which so nettled her Ladyship, that after

1. The servant, Byron's valet Frank, was accused of obtaining money on false pretences from a Nottingham tradesman, and Mrs. Byron informed her son of the charge. Frank was afterwards transported. (See letter to Lord Clare, February 6, 1807; and letter to Hanson, April 19, 1807.)

reading it, she returned it in a Cover without deigning a Syllable in return.

The Letter and my answer you shall behold when you next see me, that you may judge of the Comparative merits of Each. I shall let her go on in the *Heroics*, till she cools, without taking the least notice. Her Behaviour to me for the last two Years neither merits my respect, nor deserves my affection. I am comfortable here, and having one of the best allowances in College, go on Gaily, but not extravagantly. I need scarcely inform you that I am not the least obliged to Mrs. B. for it, as it comes off my property, and She refused to fit out a single thing for me from her own pocket;[1] my Furniture is paid for, & she has moreover a handsome addition made to her own income, which I do not in the least regret, as I would wish her to be happy, but by *no means* to live with me in *person*. The sweets of her society I have already drunk to the last dregs, I hope we shall meet on more affectionate Terms, or meet no more.

But why do I say *meet*? her temper precludes every idea of happiness, and therefore in future I shall avoid her *hospitable* mansion, though she has the folly to suppose She is to be mistress of my house when I come of [age].* I must apologize to you for the [dullness?]* of this letter, but to tell you the [truth]* [the effects]* of last nights Claret have no[t gone]* out of my head, as I supped with a large party. I suppose that Fool Hanson in his *vulgar* Idiom, by the word Jolly did not mean Fat, but High Spirits, for so far from increasing I have lost one pound in a fortnight as I find by being regularly weighed.

Adieu, Dearest Augusta.

[Signature cut out.]

1 See page 76, *note* 1.
* Words cut and torn out with the seal.

39.—To Hargreaves Hanson.

Trinity Coll., Novr. 12th, 1805.

DEAR HARGREAVES,—Return my Thanks to your father for the *Expedition* he has used in filling my *Cellar*.

He deserves commendation for the *Attention* he paid to my Request. The Time of "Oateater's" Journey approaches; I presume he means to repair his Neglect by Punctuality in this Respect. However, no *Trinity Ale* will be forthcoming, till I have broached the promised *Falernum*. College improves in every thing but Learning. Nobody here seems to look into an Author, ancient or modern, if they can avoid it. The Muses, poor Devils, are totally neglected, except by a few Musty old *Sophs* and *Fellows*, who, however agreeable they may be to *Minerva*, are perfect Antidotes to the *Graces*. Even I (great as is my *inclination* for Knowledge) am carried away by the Tide, having only supped at Home twice since I saw your father, and have more engagements on my Hands for a week to come. Still my Tutor and I go on extremely well and for the first three weeks of my life I have not involved myself in any Scrape of Consequence. —I have News for you which I bear with *Christian* Resignation and without any *violent Transports* of *Grief*. My Mother (whose diabolical Temper you well know) has taken it into her *Sagacious* Head to quarrel with me her *dutiful Son*. She has such a Devil of a Disposition, that she cannot be quiet, though there are fourscore miles between us, which I wish were lengthened to 400. The Cause too frivolous to require taking up your time to read or mine to write. At last in answer to a *Furious Epistle* I returned a *Sarcastick* Answer, which so incensed the *Amiable Dowager* that my Letter was sent back without

her deigning a Line in the cover. When I next see you, you shall behold her Letter and my Answer, which will amuse you as they both contain fiery Philippics. I must request you will write immediately, that I may be informed when my Servant shall convey "Oateater" from London; the 20th was the appointed; but I wish to hear further from your father. I hope all the family are in a convalescent State. I shall see you at Christmas (if I live) as I propose passing the Vacation, which is only a Month, in London.

Believe me, Mr. Terry, your's Truly,

BYRON.

40.—To John Hanson.

Trin. Coll. Cambridge, Novr. 23, 1805.

DEAR SIR,—Your Advice was good but I have not determined whether I shall follow it; this Place is the *Devil* or at least his principal residence. They call it the University, but any other Appellation would have suited it much better, for Study is the last pursuit of the Society; the Master [1] eats, drinks, and sleeps, the Fellows [2]

1. William Lort Mansel (1753–1820), Master of Trinity (1798–1820), Bishop of Bristol (1808–1820), was the chief wit of Cambridge in his day, and the author of many neat epigrams. "I wish," said Rogers (*Table-Talk*, etc., p. 60), "somebody would collect all "the Epigrams written by Dr. Mansel; they are remarkably neat and "clever." Beloe, in *The Sexagenarian* (vol. i. p. 98), speaks of Mansel as "a young man remarkable for his personal confidence, for his wit "and humour, and, above all, for his gallantries." Apparently, on the same somewhat unreliable authority, he was, as Master, a severe disciplinarian, and extremely tenacious of his dignity (i. p. 99).

2. Byron probably refers to Richard Porson (1759–1808), Professor of Greek (1792–1808). The son of the parish clerk of Bacton and Earl Ruston, in Norfolk, Porson was entered, by the kindness of friends, on the foundation of Eton College (1774–1778). At Trinity, Cambridge, he became a Scholar in 1780, and a Fellow (1782–1792). In 1792, as he could not conscientiously take orders,

Drink, dispute and pun; the Employment of the Under graduates you will probably conjecture without my description. I sit down to write with a Head confused with Dissipation which, tho' I hate, I cannot avoid.

I have only supped at Home 3 times since my Arrival, and my table is constantly covered with invitations, after all I am the most *steady* Man in College, nor have I got into many Scrapes, and none of consequence. Whenever you appoint a day my Servant shall come up for "Oateater," and as the Time of paying my Bills now approaches, the remaining £50 will be very *agreeable.* You need not make any deduction as I shall want most of it; I will settle with you for the Saddle and Accoutrements *next* quarter. The Upholsterer's Bill will not be sent in yet as my rooms are to be papered and painted at Xmas when I will procure them. No Furniture has been got except what was absolutely necessary including some Decanters and Wine Glasses.

Your Cook certainly deceived you, as I know my

he vacated his Fellowship, but was elected Professor of Greek. When Byron was at Cambridge, Porson's health and powers were failing. Silent and reserved, except in the society of his friends, a sloven in his person, he had probably taken to drink as a cure for sleeplessness. In a note to the *Pursuits of Literature* (Dialogue iv. lines 508–516), "What," asks the author, J. T. Mathias, himself a Fellow of Trinity, "is mere genius without a regulated life! To "show the deformity of vice to the rising hopes of the country, the "policy of ancient Sparta exhibited an inebriated slave." Yet Porson's fine love of truth and genius for textual criticism make him one of the greatest, if not the greatest, name in British scholarship. Porson married, in 1795, Mrs. Lunan, sister of Mr. Perry, the editor of the *Morning Chronicle,* for which he frequently wrote. In the *Shade of Alexander Pope,* Mathias again attacks him as "Dogmatic Bardolph in his nuptial noose." Porson's wife died shortly after their marriage. His controversial method was merciless. Of his *Letters to Archdeacon Travis,* Green (*Lover of Literature,* p. 213) says that "he dandles Travis as a tyger would a fawn: "and appears only to reserve him alive, for a time, that he may "gratify his appetite for sport, before he consigns his feeble prey, "by a rougher squeeze, to destruction."

Servant was in Town 5 days, and she stated 4. I have yet had no reason to distrust him, but we will examine the affair when I come to Town when I intend lodging at Mrs. Massingbird's. My Mother and I have quarrelled, which I bear with the *patience* of a Philosopher; custom reconciles me to everything.

In the Hope that Mrs. H. and the *Battalion* are in good Health.

I remain, Sir, etc., etc.,

BYRON.

41.—To John Hanson.

Trinity College, Cambridge, Novr. 30, 1805.

SIR,—After the contents of your Epistle, you will probably be less surprized at my answer, than I have been at many points of yours;[1] never was I more astonished than at the perusal, for I confess I expected very different treatment. Your *indirect* charge of Dissipation does not affect me, nor do I fear the strictest inquiry into my conduct; neither here nor at *Harrow* have I disgraced myself, the "Metropolis" and the "Cloisters" are alike unconscious of my Debauchery, and on the plains of *merry Sherwood* I have experienced *Misery* alone; in July I visited them for the last time.

Mrs. Byron and myself are now totally separated, injured by her, I sought refuge with Strangers, too late I see my error, for how was kindness to be expected from *others*, when denied by a *parent?* In you, Sir, I imagined I had found an Instructor; for your advice I thank you; the Hospitality of yourself and Mrs. H. on many

1. The quarrel arose from Byron misunderstanding a letter from Hanson on the subject of the allowance made by the Court of Chancery for his furniture.

occasions I shall always gratefully remember, for I am not of opinion that even present Injustice can cancel past obligations.

Before I proceed, it will be necessary to say a few words concerning Mrs. Byron; you hinted a probability of her appearance at Trinity; the instant I hear of her arrival I quit Cambridge, though *Rustication* or *Expulsion* be the consequence. Many a weary week of *torment* have I passed with her, nor have I forgot the insulting *Epithets* with which myself, my *Sister*, my *father* and my *Family* have been repeatedly reviled.

To return to you, Sir, though I feel obliged by your Hospitality, etc., etc., in the present instance I have been completely deceived. When I came down to College, and even previous to that period I stipulated that not only my Furniture, but even my Gowns and Books, should be paid for that I might set out free from *Debt*. Now with all the *Sang Froid* of your profession you tell me, that not only I shall not be permitted to repair my rooms (which was at first agreed to) but that I shall not even be indemnified for my present expence. In one word, hear my determination. I will *never* pay for them out of my allowance, and the Disgrace will not attach to me but to *those* by whom I have been deceived. Still, Sir, not even the Shadow of dishonour shall reflect on *my* Name, for I will see that the Bills are discharged; whether by you or not is to me indifferent, so that the men I employ are not the victims of my Imprudence or your Duplicity. I have ordered nothing extravagant; every man in College is allowed to fit up his rooms; mine are secured to me during my residence which will probably be some time, and in rendering them decent I am more praiseworthy than culpable. The Money I requested was but a secondary consideration; as a *Lawyer* you were not

obliged to advance it till due; as a *Friend* the request might have been complied with. When it is required at Xmas I shall expect the demand will be answered. In the course of my letter I perhaps have expressed more asperity than I intended, it is my nature to feel warmly, nor shall any consideration of interest or Fear ever deter me from giving vent to my Sentiments, when injured, whether by a Sovereign or a Subject.

I remain, etc., etc.,

BYRON.

42.—To John Hanson.

Trin. Coll. Cambridge, Dec. 4, 1805.

SIR,—In charging you with downright *Duplicity* I *wronged* you, nor do I hesitate to atone for an Injury which I feel I have committed, or add to my Fault by the Vindication of an expression dictated by Resentment, an *expression* which deserves Censure, and demands the apology I now offer; for I think that Disposition indeed *mean* which adds Obstinacy to Insult, by attempting the Palliation of unmerited Invective from the mistaken principle of disdaining the Avowal of even *self convicted* Error. In regard to the other *Declarations* my Sentiments remain *unaltered;* the event will shew whether my Prediction is false. I know Mrs. Byron too well to imagine that she would part with a *Sous*, and if by some *Miracle* she was prevailed upon, the *Details* of her *Generosity* in allowing me part of my *own property* would be continually *thundered* in my ears, or *launched* in the *Lightening* of her letters, so that I had rather encounter the Evils of Embarrassment than lie under an obligation to one who would continually reproach me with her Benevolence, as if her Charity had been extended to a

Stranger to the Detriment of her own Fortune. My opinion is perhaps harsh for a Son, but it is justified by experience, it is confirmed by *Facts*, it was generated by oppression, it has been nourished by Injury. To you, Sir, I attach no Blame. I am too much indebted to your kindness to retain my anger for a length of Time, that *Kindness* which, by a forcible contrast, has taught me to spurn the *Ties* of *Blood* unless strengthened by proper and gentle Treatment. I declare upon my honor that the Horror of entering Mrs. Byron's House has of late years been so implanted in my Soul, that I dreaded the approach of the Vacations as the *Harbingers* of *Misery*. My letters to my Sister, written during my residence at Southwell, would prove my Assertion. With my kind remembrances to Mrs. H. and Hargreaves,

I remain, Sir, yours truly,

BYRON.

43.—To John Hanson.

Trin. Coll. Cambridge, Dec. 13, 1805.

DEAR SIR,—I return you my Thanks for the remaining £50 which came in extremely *apropos*, and on my visit to Town about the 19th will give you a regular receipt. In your Extenuation of Mrs. Byron's Conduct you use as a *plea*, that, by her being my Mother, greater allowance ought to be made for those *little* Traits in her Disposition, so much more *energetic* than *elegant*. I am afraid, (however good your intention) that you have added to rather than diminished my Dislike, for independent of the moral Obligations she is under to *protect*, *cherish*, and *instruct* her *offspring*, what can be expected of that Man's heart and understanding who has continually (from

Childhood to Maturity) beheld so pernicious an Example? His nearest relation is the first person he is taught to revere as his Guide and Instructor; the perversion of Temper before him leads to a corruption of his own, and when that is depraved, vice quickly becomes habitual, and, though timely Severity may sometimes be necessary & justifiable, surely a peevish harassing System of Torment is by no means commendable, & when that is interrupted by ridiculous Indulgence, the only purpose answered is to soften the feelings for a moment which are soon after to be doubly wounded by the recal of accustomed Harshness. I will now give this disagreeable Subject to the *Winds*. I conclude by observing that I am the more confirmed in my opinion of the Futility of Natural Ties, unless supported not only by Attachment but *affectionate* and *prudent* Behaviour.

Tell Mrs. H. that the predicted alteration in my Manners and Habits has not taken place. I am still the Schoolboy and as great a *Rattle* as ever, and between ourselves College is not the place to improve either Morals or Income.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

BYRON.

44.—To the Hon. Augusta Byron.

[[Cas]tle Howard, [ne]ar Malton, Yorkshire.]

16, Piccadilly, [Thursday], Decr. 26th, 1805.

MY DEAREST AUGUSTA,—By the Date of my Letter you will perceive that I have taken up my Residence in the metropolis, where I presume we shall behold you in the latter end of January. I sincerely hope you will make your appearance at that Time, as I have some

subjects to discuss with you, which I do not wish to communicate in my Epistle.

The Dowager has thought proper to solicit a reconciliation which in some measure I have agreed to; still there is a coolness which I do not feel inclined to *thaw*, as terms of Civility are the only resource against her impertinent and unjust proceedings with which you are already acquainted.

Town is not very full and the weather has been so unpropitious that I have not been able to make use of my Horses above twice since my arrival. I hope your everlasting negotiation with the Father of your *Intended* is near a conclusion in *some* manner; if you do not hurry a little, you will be verging into the "*Vale of Years*," and, though you may be blest with Sons and daughters, you will never live to see your *Grandchildren*.

When convenient, favour me with an Answer and believe me,

[Signature cut out.]

45.—To the Hon. Augusta Byron.

[Castle Howar[d], near Malto[n], Yorkshire.]

16, Piccadilly, [Friday], Decr. 27th, 1805.

MY DEAR AUGUSTA,—You will doubtless be surprised to see a second epistle so close upon the arrival of the first, (especially as it is not my custom) but the Business I mentioned rather mysteriously in my last compels me again to proceed. But before I disclose it, I must require the most inviolable Secrecy, for if ever I find that it has transpired, all confidence, all Friendship between us has concluded. I do not mean this exordium as a threat to induce you to comply with my request but merely (whether you accede or not) to keep it a Secret. And

although your compliance would essentially oblige me, yet, believe me, my esteem will not be diminished by your Refusal; nor shall I suffer a complaint to escape. The Affair is briefly thus; like all other young men just let loose, and especially one as I am, freed from the worse than bondage of my maternal home, I have been extravagant, and consequently am in want of Money. You will probably now imagine that I am going to apply to you for some. No, if you would offer me thousands, I declare solemnly that I would without hesitation refuse, nor would I accept them were I in danger of Starvation. All I expect or wish is, that you will be joint Security with me for a few Hundreds a person (one of the money lending tribe) has offered to advance in case I can bring forward any collateral guarantee that he will not be a loser, the reason of this requisition is my being a Minor, and might refuse to discharge a debt contracted in my non-age. If I live till the period of my minority expires, you cannot doubt my paying, as I have property to the amount of 100 times the sum I am about to raise; if, as I think rather probable, a pistol or a Fever cuts short the thread of my existence, you will receive half the *Dross* saved since I was ten years old, and can be no great loser by discharging a debt of 7 or £800 from as many thousands. It is far from my Breast to exact any promise from you that would be detrimental, or tend to lower me in your opinion. If you suppose this leads to either of those consequences, forgive my impertinence and bury it in oblivion. I have many Friends, most of them in the same predicament with myself; to those who are not, I am too proud to apply, for I hate obligation; my Relations you know I *detest;* who then is there that I can address on the subject but yourself? to you therefore I appeal, and if I am disappointed, at least let me

not be tormented by the advice of Guardians, and let silence rule your Resolution. I know you will think me foolish, if not criminal; but tell me so yourself, and do not rehearse my failings to others, no, not even to that proud Grandee the Earl, who, whatever his qualities may be, is certainly not amiable, and that Chattering puppy Hanson would make still less allowance for the foibles of a Boy. I am now trying the experiment, whether a woman can retain a secret; let me not be deceived. If you have the least doubt of my integrity, or that you run too great a Risk, do not hesitate in your refusal. Adieu. I expect an answer with impatience, believe me, whether you accede or not,

[Signature cut out.]

P.S.—I apologize for the numerous errors probably enveloped in this cover; the temper of my mind at present, and the hurry I have written in, must plead for pardon. Adieu.

46.—To the Hon. Augusta Byron.

[Castle Howard, near Malton, Yorkshire.]

16, Piccadilly, [Tuesday], January 7th, 1805.

[In another hand] —6.

My dearest Augusta,—Your efforts to reanimate my sinking spirits will, I am afraid, fail in their effect, for my melancholy proceeds from a very different cause to that which you assign, as, my nerves were always of the strongest texture.—I will not however pretend to say I possess that *Gaieté de Cœur* which formerly distinguished me, but as the diminution of it arises from what you could not alleviate, and might possibly be painful, you will excuse the Disclosure. Suffice it to know, that it cannot spring from Indisposition, as my Health was never

more firmly established than now, nor from the subject on which I lately wrote, as that is in a promising Train, and even were it otherwise, the Failure would not lead to Despair. You know me too well to think it is *Love;* & I have had no quarrel or dissention with Friend or enemy, you may therefore be easy, since no unpleasant consequence will be produced from the present Sombre cast of my Temper. I fear the Business will not be concluded before your arrival in Town, when we will settle it together, as by the 20th these *sordid Bloodsuckers* who have agreed to furnish the Sum, will have drawn up the Bond. Believe me, my dearest Sister, it never entered in to my head, that you either could or would propose to antic[ipate] * my application to others, by a P[resent from ?] * yourself; I and I only will be [injured] * by my own extravagance, nor would I have wished you to take the least concern, had any other means been open for extrication. As it is, I hope you will excuse my Impertinence, or if you feel an inclination to retreat, do not let affection for me counterbalance prudence.

[Signature cut out.]

47.—To his Mother.

16, Piccadilly, Febry. 26, 1806.

DEAR MOTHER,—Notwithstanding your sage and œconomical advice I have paid my *Harrow* Debts, as I can better afford to wait for the Money than the poor Devils who were my creditors. I have also discharged my college Bills amounting to £231,—£75 of which I shall trouble Hanson to repay, being for Furniture, and as my allowance is £500 per annum, I do not chuse to

* Words accidentally torn off the edge of the paper, and conjecturally supplied.

lose the overplus as it makes only £125 per Quarter. I happen to have a few hundreds in ready Cash by me,[1] so I have paid the accounts; but I find it inconvenient to remain at College, not for the expence, as I could live on my allowance (only I am naturally extravagant); however the mode of going on does not suit my constitution. Improvement at an English University to a Man of Rank is, you know, impossible, and the very Idea *ridiculous*. Now I sincerely desire to finish my Education and, having been sometime at Cambridge, the Credit of the University is as much attached to my Name, as if I had pursued my Studies *there* for a Century; but, believe me, it is nothing more than a Name, which is already acquired. I can now leave it with Honour, as

1. "The Bills," writes Mrs. Byron to Hanson (January 11, 1806), "are coming in thick upon me to double the amount I expected; "he went and ordered just what he pleased here, at Nottingham, "and in London. However, it is of no use to say anything about "it, and I beg you will take no notice. I am determined to have "everything clear within the year, if possible."

Again she writes (March 1, 1806): "I beg you will not mention "to my son, having heard from me, but try to get out of him his "reason for wishing to leave England, and where he got the money. "I much fear he has fallen into bad hands, not only in regard to "Money Matters, but in other respects. My idea is that he has "inveigled himself with some woman that he wishes to get rid of "and finds it difficult. But whatever it is, he must be got out "of it."

Again (March 4, 1806): "That Boy will be the death of me, and "drive me mad! I never will consent to his going Abroad. Where "can he get Hundreds? Has he got into the hands of Money-"lenders? He has no feeling, no Heart. This I have long known; "he has behaved as ill as possible to me for years back. This "bitter Truth I can no longer conceal: it is wrung from me by "*heart-rending agony*. I am well rewarded. I came to Notting-"hamshire to please him, and now he hates it. He knows that I "am doing everything in my power to pay his Debts, and he writes "to me about hiring servants!"

Once more (April 24, 1806): "Lord Byron has given £31 10*s*. "to Pitt's statue. He has also bought a Carriage, which he says "was intended for me, which I *refused* to accept of, being in hopes "it would stop his having one."

I have paid everything, & wish to pass a couple of years abroad, where I am certain of employing my time to far more advantage and at much less expence, than at our English Seminaries. 'Tis true I cannot enter France; but Germany and the Courts of Berlin, Vienna & Petersburg are still open, I shall lay the Plan before Hanson & Lord C. I presume you will all agree, and if you do not, I will, if possible, get away without your Consent, though I should admire it more in the regular manner & with a Tutor of your furnishing. This is my project, at present I wish *you* to be silent to Hanson about it. Let me have your Answer. I intend remaining in Town a Month longer, when perhaps I shall bring my Horses and myself down to your residence in that *execrable* Kennel. I hope you have engaged a Man Servant, else it will be impossible for me to visit you, since my Servant must attend chiefly to his horses; at the same Time you must cut an indifferent Figure with only maids in your habitation.

I remain, your's,

BYRON.

48.—To John Hanson.

16, Piccadilly, March 3, 1806.

SIR,—I called at your House in Chancery Lane yesterday Evening, as I expected you would have been in Town, but was disappointed. If convenient, I should be glad to see you on Wednesday Morning about one o'Clock, as I wish for your advice on some Business. On Saturday one of my Horses threw me; I was stunned for a short time, but soon recovered and suffered no material *Injury;* the accident happened on the Harrow Road. I have paid Jones's Bill amounting to £231.4.5

of which I expect to be reimbursed £75 for Furniture. I have got his Bankers' receipt and the account ready for your Inspection. I now owe nothing at Cambridge; but shall not return this Term,[1] as I have been extremely *unwell*, and at the same time can stay where I am at much less Expence and *equal Improvement*. I wish to consult you on several Subjects and expect you will pay me a visit on Wednesday; in the mean time,

I remain, yours, etc.,

BYRON.

49.—To John Hanson.

16, Piccadilly, near Park Lane, 10th March, 1806.

SIR,—As in all probability you will not make your appearance tomorrow I must disclose by Letter the Business I intended to have discussed at our interview. —We know each other sufficiently to render Apology unnecessary. I shall therefore without further Prelude proceed to the Subject in Question. You are not ignorant, that I have lately lived at considerable Expence, to support which my allotted Income by the *sapient* Court of Chancery is inadequate.—I confess I have borrowed a trifling sum and now wish to raise £500 to discharge some Debts I have contracted; my approaching Quarter

1. Lectures began on February 5, 1806, as is stated on the College bills, sent in by Mr. Jones, the Senior Tutor of Trinity. But Byron preferred to remain in London. Augusta Byron writes to Hanson (March 7, 1806)—

"I trouble you again in consequence of some conversation I had "last night with Lord Carlisle about my Brother. He expressed "himself to me as kindly on that subject as on all others, and though "he says it may not be productive of any good, and that he may be "only *able to join his lamentations* with yours, he should like to talk "to you and try if anything can be done. I was much surprized "and vexed to see my Brother a week ago at the Play, as I think "he ought to be employing his time more profitably at Cambridge."

will bring me £200 due from my Allowance, and if you can procure me the other £300 at a moderate Interest, it will save 100 per cent I must pay my *Israelite* for the same purpose.—You see by this I have an *excellent* Idea of Œconomy even in my Extravagance by being willing to pay as little Money as possible, for the Cash must be disbursed *somewhere* or *somehow*, and if you decline (as in prudence I tell you fairly you ought), the *Tribe* of *Levi* will be my *dernier resort*. However I thought proper to make this Experiment with very slender hopes of success indeed, since Recourse to the *Law* is at best a *desperate* effort. I have now laid open my affairs to you without Disguise and Stated the Facts as they appear, declining all Comments, or the use of any Sophistry to palliate my application, or urge my request. All I desire is a speedy Answer, whether successful or not.

Believe me, yours truly,

BYRON.

50.—To John Hanson.

16, Piccadilly, 25th March, 1806.

SIR,—Your last Letter, as I expected, contained much advice, but no Money. I could have excused the former unaccompanied by the latter, since any one thinks himself capable of giving that, but very few chuse to own themselves competent to the other. I do not now write to urge a 2nd Request, one Denial is sufficient. I only require what is my right. This is Lady Day. £125 is due for my last Quarter, and £75 for my expenditure in Furniture at Cambridge and I will thank you to remit.

The Court of Chancery may perhaps put in Force your Threat. I have always understood it formed a Sanction

for legal plunderers to protract the Decision of Justice from year to year, till weary of spoil it at length condescended to give Sentence, but I never yet understood even its unhallowed Hands preyed upon the Orphan it was bound to protect. Be it so, only let me have your answer.

I remain, etc., etc.,

BYRON.

51.—To Henry Angelo.[1]

Trinity College, Cambridge, May 16, 1806.

SIR,—You cannot be more indignant, at the insolent and unmerited conduct of Mr. Mortlock,[2] than those who

1. Henry Angelo, the famous fencing-master, was at the head of his profession for nearly forty years. His position was recognized at least as early as 1787, when he published *The School of Fencing*, and fenced, with the Chevalier de St. George and other celebrities, before the Prince of Wales at Carlton House. In 1806 he was travelling down every other week to Cambridge, as he states in his *Pic Nic* (1837), to visit his pupils. He had made Byron's acquaintance at Harrow by teaching him to fence, and in later years had many bouts with him with the foils, single-sticks, and Highland broadsword. His *Reminiscences* (1830), together with his *Pic Nic*, contain numerous anecdotes of Byron, to whom he seems to have been sincerely attached. In 1806 he had several rooms in London for the use of his pupils. One of these was at 13, Bond Street, which he shared with Gentleman Jackson, the pugilist and ex-champion. In Cruikshank's picture of the room (Pierce Egan's *Life in London*, p. 254), two fencers have unmasked and stopped their bout to see Jackson spar with Corinthian Tom. Angelo contributed an article on fencing to Sir John Sinclair's *Code of Health and Longevity*, vol. ii. p. 163.

Angelo, who retired from London in 1821, and lived near Bath, was in 1806 at the height of his reputation. An old Etonian (1767), he knew every one in London; had dined at the same table with the Prince of Wales, acted with Lord Barrymore, sung comic songs with Dibdin, punned with Bannister and Colman, fished at Benham on the invitation of the Margravine of Anspach, played the flute to Lady Melfort's accompaniment on the piano, and claimed his share of the table-talk at the Keep Line Club. Nearly every celebrity of the day, from Lord Sidmouth and Lord Liverpool to Kean and Macready, was his pupil.

2. Mr. Mortlock, the Mayor of Cambridge, is thus mentioned in

authorised you to request his permission. However we do not yet despair of gaining our point, and every effort shall be made to remove the obstacles, which at present prevent the execution of our project. I yesterday waited on the Master of this College,[1] who, having a personal dispute with the Mayor, declined interfering, but recommended an application to the Vice Chancellor, whose authority is paramount in the University. I shall communicate this to Lord Altamount,[2] and we will endeavour to bend the obstinacy of the *upstart* magistrate, who seems to be equally deficient in justice and common civility. On my arrival in town, which will take place in a few days, you will see me at Albany Buildings, when we will discuss the subject further. Present my remembrance to the Messrs. Angelo, junior, and believe me, we will yet *humble* this *impertinent bourgeois*.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

BYRON.

52.—To John M. B. Pigot.[3]

16, Piccadilly, August 9, 1806.

MY DEAR PIGOT,—Many thanks for your amusing narrative of the last proceedings of my amiable Alecto,

a letter from S. T. Coleridge to Southey, dated September 26, 1794: "All last night I was obliged to listen to the damned chatter of "Mortlock, our mayor, a fellow that would certainly be a pantisocrat "were his head and heart as highly illuminated as his face. In the "tropical latitude of this fellow's nose was I obliged to fry" (*Letters of S. T. Coleridge* (1895), vol. i. p. 87).

1. William Lort Mansel, Master of Trinity, and Bishop of Bristol. (See page 84, *note* 1.)

2. Howe Peter Browne, Lord Altamont (1788–1845), of Jesus College, succeeded his father in 1809 as second Marquis of Sligo. Byron spent some time with him at Athens in 1810. Lord Sligo's letter on the origin of the *Giaour* is quoted by Moore (*Life*, p. 178). (See also page 289, *note* 1.)

3. J. M. B. Pigot, eldest brother of Miss E. B. Pigot (see Letter

who now begins to feel the effects of her folly. I have just received a penitential epistle, to which, apprehensive of pursuit, I have despatched a moderate answer, with a *kind* of promise to return in a fortnight;—this, however (*entre nous*), I never mean to fulfil. Her soft warblings must have delighted her auditors, her higher notes being particularly musical, and on a calm moonlight evening would be heard to great advantage. Had I been present as a spectator, nothing would have pleased me more; but to have come forward as one of the *dramatis personæ* —St. Dominic defend me from such a scene! Seriously, your mother has laid me under great obligations, and you, with the rest of your family, merit my warmest thanks for your kind connivance at my escape from "Mrs. Byron "*furiosa*."

Oh! for the pen of Ariosto to rehearse, in epic, the scolding of that momentous eve,—or rather, let me invoke the shade of Dante to inspire me, for none but the author of the Inferno could properly preside over such an attempt. But, perhaps, where the pen might fail, the pencil would succeed. What a group!—Mrs. B. the principal figure; you cramming your ears with cotton, as the only antidote to total deafness; Mrs. —— in vain endeavouring to mitigate the wrath of the lioness robbed of her whelp; and last, though not least, Elizabeth and

of August 29, 1804, page 32, *note* 1). To him Byron addressed his "Reply" (*Poems*, vol. i. pp. 53–56) and verses "To the Sighing "Strephon" (*ibid.*, pp. 63–66). In 1805–6 Pigot was studying medicine at Edinburgh, and in his vacations saw much of Byron. He died at Ruddington, Notts., November 26, 1871, aged 86. It would appear that Byron had, with the connivance of the Pigots, escaped to London, after a quarrel with his mother; but the caution to keep his lodgings secret gives a theatrical air to the letter, as the rooms, kept by Mrs. Massingberd, were originally taken by Mrs. Byron, and often occupied by her, and she was at the time corresponding with Hanson about her son's debt to Mrs. Massingberd, who seems to have been both landlady and money-lender to Byron.

Wousky,—wonderful to relate!—both deprived of their parts of speech, and bringing up the rear in mute astonishment. How did S. B. receive the intelligence? How many *puns* did he utter on so *facetious* an event? In your next inform me on this point, and what excuse you made to A. You are probably, by this time, tired of deciphering this hieroglyphical letter;—like Tony Lumpkin, you will pronounce mine to be "a damned up and "down hand." All Southwell, without doubt, is involved in amazement. *Apropos*, how does my blue-eyed nun, the fair * *? Is she "*robed in sable garb of woe?*"

Here I remain at least a week or ten days; previous to my departure you shall receive my address, but what it will be I have not determined. My lodgings must be kept secret from Mrs. B. You may present my compliments to her, and say any attempt to pursue me will fail, as I have taken measures to retreat immediately to Portsmouth, on the first intimation of her removal from Southwell. You may add, I have proceeded to a friend's house in the country, there to remain a fortnight.

I have now *blotted* (I must not say written) a complete double letter, and in return shall expect a *monstrous budget*. Without doubt, the dames of Southwell reprobate the pernicious example I have shown, and tremble lest their *babes* should disobey their mandates, and quit, in dudgeon, their mammas on any grievance. Adieu. When you begin your next, drop the "lordship," and put "Byron" in its place.

Believe me yours, etc.,

BYRON.

53.—To Elizabeth Bridget Pigot.

London, August 10, 1806.

MY DEAR BRIDGET,—As I have already troubled your brother with more than he will find pleasure in deciphering, you are the next to whom I shall assign the employment of perusing this second epistle. You will perceive from my first, that no idea of Mrs. B.'s arrival had disturbed me at the time it was written; *not* so the present, since the appearance of a note from the *illustrious cause* of my *sudden decampment* has driven the "natural "ruby from my cheeks," and completely blanched my woe-begone countenance. This gunpowder intimation of her arrival (confound her activity!) breathes less of terror and dismay than you will probably imagine, from the volcanic temperament of her ladyship; and concludes with the comfortable assurance of all *present motion* being prevented by the fatigue of her journey, for which my *blessings* are due to the rough roads and restive quadrupeds of his Majesty's highways. As I have not the smallest inclination to be chased round the country, I shall e'en make a merit of necessity; and since, like Macbeth, "they've tied me to the stake, I cannot fly," I shall imitate that valorous tyrant, and "bear-like fight the "course," all escape being precluded. I can now engage with less disadvantage, having drawn the enemy from her intrenchments, though, like the *prototype* to whom I have compared myself, with an excellent chance of being knocked on the head. However, "lay on Macduff, and "damned be he who first cries, Hold, enough."

I shall remain in town for, at least, a week, and expect to hear from *you* before its expiration. I presume the printer has brought you the offspring of my *poetic*

mania.[1] Remember in the first line to read "*loud* the "winds whistle," instead of "round," which that blockhead Ridge had inserted by mistake, and makes nonsense of the whole stanza. Addio!—Now to encounter my *Hydra.*

Yours ever.

54.—To John M. B. Pigot.

London, Sunday, midnight, August 10, 1806.

DEAR PIGOT,—This *astonishing* packet will, doubtless, amaze you; but having an idle hour this evening, I wrote the enclosed stanzas,[2] which I request you will deliver to Ridge, to be printed *separate* from my other compositions, as you will perceive them to be improper for the perusal of ladies; of course, none of the females of your family

1. Byron's first volume of verse was now in the press. The line to which he alludes is the first line of the poem, "On Leaving New-"stead Abbey" (*Poems*, vol. i. pp. 1–4). It now runs—

"Through thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle."

(For the bibliography of his early poems, see *Poems*, vol. i., Bibliographical Note; and vol. vi., Appendix.) The first collection (*Fugitive Pieces*, printed by S. and J. Ridge, Newark, 4to, 1806) was destroyed, with the exception of two copies, by the advice of the Rev. J. T. Becher (see page 182, *note* 1). The second collection (*Poems on Various Occasions*, printed by S. and J. Ridge, Newark, 12mo, 1807) was published anonymously. It is to this edition that Letters 60, 61, 65, 67, 68, 69, 70, refer.

In the summer of 1807, *Poems on Various Occasions* was superseded by the third collection, called *Hours of Idleness* (printed by S. and J. Ridge, Newark, 12mo, 1807), published with the author's name. To this edition Letters 76 and 78 refer. *Hours of Idleness* was reviewed by Lord Brougham (*Notes from a Diary*, by Sir M. E. Grant Duff, vol. ii. p. 189) in the *Edinburgh Review* for January, 1808.

The fourth and final collection, entitled *Poems Original and Translated* (printed by S. and J. Ridge, Newark, 12mo, 1808), was dedicated to the Earl of Carlisle.

2. These are probably some silly lines "To Mary," written in the erotic style of Moore's early verse. To the same Mary, of whom nothing is known, are addressed the lines "To Mary, on re-"ceiving her Picture" (*Poems*, vol. i. pp. 32, 33).

must see them. I offer 1000 apologies for the trouble I have given you in this and other instances.

Yours truly.

55.—To John M. B. Pigot.

Piccadilly, August 16, 1806.

I cannot exactly say with Cæsar, "Veni, vidi, vici:" however, the most important part of his laconic account of success applies to my present situation; for, though Mrs. Byron took the *trouble* of "*coming*," and "*seeing*," yet your humble servant proved the *victor*. After an obstinate engagement of some hours, in which we suffered considerable damage, from the quickness of the enemy's fire, they at length retired in confusion, leaving behind the artillery, field equipage, and some prisoners: their defeat is decisive for the present campaign. To speak more intelligibly, Mrs. B. returns immediately, but I proceed, with all my laurels, to Worthing, on the Sussex coast; to which place you will address (to be left at the post office) your next epistle. By the enclosure of a second *gingle of rhyme*, you will probably conceive my muse to be *vastly prolific;* her inserted production was brought forth a few years ago, and found by accident on Thursday among some old papers. I have recopied it, and, adding the proper date, request that it may be printed with the rest of the family. I thought your sentiments on the last bantling would coincide with mine, but it was impossible to give it any other garb, being founded on *facts*. My stay at Worthing will not exceed three weeks, and you may *possibly* behold me again at Southwell the middle of September.

Will you desire Ridge to suspend the printing of my poems till he hears further from me, as I have determined

to give them a new form entirely? This prohibition does not extend to the two last pieces I have sent with my letters to you. You will excuse the *dull vanity* of this epistle, as my brain is a *chaos* of absurd images, and full of business, preparations, and projects.

I shall expect an answer with impatience;—believe me, there is nothing at this moment could give me greater delight than your letter.

56.—To John M. B. Pigot.

London, August 18, 1806.

I am just on the point of setting off for Worthing, and write merely to request you will send that *idle scoundrel Charles* with my horses immediately; tell him I am excessively provoked he has not made his appearance before, or written to inform me of the cause of his delay, particularly as I supplied him with money for his journey. On *no* pretext is he to postpone his *march* one day longer; and if, in obedience to the caprices of Mrs. B. (who, I presume, is again spreading desolation through her little monarchy), he thinks proper to disregard my positive orders, I shall not, in future, consider him as my servant. He must bring the surgeon's bill with him, which I will discharge immediately on receiving it. Nor can I conceive the reason of his not acquainting Frank with the state of my unfortunate quadrupeds. Dear Pigot, forgive this *petulant* effusion, and attribute it to the idle conduct of that *precious* rascal, who, instead of obeying my injunctions, is sauntering through the streets of that *political Pandemonium*, Nottingham. Present my remembrance to your family and the Leacrofts, and believe me, etc.

P.S.—I delegate to *you* the unpleasant task of

despatching him on his journey—Mrs. B.'s orders to the contrary are not to be attended to: he is to proceed first to London, and then to Worthing, without delay. Every thing I have *left* must be sent to London. My *Poetics you* will *pack up* for the same place, and not even reserve a copy for yourself and sister, as I am about to give them an *entire new form:* when they are complete, you shall have the *first fruits*. Mrs. B. on no account is to *see* or touch them. Adieu.

57.—To John M. B. Pigot.

Little Hampton, August 26, 1806.

I this morning received your epistle, which I was obliged to send for to Worthing, whence I have removed to this place, on the same coast, about eight miles distant from the former. You will probably not be displeased with this letter, when it informs you that I am £30,000 richer than I was at our parting, having just received intelligence from my lawyer that a cause has been gained at Lancaster assizes,[1] which will be worth that sum by the time I come of age. Mrs. B. is, doubtless, acquainted of this acquisition, though not apprised of its exact *value*, of which she had better be ignorant; for her behaviour under any sudden piece of favourable intelligence, is, if possible, more ridiculous than her detestable conduct on the most trifling circumstances of an unpleasant nature. You may give my compliments to her, and say that her detaining my servant's things shall only lengthen my absence: for unless they are immediately despatched to 16, Piccadilly, together with those which have been so

1. Byron was disappointed in his expectations. Fresh legal difficulties arose, and Newstead had to be sold before they were settled (see page 78, *note* 2).

long delayed, belonging to myself, she shall never again behold my *radiant countenance* illuminating her gloomy mansion. If they are sent, I may probably appear in less than two years from the date of my present epistle.

Metrical compliment is an ample reward for my strains: you are one of the few votaries of Apollo who unite the sciences over which that deity presides. I wish you to send my poems to my lodgings in London immediately, as I have several alterations and some additions to make; *every* copy must be sent, as I am about to *amend* them, and you shall soon behold them in all their glory. I hope you have kept them from that upas tree, that antidote to the arts, Mrs. B. *Entre nous*, —you may expect to see me soon. Adieu.

Yours ever.

58.—To Elizabeth Bridget Pigot.[1]

MY DEAR BRIDGET,—I have only just dismounted from my *Pegasus*, which has prevented me from descend-

1. This letter was written about September, 1806, from Harrogate, where Byron had gone with John Pigot. It forms the conclusion of a longer letter, written by Pigot to his sister, from which Moore quotes (*Life*, p. 37) the following passage:—

"Harrowgate is still extremely full; Wednesday (to-day) is our ball-"night, and I meditate going into the room for an hour, although "I am by no means fond of strange faces. Lord B., you know, is "even more shy than myself; but for an hour this evening I will "shake it off. . . . How do our theatricals proceed? Lord "Byron can say *all* his part, and I *most* of mine. He certainly acts "it inimitably. Lord B. is now *poetising*, and, since he has been here, "has written some very pretty verses ['To a Beautiful Quaker,' see "*Poems*, vol. i. pp. 38–41]. He is very good in trying to amuse me "as much as possible, but it is not in my nature to be happy without "either female society or study. . . . There are many pleasant rides "about here, which I have taken in company with Bo'swain, who, "with Brighton, is universally admired. *You* must read this to "Mrs. B., as it is a little *Tony Lumpkinish*. Lord B. desires some "space left: therefore, with respect to all the comedians *elect*, "believe me," etc., etc.

ing to *plain* prose in an epistle of greater length to your *fair* self. You regretted, in a former letter, that my

(For the theatricals to which Mr. Pigot alludes, see page 117, *note* 3.) Brighton, it may be added, was one of Byron's horses; the other was called Sultan. Bo'swain was the dog to which Byron addressed the well-known epitaph (see *Poems*, vol. i. pp. 280, 281, and *note* 1).

Moore also quotes Pigot's recollections of the visit to Harrogate (*Life*, pp. 37, 38).

"We, I remember, went in Lord Byron's own carriage, with "post-horses; and he sent his groom with two saddle-horses, and a "beautifully formed, very ferocious, bull-mastiff, called Nelson, to "meet us there. Boatswain went by the side of his valet Frank on "the box, with us.

"The bull-dog, Nelson, always wore a muzzle, and was occasion- "ally sent for into our private room, when the muzzle was taken "off, much to my annoyance, and he and his master amused them- "selves with throwing the room into disorder. There was always "a jealous feud between this Nelson and Boatswain; and whenever "the latter came into the room while the former was there, they "instantly seized each other; and then, Byron, myself, Frank, and "all the waiters that could be found, were vigorously engaged in "parting them,—which was in general only effected by thrusting "poker and tongs into the mouths of each. But, one day, Nelson "unfortunately escaped out of the room without his muzzle, and "going into the stable-yard fastened upon the throat of a horse "from which he could not be disengaged. The stable-boys ran in "alarm to find Frank, who taking one of his Lord's Wogdon's "pistols, always kept loaded in his room, shot poor Nelson through "the head, to the great regret of Byron.

"We were at the Crown Inn, at Low Harrowgate. We always "dined in the public room, but retired very soon after dinner to our "private one; for Byron was no more a friend to drinking than "myself. We lived retired, and made few acquaintance; for he "was naturally shy, *very* shy; which people who did not know him "mistook for pride. While at Harrowgate he accidentally met "with Professor Hailstone from Cambridge, and appeared much "delighted to see him. The professor was at Upper Harrowgate: "we called upon him one evening to take him to the theatre, I "think,—and Lord Byron sent his carriage for him, another time, "to a ball at the Granby. This desire to show attention to one of "the professors of his college is a proof that, though he might "choose to satirise the mode of education in the university, and to "abuse the antiquated regulations and restrictions to which under- "graduates are subjected, he had yet a due discrimination in his "respect for the individuals who belonged to it. I have always, "indeed, heard him speak in high terms of praise of Hailstone, as "well as of his master, Bishop Mansel, of Trinity College, and of "others whose names I have now forgotten.

"Few people understood Byron; but I know that he had

poems were not more extensive; I now for your satisfaction announce that I have nearly doubled them, partly by the discovery of some I conceived to be lost, and partly by some new productions. We shall meet on Wednesday next; till then, believe me,

Yours affectionately,

BYRON.

P.S.—Your brother John is seized with a poetic mania, and is now rhyming away at the rate of three lines *per hour*—so much for *inspiration!* Adieu!

59.—To John Hanson.[1]

Southwell, Dec. 7th, 1806.

SIR,—A Letter to Mrs. Byron has just arrived which states, from what "you have *heard* of the Tenor of my "Letters," you will not put up with Insult. I presume this means (for I will not be positive on what is rather ambiguously expressed) that some offence to you has been conveyed in the above mentioned Epistles. If you will peruse the papers in question, you will discover that the *person* insulted is not *yourself*, or any one of your "*Connections*." On Mr. B.'s apology, I have expressed my opinion in a Letter to your Son, if any Misrepresentation has taken place, it must be those "Connections" to whom I am to pay such Deference, & whose conduct to

"naturally a kind and feeling heart, and that there was not a single "spark of malice in his composition."

Professor Hailstone was Woodwardian Professor of Geology (1788–1818). (For Bishop Mansel, see page 84, *note* 1.)

1. Hanson's partner, Birch, the "Mr. B." of the following letter, seems to have irritated Byron by withholding the income allotted to him by the Court of Chancery for his education at Cambridge. The attempt to compel his return to Trinity by cutting off the supplies, failed. He did not appear again at Cambridge till the summer term of 1807.

me has deserved such *ample respect.* I must now beg leave to observe in turn, that I am by no means disposed to bear Insult, &, be the consequences what they may, I will always declare, in plain and explicit Terms, my Grievance, nor will I overlook the slightest Mark of disrespect, & silently brood over affronts from a mean and interested dread of Injury to my person or property. The former I have Strength and resolution to protect; the latter is too trifling by its Loss to occasion a moments Uneasiness.

Though not conversant with the methodical & dilatory arrangements of Law or Business, I know enough of Justice to direct my conduct by the principles of Equity, nor can I reconcile the "Insolence of office" to her regulations or forget in an Instant a poignant Affront.

But enough of this Dispute. You will perceive my Sentiments on the Subject, in my correspondence with Mr. B. and Mr. H. Junior. In future to prevent a repetition and altercation I shall advise; but as, even then, some Demur may take place, I wish to be informed, if the equitable Court of Chancery, whose paternal care of their Ward can never be sufficiently commended, have determined, in the great Flow of parental Affection, to withhold their beneficent Support, till I return to "Alma "Mater" (i.e.) Cambridge. Your Information on this point will oblige, as a College life is neither conducive to my Improvement, nor suitable to my Inclination. As to the reverse of the Rochdale Trial, I received the News of Success without confidence or exultation; I now sustain the Loss without repining. My Expectations from *Law* were never very sanguine.

I remain, yr very obedt. sert.,

BYRON.

60.—To J. Ridge.

Dorant's Hotel, Albemarle Street, Jany. 12, 1807.

MR. RIDGE,—I understand from some of my friends, that several of the papers are in the habit of publishing extracts from my volume, particularly the *Morning Herald*. I cannot say for my own part I have observed this, but I am assured it is so. The thing is of no consequence to me, except that I dislike it. But it is to you, and as publisher you should put a stop to it. The *Morning Herald* is the paper; of course you cannot address any other, as I am sure I have seen nothing of the kind in mine. You will act upon this as you think proper, and proceed with the 2d. Edition as you please. I am in no hurry, and I still think you were *premature* in undertaking it.

Etc., etc.,

BYRON.

P.S.—Present a copy of the *Antijacobin* therein to Mrs. Byron.

61.—To John M. B. Pigot.

Southwell, Jan. 13, 1807.

I ought to begin with *sundry* apologies, for my own negligence, but the variety of my avocations in *prose* and *verse* must plead my excuse. With this epistle you will receive a volume of all my *Juvenilia*, published since your departure: it is of considerably greater size than the *copy* in your possession, which I beg you will destroy, as the present is much more complete. That *unlucky* poem to my poor Mary [1] has been the cause of some animadversion from *ladies in years*. I have not printed it in this

1. See page 104, *note* 2.

collection, in consequence of my being pronounced a most *profligate sinner*, in short, a "*young Moore*,"[1] by ————, your * * * friend. I believe, in general, they have been favourably received, and surely the age of their author will preclude *severe* criticism. The adventures of my life from sixteen to nineteen, and the dissipation into which I have been thrown in London, have given a voluptuous tint to my ideas; but the occasions which called forth my muse could hardly admit any other colouring. This volume is *vastly* correct and miraculously chaste. Apropos, talking of love, * * * * * *

If you can find leisure to answer this farrago of unconnected nonsense, you need not doubt what gratification will accrue from your reply to yours ever, etc.

62.—To Captain John Leacroft.[2]

January 31, 1807.

SIR,—Upon serious reflection on the conversation we last night held, I am concerned to say, that the only

1. Thomas Moore (1779–1852) had already published *Anacreon* (1800), *The Poetical Works of the late Thomas Little* (1801), and *Odes, Epistles, and other Poems* (1806). In all, especially in the second, the poetry was of an erotic character. "So heartily," said Rogers (*Table-Talk, etc.*, pp. 281, 282), "has Moore repented of having "published *Little's Poems*, that I have seen him shed tears—tears of "deep contrition—when we were talking of them. Young ladies read "his *Lalla Rookh* without being aware (I presume) of the grossness "of *The Veiled Prophet*. These lines by Mr. Sneyd are amusing "enough—

"'*Lalla Rookh*
Is a naughty book
By Tommy Moore,
Who has written four,
Each warmer
Than the former.
So the most recent
Is the least decent.'"

2. This and the two following letters refer to a quarrel between

effectual method to crush the animadversions of officious malevolence, is by my declining all future intercourse with those whom my acquaintance has unintentionally injured. At the same time I must observe that I do not form this resolution from any resentment at your representation, which was temperate and gentlemanly, but from a thorough conviction that the desirable end can be attained by no other line of conduct.

I beg leave to return my thanks to Mr. & Mrs. Leacroft, for the attention and hospitality I have always experienced, of which I shall ever retain a grateful remembrance.

So much to them; with your permission, I must add a few words for myself. You will be sensible, that a coolness between families, hitherto remarkable for their intimacy, cannot remain unobserved in a town, whose inhabitants are notorious for officious curiosity; that the causes for our separation will be mis-represented I have little doubt; if, therefore, I discover that such misrepresentation does take place, I shall call upon you, to unite with myself in making a serious example of those *men*, be they *who* they may, that dare to cast an aspersion on the character I am sacrificing my own comfort to protect.

If, on the other hand, they imagine, that my conduct is the consequence of intimidation, from my conference with you, I must require a further explanation of what passed between us on the subject, as, however careful I am of your Sister's honour, I am equally tenacious of my own.

Byron and the Leacroft family, which arose from his attentions to Miss Julia Leacroft. Moore's statement, that Captain Leacroft, the lady's brother (see page 34, *note* 2), sent a challenge to Byron, who was at first inclined to accept it, is inaccurate. But it is possible that Byron was acting on the advice of the Rev. J. T. Becher, when he decided, in order to prevent misunderstanding, to break off his acquaintance with the Leacrofts absolutely.

I do not wish this to be misconstrued into any desire to quarrel; it is what I shall endeavour to avoid; but, as a young man very lately entered into the world, I feel compelled to state, that I can permit no suspicion to be attached to my name with impunity.

I have the honour to remain,

Your very obedient Servant,

BYRON.

63.—To Captain John Leacroft.

February 4th, 1807.

SIR,—I have just received your note, which conveys all that can be said on the subject. I can easily conceive your feelings must have been irritated in the course of the affair. I am sorry that I have been the unintentional cause of so disagreeable a business. The line of conduct, however painful to myself, which I have adopted, is the only effectual method to prevent the remarks of a *meddling world*. I therefore again take my leave for the last time. I repeat, that, though the intercourse, from which I have derived so many hours of happiness, is for ever interrupted, the remembrance can never be effaced from the bosom of

Your very obedient Servant,

BYRON.

64.—To Captain John Leacroft.

February 4th, 1807.

SIR,—I am concerned to be obliged again to trouble you, as I had hoped that our conversations had terminated amicably. Your good Father, it seems, has desired otherwise; he has just sent a most *agreeable* epistle, in which

I am honoured with the appellations of *unfeeling* and ungrateful. But as the consequences of all this must ultimately fall on you and myself, I merely write this to apprise you that the dispute is not of my seeking, and that, if we must cut each other's throats to please our relations, you will do me the justice to say it is from no *personal* animosity between us, or from any insult on my part, that such *disagreeable* events (for I am not so much enamoured of quarrels as to call them *pleasant*) have arisen.

I remain, your's, etc.,

BYRON.

65.—To the Earl of Clare.[1]

Southwell, Notts, February 6, 1807.

MY DEAREST CLARE,—Were I to make all the apologies necessary to atone for my late negligence, you

1. John Fitzgibbon (1792–1851), son of the first Earl of Clare, by his wife Anne Whaley, succeeded his father as second Earl in January, 1802. A schoolfellow of Byron's at Harrow, he was the "Lycus" of "Childish Recollections," and one of his dearest friends. Clare, after leaving Harrow, went to a private tutor, the Rev. Mr. Smith, at Woodnesborough, near Sandwich. There he formed so close a friendship with Lord John Russell as to provoke Byron's jealousy (*Life*, p. 21). Clare was at Christ Church, Oxford (B.A. 1812); Byron at Trinity, Cambridge. They rarely met after leaving Harrow. Their meeting on the road between Imola and Bologna in 1821, "annihilated for a moment," says Byron (see *Life*, p. 540; *Detached Thoughts*, November 5, 1821), "all the years between the "present time and the days of *Harrow*. We were but five minutes "together, and on the public road; but I hardly recollect an hour "of my existence which could be weighed against them. Of all "I have ever known, he has always been the least altered in every-"thing from the excellent qualities and kind affections which attached "me to him so strongly at school. I should hardly have thought "it possible for society (or the world, as it is called) to leave a being "with so little of the leaven of bad passions. I do not speak from "personal experience only, but from all I have ever heard of him "from others, during absence and distance."

Lord Clare was Governor of Bombay from 1830 to 1834.

would justly say you had received a petition instead of a letter, as it would be filled with prayers for forgiveness; but instead of this, I will acknowledge my *sins* at once, and I trust to your friendship and generosity rather than to my own excuses. Though my health is not perfectly re-established, I am out of all danger, and have recovered every thing but my spirits, which are subject to depression. You will be astonished to hear I have lately written to Delawarr,[1] for the purpose of explaining (as far as possible without involving some *old friends* of mine in the business) the cause of my behaviour to him during my last residence at Harrow (nearly two years ago), which you will recollect was rather "*en cavalier*." Since that period, I have discovered he was treated with injustice both by those who misrepresented his conduct, and by me in consequence of their suggestions. I have therefore made all the reparation in my power, by apologizing for my mistake, though with very faint hopes of success; indeed I never expected any answer, but desired one for form's sake; *that* has not yet arrived, and most probably never will. However, I have *eased* my own *conscience* by the atonement, which is humiliating enough to one of my disposition; yet I could not have slept satisfied with the reflection of having, *even unintentionally*, injured any individual. I have done all that could be done to repair the injury, and there the affair must end. Whether we renew our intimacy or not is of very trivial consequence.

My time has lately been much occupied with very different pursuits. I have been *transporting* a servant,[2] who cheated me,—rather a disagreeable event;—performing in private theatricals;[3]—publishing a volume of

1. See page 41, *note* 1.
2. See page 81, *note* 1.
3. In the theatricals, which took place at Southwell in the autumn of 1806, Byron was the chief mover. A letter received by

poems (at the request of my friends, for their perusal); —making love,—and taking physic. The two last

Mr. Pigot, quoted by Moore (*Life*, p. 38), shows how eagerly his return from Harrogate was expected:—

"Tell Lord Byron that, if any accident should retard his return, "his mother desires he will write to her, as she shall be *miserable* if "he does not arrive the day he fixes. Mr. W. B. has written a "card to Mrs. H. to offer for the character of 'Henry Woodville,' "—Mr. and Mrs. *** not approving of their son's taking a part in "the play: but I believe he will persist in it. Mr. G. W. says, "that sooner than the party should be disappointed, *he* will take any "part,—sing—dance—in short, do any thing to oblige. Till Lord "Byron returns, nothing can be done; and positively he must not "be later than Tuesday or Wednesday."

A full account of the theatricals is given in a manuscript written by Miss Bristoe, one of the performers. Two plays were represented, (1) Cumberland's *Wheel of Fortune* and (2) Allingham's *Weathercock*. The following were the respective casts:—

(1)	*Penruddock*, Lord Byron.	*Mrs. Woodville*, Miss Bristoe.
	Sir David Daw, Mr. C. Becher.	*Emily Tempest*, Miss J. Leacroft.
	Woodville, Captain Lightfoot.	*Dame Dunckley*, Miss Leacroft.
	Sydenham, Mr. Pigot.	*Weasel*, Mr. G. Wylde.
	Henry Woodville, Mr. H. Houson.	*Jenkins*, Mr. G. Heathcote.
(2)	*Tristram Fickle*, Lord Byron.	*Variella*, Miss Bristoe.
	Old Fickle, Mr. Pigot.	*Ready*, Miss Leacroft.
	Briefwit, Captain Lightfoot.	*Gardener*, Mr. C. Becher.
	Sneer, Mr. R. Leacroft.	*Barber*, Mr. G. Wylde.

Between the two plays, a member of the Southwell choir sang "The Death of Abercrombie." The brave General, attended by two aides-de-camp, all three in the costume of the Southwell volunteers, appeared on the stage, and the General, sinking into the outstretched arms of his two friends, warbled out his dying words in a style which convulsed Byron with laughter.

The play itself nearly came to an untimely conclusion. Captain Lightfoot screwed his failing courage to the sticking point by several glasses of wine, with the result that, being a very abstemious man, he became tipsy. But "restoratives were administered," and he went through his part with credit. Byron, who was the star of the company, repeatedly brought down the house by his acting.

(For Byron's Prologue to *The Wheel of Fortune*, see *Poems*, vol. i. pp. 45, 46.) Moore's account of the epilogue, written by the Rev. J. T. Becher, and spoken by Byron, is erroneous. Only one word gave any opportunity for mimicry. It occurs in the lines—

"Tempest becalmed forgets his blust'ring rage,
He calls Dame Dunckley 'sister' off the stage."

In pronouncing the word "sister," Byron "took off exactly the "voice and manner of Mr. R. Leacroft."

amusements have not had the best effect in the world; for my attentions have been divided amongst so many fair damsels, and the drugs I swallow are of such variety in their composition, that between Venus and Æsculapius I am harassed to death. However, I have still leisure to devote some hours to the recollections of past, regretted friendships, and in the interval to take the advantage of the moment, to assure you how much I am, and ever will be, my dearest Clare,

Your truly attached and sincere

BYRON.

66.—To Mrs. Hanson.

Southwell, Feb. 8, 1807.

DEAR MADAM,—Having understood from Mrs. Byron that Mr. Hanson is in a very indifferent State of Health, I have taken the Liberty of addressing you on the Subject.

Though the *Governor* & *I* have lately not been on the *best* of *Terms*, yet I should be extremely sorry to learn he was in Danger, and I trust *he* and *I* will live to have many more *Squabbles* in *this world*, before we *finally make peace* in the next. If therefore you can favor me with any *salutary* Intelligence of the *aforesaid* Gentleman, believe me, nothing will be more acceptable to

Yours very truly,

BYRON.

P.S.—Remember me to all the family now in *Garrison*, particularly my old Friend Harriet.

67.—To William Bankes.[1]

Southwell, March 6, 1807.

DEAR BANKES,—Your critique is valuable for many reasons: in the first place, it is the only one in which flattery has borne so slight a part; in the *next*, I am *cloyed* with insipid compliments. I have a better opinion

1. William John Bankes, of Kingston Lacy, Dorsetshire, was Byron's friend, possibly at Harrow, though his name does not occur in the school lists, certainly at Trinity College, Cambridge (B.A. 1808). He represented Truro from 1810 to 1812, when he left England on his Eastern travels. At Philæ he discovered an obelisk, the geometrical elevation and inscriptions of which he published in 1820. In Mesopotamia he encountered John Silk Buckingham, whom he afterwards charged with making use of his notes in his *Travels*, a statement, found to be libellous, which (October 19, 1826) cost Bankes £400 in damages. He also travelled with Giovanni Finati, a native of Ferrara, who, under the assumed name of Mahomet, made the campaigns against the Wahabees for the recovery of Mecca and Medina. Finati's Italian *Narrative* was translated by Bankes, to whom it is dedicated by his "attached and "faithful servant Hadjee Mahomet," and published in 1830. In 1822 Bankes was elected M.P. for Cambridge University, but lost his seat to Sir J. Copley in 1826. At a bye-election in 1827, he was again unsuccessful. His candidature gave occasion to Macaulay's squib, which appeared in the *Times* for May 14, 1827, *A Country Clergyman's Trip to Cambridge.*

"A letter—and free—bring it here:
I have no correspondent who franks.
No! Yes! Can it be? Why, my dear,
'Tis our glorious, our Protestant Bankes.

'Dear Sir as I know your desire
That the Church should receive due protection,
I humbly presume to require
Your aid at the Cambridge election,'" etc., etc.

Bankes subsequently represented Marlborough (1829–1832) and Dorsetshire (1833–1834). He was Byron's "collegiate pastor, and "master and patron," "ruled the roast" at Trinity, "or, rather, the "*roasting*, and was father of all mischief" (Byron to Murray, October 12, 1820). "William Bankes," Byron told Lady Blessington (*Conversations*, p. 172), "is another of my early friends. He is "very clever, very original, and has a fund of information: he is "also very good-natured, but he is not much of a flatterer." Bankes died at Venice in 1855.

of your judgment and ability than your *feelings*. Accept my most sincere thanks for your kind decision, not less welcome, because totally unexpected. With regard to a more exact estimate, I need not remind you how few of the *best poems*, in our language, will stand the test of *minute* or *verbal* criticism: it can, therefore, hardly be expected the effusions of a boy (and most of these pieces have been produced at an early period) can derive much merit either from the subject or composition. Many of them were written under great depression of spirits, and during severe indisposition:—hence the gloomy turn of the ideas. We coincide in opinion that the "*poëesies* "*érotiques*" are the most exceptionable; they were, however, grateful to the *deities*, on whose altars they were offered—more I seek not.

The portrait of Pomposus[1] was drawn at Harrow, after a *long sitting;* this accounts for the resemblance, or rather the *caricatura*. He is *your* friend, he *never was mine*—for both our sakes I shall be silent on this head. The *collegiate* rhymes[2] are not personal—one of the notes may appear so, but could not be omitted. I have little doubt they will be deservedly abused—a just punishment for my unfilial treatment of so excellent an Alma Mater. I sent you no copy, lest *we* should be placed in the situation of *Gil Blas* and the *Archbishop* of Grenada;[3] though running some hazard from the experiment, I wished your *verdict* to be unbiassed. Had my "*Libellus*" been presented previous to your letter, it would have

1. Dr. Butler, Head-master of Harrow. (See page 58, *note* 1.)
2. "Thoughts suggested by a College Examination" (*Poems*, vol. i. pp. 28–31); and "Granta, A Medley" (*Poems*, vol. i. pp. 56–62).
3. Alluding to *Gil Blas*, bk. vii. chap. iv., where Gil Blas ventures to criticize the Archbishop's work, and is dismissed for his candour. "Adieu, monsieur Gil Blas; Je vous souhaite toutes "sortes de prosperités, avec un peu plus de goût."

appeared a species of bribe to purchase compliment. I feel no hesitation in saying, I was more anxious to hear your critique, however severe, than the praises of the *million*. On the same day I was honoured with the encomiums of *Mackenzie*, the celebrated author of the *Man of Feeling*.[1] Whether *his* approbation or *yours* elated me most, I cannot decide.

You will receive my *Juvenilia*,—at least all yet published. I have a large volume in manuscript, which may in part appear hereafter; at present I have neither time nor inclination to prepare it for the press. In the spring I shall return to Trinity, to dismantle my rooms, and bid you a final adieu. The *Cam* will not be much increased by my *tears* on the occasion. Your further remarks, however *caustic* or bitter, to a palate vitiated with the *sweets of adulation*, will be of service. Johnson has shown us that *no poetry* is perfect; but to correct mine would be an Herculean labour. In fact I never looked beyond the moment of composition, and published merely at the request of my friends. Notwithstanding so much has been said concerning the "Genus irritabile vatum," we shall never quarrel on the subject—poetic fame is by no means the "acme" of my wishes.—Adieu. Yours ever,

BYRON.

1. The praise was worth having. Henry Mackenzie (1745–1831) was not only the author of the lackadaisical *Man of Feeling*, but in real life a shrewd, hard-headed man. As a novelist, he wrote *The Man of Feeling* (1771), *The Man of Honour* (1773), and *Julia de Roubigné* (1777). As a playwright, he produced four plays, none of which succeeded. As an essayist, he contributed to the *Mirror* (1779–80) and the *Lounger* (1785–86). As a political writer, he supported Pitt, and was rewarded by the comptrollership of taxes. An original member of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, many of his papers appear in its *Transactions*. In Edinburgh society he was "the life of the company," a connecting link on the literary side between David Hume, Walter Scott, and Lord Cockburn, and in all matters of sport a fund of anecdotes and reminiscences.

68.—To William Bankes.[1]

For my own part, I have suffered severely in the decease of my two greatest friends, the only beings I ever loved (females excepted); I am therefore a solitary animal, miserable enough, and so perfectly a citizen of the world, that whether I pass my days in Great Britain or Kamschatka, is to me a matter of perfect indifference. I cannot evince greater respect for your alteration than by immediately adopting it—this shall be done in the next edition. I am sorry your remarks are not more frequent, as I am certain they would be equally beneficial. Since my last, I have received two critical opinions from Edinburgh, both too flattering for me to detail. One is from Lord Woodhouselee,[2] at the head of the Scotch literati, and a most *voluminous* writer (his last work is a *Life* of Lord Kaimes); the other from Mackenzie, who sent his decision a second time, more at length. I am not personally acquainted with either of these gentlemen, nor ever requested their sentiments on the subject: their praise is voluntary, and transmitted through the medium of a friend, at whose house they read the productions.

Contrary to my former intention, I am now preparing a volume for the public at large: my amatory pieces will be exchanged, and others substituted in their place. The whole will be considerably enlarged, and appear the latter end of May. This is a hazardous experiment; but

1. This fragment refers, like the previous letter, to Byron's volume of verse, *Poems on Various Occasions.*

2. Alexander Fraser Tytler, Lord Woodhouselee, one of the Senators of the College of Justice in Scotland, and a friend of Robert Burns. Besides the *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Hon. Henry Home of Kames* (1807), he published *Elements of General History* (1801), *Essay on the Principles of Translation*, etc. He died in 1813. His *Universal History*, in six vols., appeared in 1834.

want of better employment, the encouragement I have met with, and my own vanity, induce me to stand the test, though not without *sundry palpitations*. The book will circulate fast enough in this country from mere curiosity; what I prin——

* * * * *

69.—To —— Falkner.[1]

SIR,—The volume of little pieces which accompanies this, would have been presented before, had I not been apprehensive that Miss Falkner's indisposition might render some trifles unwelcome. There are some errors of the printer which I have not had time to correct in the collection: you have it thus, with "all its imperfections "on its head," a heavy weight, when joined with the faults of its author. Such *Juvenilia*, as they can claim no great degree of approbation, I may venture to hope, will also escape the severity of uncalled for, though perhaps *not* undeserved, criticism.

They were written on many and various occasions, and are now published merely for the perusal of a friendly circle. Believe me, sir, if they afford the slightest amusement to yourself and the rest of my *social* readers, I shall have gathered all the *bays* I ever wish to adorn the head of yours very truly,

BYRON.

P.S.—I hope Miss F. is in a state of recovery.

1. Mrs. Byron's landlord at Burgage Manor.

70.—To John Hanson.

[Farleigh House, Basingstoke, Hants.]

Southwell, April 2nd, 1807.

DEAR SIR,—Before I proceed in Reply to the other parts of your Epistle, allow me to congratulate you on the *Accession* of *Dignity* and *profit*, which will doubtless accrue, from your official appointment.

You was fortunate in obtaining Possession at so critical a period; your Patrons "exeunt omnes."[1] I trust they will soon supersede the Cyphers, their successors. The Reestablishment of your Health is another happy event, and, though *secondary* in my *Statement*, is by no means so in my *Wishes*. As to our Feuds, they are purely *official*, the natural consequence of our relative Situations, but as little connected with *personal animosity*, as the *Florid Declamations* of *parliamentary* Demagogues. I return you my thanks for your favorable opinion of my muse; I have lately been honoured with many very flattering literary critiques, from men of high Reputation in the Sciences, particularly Lord Woodhouselee and Henry Mackenzie, both *Scots* and of great Eminence as *Authors* themselves. I have received also some most favorable Testimonies from *Cambridge*. This you will *marvel* at, as indeed I did myself. Encouraged by these and several other Encomiums, I am about to publish a Volume at large; this will be very different from the present; the amatory effusions, not to be wondered at from the *dissipated* Life I have led, will be cut out, and others

1. In March, 1807, George III. demanded from the Coalition Ministry a written pledge that they would propose no further concessions to the Roman Catholics. They refused to give it, and the Tories, with the Duke of Portland as their nominal head, were recalled to the Government.

substituted. I coincide with you in opinion that the *Poet* yields to the *orator;* but as nothing can be done in the latter capacity till the Expiration of my *Minority*, the former occupies my present attention, and both *ancients* and *moderns* have declared that the two pursuits are so nearly similar as to require in a great measure the same Talents, and he who excels in the one, would on application succeed in the other. Lyttleton, Glover, and Young (who was a celebrated Preacher and a Bard) are instances of the kind. *Sheridan* & *Fox* also; *these* are *great Names*. I may imitate, I can never equal them.

You speak of the *Charms* of Southwell; the *Place* I *abhor*. The Fact is I remain here because I can appear no where else, being *completely done* up. *Wine* and *Women* have *dished* your *humble Servant*, not a *Sou* to be *had;* all *over;* condemned to exist (I cannot say live) at this *Crater* of Dullness till my *Lease* of *Infancy* expires. To appear at Cambridge is impossible; no money even to pay my College expences. You will be surprized to hear I am grown *very thin;* however it is the *Fact*, so much so, that the people here think I am *going*. I have lost 18 LB in my weight, that is one Stone & 4 pounds since January, this was ascertained last Wednesday, on account of a *Bet* with an acquaintance. However don't be alarmed; I have taken every means to accomplish the end, by violent exercise and Fasting, as I found myself too plump. I shall continue my Exertions, having no other amusement; I wear *seven* Waistcoats and a great Coat, run, and play at cricket in this Dress, till quite exhausted by excessive perspiration, use the Hip Bath daily; eat only a quarter of a pound of Butcher's Meat in 24 hours, no Suppers or Breakfast, only one Meal a Day; drink no malt liquor, but a little Wine, and take Physic occasionally. By these means my *Ribs* display Skin of

no great Thickness, & my Clothes have been taken in nearly *half a yard.* Do you believe me now?

Adieu. Remembrance to Spouse and the Acorns.

Yours ever,

BYRON.

71.—To John M. B. Pigot.

Southwell, April, 1807.

MY DEAR PIGOT,—Allow me to congratulate you on the success of your first examination—"*Courage*, mon "ami." The title of Doctor will do wonders with the damsels. I shall most probably be in Essex or London when you arrive at this damned place, where I am detained by the publication of my *rhymes.*

Adieu.—Believe me,

Yours very truly,

BYRON.

P.S.—Since we met, I have reduced myself by violent exercise, *much* physic, and *hot* bathing, from 14 stone 6 lb. to 12 stone 7 lb. In all I have lost 27 pounds.[1] Bravo!—what say you?

1. The following extract is taken from a ledger in the possession of Messrs. Berry, of St. James's Street, S.W. :—

		stone	lbs.
"1806—January 4.	Lord Byron (boots, no hat)	13	12
1807—July 8.	,, ,, (shoes)	10	13
,, 23.	,, ,, ,, ...	11	0
August 13.	,, ,, ,, ...	10	11½
1808—May 27.	,, ,, ,, ...	11	1
1809—June 10.	,, ,, ,, ...	11	5½
1811—July 15.	,, ,, ,, ...	9	11½."

72.—To John Hanson.

[6, Chancery Lane, Temple Bar, London.]

Southwell, 19 April, 1807.

SIR,—My last was an Epistle "*entre nous;*" *this* is a *Letter* of *Business*. Of course the *formalities* of *official communication* must be attended to. From lying under pecuniary difficulties, I shall draw for the Quarter due the 25th June, in a short Time. You will recollect I was to receive £100 for the Expence of Furniture, etc., at Cambridge. I placed in your possession accounts to amount and then I have received £70, for which I believe you have my Receipt. This extra £25 or £30 (though the Bills are long ago discharged from my own purse) I should not have troubled you for, had not my present Situation rendered even that Trifle of some Consequence. I have therefore to request that my Draft for £150, instead of £125 the simple Quarter, may be honoured, but think it necessary to apprize you previous to its appearance, and indeed to request an early Answer, as I had one Draft returned by Mistake from your *House*, some Months past. I have no Inclination to be placed in a similar Dilemma.

I lent Mrs. B. £60 last year; of this I have never received a Sou and in all probability never shall. I do not mention the circumstance as any Reproach on that *worthy* and *lamblike* Dame,[1] but merely to show you how

1. Mrs. Byron, on the other hand, tells a different story. "Lord "Byron," she writes to Hanson (March 19, 1807), "has now been "with me seven months, with two Men Servants, for which I have "never received one farthing, as he requires the five hundred a year "for himself. Therefore it is impossible I can keep him and them "out of my small income of four hundred a year,—two in Scotland "[Mrs. Gordon of Gight (see Chapter I. p. 4) was dead], and "the pension is now reduced to two hundred a year. But if the

affairs stand. 'Tis true myself and two Servants lodge in the House, but my Horses, etc., and their expences are defrayed by your humble Ser[t]. I quit Cambridge in July, and shall have considerable payments to make at that period; for this purpose I must sell my *Steeds*. I paid Jones in January £150, £38 to my Stable Keeper, £21 to my wine Merchant, £20 to a *Lawyer* for the prosecution of a Scoundrel, a late Servant. In short I have done all I can, but am now completely *done* up.

Your answer will oblige

Yours, etc., etc.,

BYRON.

73.—To Elizabeth Bridget Pigot.

June 11, 1807.

DEAR QUEEN BESS,—*Savage* ought to be *immortal:*—though not a *thorough-bred bull-dog*, he is the finest puppy I ever *saw*, and will answer much better; in his great and manifold kindness he has already bitten my fingers, and disturbed the *gravity* of old Boatswain, who

"Court allows the additional two hundred, I shall be perfectly "satisfied.

"I do not know what to say about Byron's returning to Cam- "bridge. When he was there, I believe he did nothing but drink, "gamble, and spend money."

A month later (April 29, 1807), she consults Hanson about raising £1000 by a loan from Mrs. Parkyns on her security. "Byron from "their last letter gave up all hopes of getting the money, and "behaved very well on the occasion, and proposed selling his "Horses and plans of Œconomy that I much fear will be laid "aside if the Money is procured. My only motive for wishing it "was to keep him clear of the Jews; but at present he does not "seem at all disposed to have anything to do with them, even if "he is disappointed in this resource. I wish to act for the best: "but God knows what is for the best."

Eventually money was provided on Mrs. Byron's security (see Letters of March 6 and April 26, 1809), and he resided at Trinity for a few days at the end of the May term, 1807.

is *grievously discomposed.* I wish to be informed what he *costs*, his *expenses*, etc., etc., that I may indemnify Mr. G——. My thanks are *all* I can give for the trouble he has taken, make a *long speech*, and conclude it with 1 2 3 4 5 6 7.[1] I am out of practice, so *deputize* you as a legate,—*ambassador* would not do in a matter concerning the *Pope*, which I presume this must, as the *whole* turns upon a *Bull.*

Yours,

BYRON.

P.S.—I write in bed.

74.—To Elizabeth Bridget Pigot.

Cambridge, June 30, 1807.

"Better late than never, Pal,"[2] is a saying of which you know the origin, and as it is applicable on the present occasion, you will excuse its conspicuous place in the front of my epistle. I am almost superannuated here. My old friends (with the exception of a very few) all departed, and I am preparing to follow them, but remain till Monday to be present at three *Oratorios*, two *Concerts*, a *Fair*, and a Ball. I find I am not only *thinner* but *taller* by an inch since my last visit. I was obliged to tell every body my *name*, nobody having the least recollection of my *visage*, or person. Even the hero of *my Cornelian*[3] (who is now sitting *vis-à-vis* reading

1. He here alludes to an odd fancy or trick of his own;—whenever he was at a loss for something to say, he used always to gabble over "1 2 3 4 5 6 7" (Moore).

2. The allusion is to the farce *Better Late than Never* (attributed to Miles Peter Andrews, but really, according to Reynolds (*Life*, vol. ii. pp. 79, 80), by himself, Topham, and Andrews), in which Pallet, an artist, is a prominent character. It was played at Drury Lane for the first time October 17, 1790, with Kemble as "Saville" and Mrs. Jordan as "Augusta."

3. "The hero of *my Cornelian*" was a Cambridge chorister

a volume of my *Poetics*) passed me in Trinity walks without recognising me in the least, and was thunderstruck at the alteration which had taken place in my countenance, etc., etc. Some say I look *better*, others *worse*, but all agree I am *thinner*,—more I do not require. I have lost two pounds in my weight since I left your *cursed*, *detestable*, and *abhorred* abode of *scandal*, where, excepting yourself and John Becher,[1] I care not if the whole race were consigned to the *Pit* of *Acheron*, which I would visit in person rather than contaminate my *sandals* with the polluted dust of Southwell. *Seriously*, unless

named Edleston, whose life, as Harness has recorded in a MS. note, Byron saved from drowning. This began their acquaintance. (See Byron's lines on "The Cornelian," *Poems*, vol. i. 66–67.) Edleston died of consumption in May, 1811. Byron, writing to Mrs. Pigot, gives the following account of his death :—

"Cambridge, Oct. 28, 1811.

"DEAR MADAM,—I am about to write to you on a silly subject, "and yet I cannot well do otherwise. You may remember a "*cornelian*, which some years ago I consigned to Miss Pigot, indeed "*gave* to her, and now I am going to make the most selfish and "rude of requests. The person who gave it to me, when I was "very young, is *dead*, and though a long time has elapsed since we "met, as it was the only memorial I possessed of that person (in "whom I was very much interested), it has acquired a value by this "event I could have wished it never to have borne in my eyes. If, "therefore, Miss Pigot should have preserved it, I must, under these "circumstances, beg her to excuse my requesting it to be transmitted "to me at No. 8, St. James's Street, London, and I will replace it "by something she may remember me by equally well. As she "was always so kind as to feel interested in the fate of him that "formed the subject of our conversation, you may tell her that the "giver of that cornelian died in May last of a consumption, at the "age of twenty-one, making the sixth, within four months, of friends "and relatives that I have lost between May and the end of August.

"Believe me, dear Madam, yours very sincerely,

"BYRON.

"P.S.—I go to London to-morrow."

The cornelian heart was, of course, returned, and Lord Byron, at the same time, reminded that he had left it with Miss Pigot as a deposit, *not* a gift (Moore).

1. See page 182, *note* 1.

obliged by the *emptiness* of my purse to revisit Mrs. B., you will see me no more.

On Monday I depart for London. I quit Cambridge with little regret, because our *set* are *vanished*, and my *musical protégé* before mentioned has left the choir, and is stationed in a mercantile house of considerable eminence in the metropolis. You may have heard me observe he is exactly to an hour two years younger than myself. I found him grown considerably, and as you will suppose, very glad to see his former *Patron*. He is nearly my height, very *thin*, very fair complexion, dark eyes, and light locks. My opinion of his mind you already know;—I hope I shall never have occasion to change it. Every body here conceives me to be an *invalid*. The University at present is very gay from the fêtes of divers kinds. I supped out last night, but eat (or ate) nothing, sipped a bottle of claret, went to bed at two, and rose at eight. I have commenced early rising, and find it agrees with me. The Masters and the Fellows all very *polite*, but look a little *askance* —don't much admire *lampoons*[1]—truth always disagreeable.

Write, and tell me how the inhabitants of your *Menagerie* go *on*, and if my publication goes *off* well: do the quadrupeds *growl*? Apropos, my bull-dog is deceased—"Flesh both of cur and man is grass." Address your answer to Cambridge. If I am gone, it will be forwarded. Sad news just arrived—Russians beat[2]—a bad set, eat nothing but *oil*, consequently must melt before a *hard fire*. I get awkward in my academic

1. See "Thoughts suggested by a College Examination" (*Poems*, vol. i. pp. 28–31), also "Granta: a Medley" (*Poems*, vol. i. pp. 56–62).

2. The Battle of Friedland, June 15, 1807. This is almost the first allusion that Byron makes to the war.

habiliments for want of practice. Got up in a window to hear the oratorio at St. Mary's, popped down in the middle of the *Messiah*, tore a *woeful* rent in the back of my best black silk gown, and damaged an egregious pair of breeches. Mem.—never tumble from a church window during service. Adieu, dear * * * *! do not remember me to any body:—to *forget* and be forgotten by the people of Southwell is all I aspire to.

75.—To Elizabeth Bridget Pigot.

Trin. Coll. Camb. July 5, 1807.

Since my last letter I have determined to reside *another year* at Granta, as my rooms, etc., etc., are finished in great style, several old friends come up again, and many new acquaintances made; consequently my inclination leads me forward, and I shall return to college in October if still *alive*. My life here has been one continued routine of dissipation—out at different places every day, engaged to more dinners, etc., etc., than my *stay* would permit me to fulfil. At this moment I write with a bottle of claret in my *head* and *tears* in my *eyes;* for I have just parted with my "*Cornelian*," who spent the evening with me. As it was our last interview, I postponed my engagement to devote the hours of the *Sabbath* to friendship:—Edleston and I have separated for the present, and my mind is a chaos of hope and sorrow. To-morrow I set out for London: you will address your answer to "Gordon's Hotel, Albemarle Street," where I *sojourn* during my visit to the metropolis.

I rejoice to hear you are interested in my *protégé;* he has been my *almost constant* associate since October, 1805, when I entered Trinity College. His *voice* first attracted my attention, his *countenance* fixed it, and his

manners attached me to him for ever. He departs for a *mercantile house* in *town* in October, and we shall probably not meet till the expiration of my minority, when I shall leave to his decision either entering as a *partner* through my interest, or residing with me altogether. Of course he would in his present frame of mind prefer the *latter*, but he may alter his opinion previous to that period; —however, he shall have his choice. I certainly love him more than any human being, and neither time nor distance have had the least effect on my (in general) changeable disposition. In short, we shall, put *Lady E. Butler* and *Miss Ponsonby*[1] to the blush, *Pylades* and

1. Lady Eleanor Butler (c. 1745–1829), sister of the seventeenth Earl of Ormonde, and Sarah Ponsonby (circ. 1755–1831), cousin of the Earl of Bessborough, were the two "Ladies of the Vale," or "Ladies of Llangollen." About the year 1779 they settled in a cottage at Plasnewydd, in the Vale of Llangollen, where they lived, with their maidservant, Mary Caryll, for upwards of half a century. They are buried, with their servant, in the churchyard of Plasnewydd, under a triangular pyramid. Though they had withdrawn from the world, they watched its proceedings with the keenest interest. "If," writes Mrs. Piozzi, from Brynbella, July 9, 1796, "Mr. Bunbury's *Little Gray Man* is printed, do send it hither; the "ladies at Llangollen are dying for it. They like those old Scandi-"navian tales and the imitations of them exceedingly; and tell me "about the prince and princess of *this* loyal country, one province "of which alone had disgraced itself" (*Life and Writings of Mrs. Piozzi*, vol. ii. p. 234). Nor did they despise the theatre. Charles Mathews (*Memoirs*, vol. iii. pp. 150, 151), writing from Oswestry, September 4, 1820, says, "The dear inseparable inimitables, Lady "Butler and Miss Ponsonby, were in the boxes here on Friday. "They came twelve miles from Llangollen, and returned, as they "never sleep from home. Oh, such curiosities! I was nearly con-"vulsed. . . . As they are seated, there is not one point to dis-"tinguish them from men; the dressing and powdering of the hair; "their well-starched neckcloths; the upper part of their habits, "which they always wear, even at a dinner-party, made precisely "like men's coats; and regular black beaver men's hats. They "looked exactly like two respectable superannuated old clergymen. ". . . I was highly flattered, as they never were in the theatre "before." Among the many people who visited them in their retreat, and have left descriptions of them, are Madame de Genlis, De Quincey, Prince Pückler-Muskau. Their friendships were sung by Sotheby and Anne Seward, and their cottage was depicted by

Orestes out of countenance, and want nothing but a catastrophe like *Nisus* and *Euryalus*, to give *Jonathan* and *David* the "go by." He certainly is perhaps more attached to *me* than even I am in return. During the whole of my residence at Cambridge we met every day, summer and winter, without passing *one* tiresome moment, and separated each time with increasing reluctance. I hope you will one day see us together. He is the only being I esteem, though I *like* many.

The Marquis of Tavistock [1] was down the other day; I supped with him at his tutor's—entirely a Whig party. The opposition muster strong here now, and Lord Hartington, the Duke of Leinster, etc., etc., are to join us in October, so every thing will be *splendid*. The *music* is all over at present. Met with another "*accidency*"—upset a butter-boat in the lap of a lady—look'd very *blue*—*spectators* grinned—"curse 'em!" Apropos, sorry to say, been *drunk* every day, and not quite *sober* yet—however, touch no meat, nothing but fish, soup, and vegetables, consequently it does me no harm—sad dogs all the *Cantabs*. Mem.—*we mean* to reform next January. This place is a *monotony of endless variety*—like it—hate Southwell. Has Ridge sold well? or do the ancients demur? What ladies have bought?

Pennant. "It is very singular," writes John Murray, August 24, 1829, to his son (*Memoir of John Murray*, vol. ii. p. 304), "that "the ladies, intending to *retire* from the world, absolutely brought "all the world to visit them, for after a few years of seclusion their "strange story was the universal subject of conversation, and there "has been no person of rank, talent, and importance in any way "who did not procure introductions to them."

1. Lord Tavistock's experience at Cambridge resembled that of Byron. He had received only a "pretended education," and the Duke of Bedford had come to the conclusion that "nothing was "learned at English Universities." "Tavistock left Cambridge in "May," Lord J. Russell notes in his Diary for 1808, "having been "there in supposition two years" (Walpole's *Life of Lord John Russell*, vol. i. pp. 44 and 35).

Saw a girl at St. Mary's the image of Anne * * *,[1] thought it was her—all in the wrong—the lady stared, so did I—I *blushed*, so did *not* the lady,—sad thing—wish women had *more modesty*. Talking of women, puts me in mind of my terrier Fanny—how is she? Got a headache, must go to bed, up early in the morning to travel. My *protégé* breakfasts with me; parting spoils my appetite —excepting from Southwell. Mem. *I hate Southwell.*

Yours, etc.

76.—To Elizabeth Bridget Pigot.

Gordon's Hotel, July 13, 1807.

You write most excellent epistles—a fig for other correspondents, with their nonsensical apologies for "*knowing nought about it*,"—you send me a delightful budget. I am here in a perpetual vortex of dissipation (very pleasant for all that), and, strange to tell, I get thinner, being now below eleven stone considerably. Stay in town a *month*, perhaps six weeks, trip into Essex, and then, as a favour, *irradiate* Southwell for three days with the light of my countenance; but nothing shall ever make me *reside* there again. I positively return to Cambridge in October; we are to be uncommonly gay, or in truth I should *cut* the University. An extraordinary circumstance occurred to me at Cambridge; a girl so very like * * made her appearance, that nothing but the most *minute inspection* could have undeceived me. I wish I had asked if *she* had ever been at H * * *

What the devil would Ridge have? is not fifty in a

1. Probably Miss Anne Houson, daughter of the Rev. Henry Houson of Southwell. She married the Rev. Luke Jackson, died December 25, 1821, and is buried at Hucknall Torkard. (For verses addressed to her, see *Poems*, vol. i. pp. 70–2, 244–45, 246–47, 251–52, 253.)

fortnight, before the advertisements, a sufficient sale?[1] I hear many of the London booksellers have them, and Crosby[2] has sent copies to the principal watering places. Are they liked or not in Southwell? * * * * * I wish Boatswain had *swallowed* Damon! How is Bran? by the immortal gods, Bran ought to be a *Count* of the *Holy Roman Empire*.

The intelligence of London cannot be interesting to you, who have rusticated all your life—the annals of routs, riots, balls and boxing-matches, cards and crim. cons., parliamentary discussion, political details, masquerades, mechanics, Argyle Street Institution and aquatic races, love and lotteries, Brookes's and Buonaparte, opera-singers and oratorios, wine, women, wax-work, and weathercocks, can't accord with your *insulated* ideas of decorum and other *silly expressions* not inserted in *our vocabulary*.

Oh! Southwell, Southwell, how I rejoice to have left thee, and how I curse the heavy hours I dragged along, for so many months, among the Mohawks who inhabit your kraals!—However, one thing I do not

1. This is probably the third collection of early verse, *Hours of Idleness*, the first collection published with Byron's name (see page 104, *note* 1).

2. B. Crosby & Co., of Stationers' Court, were the London agents of Ridge, the Newark bookseller. Crosby was also the publisher of a magazine called *Monthly Literary Recreations*, in which (July, 1807) appeared a highly laudatory notice of *Hours of Idleness*, and Byron's review of Wordsworth's *Poems* (2 vols. 1807. See Appendix I.), and his "Stanzas to Jessy" (see *Poems*, vol. i. pp. 234–236). These lines were enclosed with the following letter, addressed to "Mr. "Crosby, Stationers' Court:"—

"July 21, 1807.

"SIR,—I have sent according to my promise some Stanzas for "*Literary Recreations*. The insertion I leave to the option of the "Editors. They have never appeared before. I should wish to "know whether they are admitted or not, and when the work will "appear, as I am desirous of a copy.

"Etc., etc.,

"BYRON.

"P.S.—Send your answer when convenient."

regret, which is having *pared off* a sufficient quantity of flesh to enable me to slip into "an eel-skin," and vie with the *slim* beaux of modern times; though I am sorry to say, it seems to be the mode amongst *gentlemen* to grow *fat*, and I am told I am at least fourteen pound below the fashion. However, I *decrease* instead of enlarging, which is extraordinary, as *violent* exercise in London is impracticable; but I attribute the *phenomenon* to our *evening squeezes* at public and private parties. I heard from Ridge this morning (the 14th, my letter was begun yesterday): he says the poems go on as well as can be wished; the seventy-five sent to town are circulated, and a demand for fifty more complied with, the day he dated his epistle, though the advertisements are not yet half published. Adieu.

P.S.—Lord Carlisle, on receiving my poems, sent, before he opened the book, a tolerably handsome letter:[1] —I have not heard from him since. His opinions I neither know nor care about: if he is the least insolent, I shall enrol him with *Butler* and the other worthies. He is in Yorkshire, poor man! and very ill! He said he had not had time to read the contents, but thought it necessary to acknowledge the receipt of the volume immediately. Perhaps the Earl "*bears no brother near the throne*,"—*if so*, I will make his *sceptre* totter *in his hands*.—Adieu!

1. "MY DEAR LORD,—Your letter of yesterday found me an "invalid, and unable to do justice to your poems by a dilligent [*sic*] "perusal of them. In the meantime I take the first occasion to "thank you for sending them to me, and to express a sincere satis- "faction in finding you employ your leisure in such occupations. "Be not disconcerted if the reception of your works should not be "that you may have a right to look for from the public. Persevere, "whatever that reception may be, and tho' the Public may be found "very fastidious, . . . you will stand better with the world than "others who only pursue their studies in Bond St. or at Tatershall's.

"Believe me to be, yours most sincerely,

"CARLISLE.

"July 8th, 1807."

77.—To John Hanson.

July 20th, 1807.

SIR,—Your proposal to make Mrs. Byron my *Treasurer* is very kind, but does not meet with my approbation. Mrs. Byron has already made more *free* with my *funds* than suits my convenience & I do not chuse to expose her to the Danger of Temptation.

Things will therefore stand as they are; the remedy would be worse than the Disease.

I wish you would order your Drafts payable to me and not Mrs. B. This is worse than Hannibal Higgins;[1] who the Devil could suppose that any Body would have mistaken him for a *real personage*? & what earthly consequence could it be whether the Blank in the Draft was filled up with *Wilkins*, *Tomkyns*, *Simkins*, *Wiggins*, *Spriggins*, *Jiggins*, or *Higgins*? If I had put in *James Johnson* you would not have demurred, & why object to Hannibal Higgins? particularly after his *respectable Endorsements*. As to Business, I make no pretensions to a Knowledge of any thing but a Greek Grammer or a Racing Calendar; but if the *Quintessence* of information on that head consists in unnecessary & unpleasant delays, explanations, rebuffs, retorts, repartees, & recriminations, the House of H. & B. stands pre-eminent in the profession, as from the Bottom of his Soul testifies

Yours, etc., etc.,

BYRON.

P.S.—Will you dine with me on Sunday Tête a Tête

1. The point of the allusion is that Byron had endorsed one of Hanson's drafts with the name of "Hannibal Higgins," and had been solemnly warned of the consequences of so tampering with the dignity of the law.

at six o'clock? I should be happy to see you before, but my Engagements will not permit me, as on Wednesday I go to the House. I shall have Hargreaves & his Brother on some day after you; I don't like to annoy Children with the *formal* Faces of *legal* papas.

78.—To Elizabeth Bridget Pigot.

August 2, 1807.

London begins to disgorge its contents—town is empty—consequently I can scribble at leisure, as occupations are less numerous. In a fortnight I shall depart to fulfil a country engagement; but expect two epistles from you previous to that period. Ridge does not proceed rapidly in Notts—very possible. In town things wear a more promising aspect, and a man whose works are praised by *reviewers*, admired by *duchesses*, and sold by every bookseller of the metropolis, does not dedicate much consideration to *rustic readers*. I have now a review before me, entitled *Literary Recreations*[1] where my *bardship* is applauded far beyond my deserts. I know nothing of the critic, but think *him* a very discerning gentleman, and *myself* a devilish *clever* fellow. His critique pleases me particularly, because it is of great length, and a proper quantum of censure is administered, just to give an agreeable *relish* to the praise. You know I hate insipid, unqualified, common-place compliment. If you would wish to see it, order the 13th Number of *Literary Recreations* for the last month. I assure you I have not the most distant idea of the writer of the article—it is printed in a periodical publication—and though I have written a paper (a review of Wordsworth), which appears in the same work, I am ignorant of every

1. See page 137, *note* 2.

other person concerned in it—even the editor, whose name I have not heard. My cousin, Lord Alexander Gordon, who resided in the same hotel, told me his mother, her Grace of Gordon,[1] requested he would introduce my *Poetical* Lordship to her *Highness*, as she had bought my volume, admired it exceedingly, in common with the rest of the fashionable world, and wished to claim her relationship with the author. I was unluckily engaged on an excursion for some days afterwards; and, as the Duchess was on the eve of departing for Scotland, I have postponed my introduction till the winter, when I shall favour the lady, *whose taste I shall not dispute*, with my most sublime and edifying conversation. She is now in the Highlands, and Alexander took his departure, a few days ago, for the same *blessed* seat of "*dark rolling* "*winds*."

Crosby, my London publisher, has disposed of his

1. The Duchess of Gordon (1748–1812), *née* Jean Maxwell of Monreith, daughter of Sir W. Maxwell, Bart., married in 1767 the Duke of Gordon. The most successful matchmaker of the age, she married three of her daughters to three dukes—Manchester, Richmond, and Bedford. A fourth daughter was Lady Mandalina Sinclair, afterwards, by a second marriage, Lady Mandalina Palmer. A fifth was married to Lord Cornwallis (see the extraordinary story told in the *Recollections of Samuel Rogers*, pp. 145–146). According to Wraxall (*Posthumous Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 319), she schemed to secure Pitt for her daughter Lady Charlotte, and Eugène Beauharnais for Lady Georgiana, afterwards Duchess of Bedford. Cyrus Redding (*Memoirs of William Beckford*, vol. ii. pp. 337–339) describes her attack upon the owner of Fonthill, where she stayed upwards of a week, magnificently entertained, without once seeing the wary master of the house.

She was also the social leader of the Tories, and her house in Pall Mall, rented from the Duke of Buckingham, was the meeting-place of the party. Malcontents accused her of using her power tyrannically:—

"Not Gordon's broad and brawny Grace,
The last new Woman in the Place
With more contempt could blast."

Pandolfo Attonito (1800).

Lord Alexander Gordon died in 1808.

second importation, and has sent to Ridge for a *third*—at least so he says. In every bookseller's window I see my *own name*, and *say nothing*, but enjoy my fame in secret. My last reviewer kindly requests me to alter my determination of writing no more: and "A Friend to the "Cause of Literature" begs I will *gratify* the *public* with some new work "at no very distant period." Who would not be a bard?—that is to say, if all critics would be so polite. However, the others will pay me off, I doubt not, for this *gentle* encouragement. If so, have at 'em? By the by, I have written at my intervals of leisure, after two in the morning, 380 lines in blank verse, of Bosworth Field. I have luckily got Hutton's account.[1] I shall extend the poem to eight or ten books, and shall have finished it in a year. Whether it will be published or not must depend on circumstances. So much for *egotism!* My *laurels* have turned my brain, but the *cooling acids* of forthcoming criticism will probably restore me to *modesty*.

Southwell is a damned place—I have done with it—at least in all probability; excepting yourself, I esteem no one within its precincts. You were my only *rational* companion; and in plain truth, I had more respect for you than the whole *bevy*, with whose foibles I amused myself in compliance with their prevailing propensities. You gave yourself more trouble with me and my manuscripts than a thousand *dolls* would have done.

1. William Hutton (1723–1815), a Birmingham bookseller, who took to literature and became a voluminous writer of poems, and of topographical works which still have their value. In his *Trip to Rædcar and Coatham* (Preface, p. vi.) he says, "I took up my pen "at the advanced age of fifty-six. . . . I drove the quill thirty "years, during which time I wrote and published thirty books." *The Battle of Bosworth Field* was published in 1788. A new edition, with additions by John Nichols, appeared in 1813. Byron's poem was never published.

Believe me, I have not forgotten your good nature in *this circle* of *sin*, and one day I trust I shall be able to evince my gratitude. Adieu.

Yours, etc.

P.S.—Remember me to Dr. P.

79.—To Elizabeth Bridget Pigot.

London, August 11, 1807.

On Sunday next I set off for the Highlands.[1] A friend of mine accompanies me in my carriage to Edinburgh. There we shall leave it, and proceed in a *tandem* (a species of open carriage) through the western passes to Inverary, where we shall purchase *shelties*, to enable us to view places inaccessible to *vehicular conveyances*. On the coast we shall hire a vessel, and visit the most remarkable of the Hebrides; and, if we have time and favourable weather, mean to sail as far as Iceland, only 300 miles from the northern extremity of Caledonia, to peep at *Hecla*. This last intention you will keep a secret, as my nice *mamma* would imagine I was on a Voyage of *Discovery*, and raised the accustomed *maternal warwhoop*.

Last week I swam in the Thames from Lambeth through the two bridges, Westminster and Blackfriars, a distance, including the different turns and tracks made on the way, of three miles![2] You see I am in excellent

1. This projected trip to the Highlands, mentioned in his letter to Augusta Byron of August 30, 1805, seems to have become a joke among Byron's friends. Moore quotes (*Life*, p. 56) a letter written by Miss Pigot to her brother: "How can you ask if Lord B. is "going to visit the Highlands in the summer? Why, don't *you* "know that he never knows his own mind for ten minutes together? "I tell him he is as fickle as the winds, and as uncertain as the "waves."

2. "The first time I saw Lord Byron," says Leigh Hunt (*Lord*

training in case of a *squall* at sea. I mean to collect all the Erse traditions, poems, etc., etc., and translate, or expand the subject to fill a volume, which may appear next spring under the denomination of "*The Highland* "*Harp*," or some title equally *picturesque*. Of Bosworth Field, one book is finished, another just began. It will be a work of three or four years, and most probably never *conclude*. What would you say to some stanzas on Mount Hecla? they would be written at least with *fire*. How is the immortal Bran? and the Phœnix of canine quadrupeds, Boatswain? I have lately purchased a thorough-bred bull-dog, worthy to be the coadjutor of the aforesaid celestials—his name is *Smut!*—"Bear it, ye "breezes, on your *balmy* wings."

Write to me before I set off, I conjure you, by the fifth rib of your grandfather. Ridge goes on well with the books—I thought that worthy had not done much in the country. In town they have been very successful; Carpenter (Moore's publisher) told me a few days ago they sold all their's immediately, and had several enquiries made since, which, from the books being gone, they could not supply. The Duke of York, the Marchioness of Headfort, the Duchess of Gordon, etc., etc., were among the purchasers; and Crosby says the circulation will be still more extensive in the winter, the summer season being very bad for a sale, as most people are

Byron and his Contemporaries, p. 1), "he was rehearsing the part "of Leander, under the auspices of Mr. Jackson the prize-fighter. "It was in the river Thames, before he went to Greece. I had "been bathing, and was standing on the floating machine adjusting "my clothes, when I noticed a respectable-looking manly person "who was eyeing something at a distance. This was Mr. Jackson "waiting for his pupil. The latter was swimming with some-"body for a wager." On this occasion, however, Hunt only saw "his Lordship's head bob up and down in the water, like a "buoy."

absent from London. However, they have gone off extremely well altogether. I shall pass very near you on my journey through Newark, but cannot approach. Don't tell this to Mrs. B, who supposes I travel a different road. If you have a letter, order it to be left at Ridge's shop, where I shall call, or the post-office, Newark, about six or eight in the evening. If your brother would ride over, I should be devilish glad to see him—he can return the same night, or sup with us and go home the next morning—the Kingston Arms is my inn. Adieu.

Yours ever,

BYRON.

80.—To John Hanson.

Dorant's Hotel, October 19th, 1807.

DEAR HANSON,—I will thank you to disburse the quarter due as soon as possible, for I am at this moment contemplating with woeful visage, one *solitary Guinea*, *two bad sixpences* and a shilling, being *all* the *cash* at present in possession of

Yours very truly,

BYRON.

81.—To Elizabeth Bridget Pigot.

Trinity College, Cambridge, October 26, 1807.

MY DEAR ELIZABETH,—Fatigued with sitting up till four in the morning for the last two days at hazard, I take up my pen to inquire how your highness and the rest of my female acquaintance at the seat of archiepiscopal grandeur go on. I know I deserve a scolding for my negligence in not writing more frequently; but racing

up and down the country for these last three months, how was it possible to fulfil the duties of a correspondent? Fixed at last for six weeks, I write, as *thin* as ever (not having gained an ounce since my reduction), and rather in better humour;—but, after all, Southwell was a detestable residence. Thank St. Dominica, I have done with it: I have been twice within eight miles of it, but could not prevail on myself to *suffocate* in its heavy atmosphere. This place is wretched enough—a villainous chaos of din and drunkenness, nothing but hazard and burgundy, hunting, mathematics, and Newmarket, riot and racing. Yet it is a paradise compared with the eternal dulness of Southwell. Oh! the misery of doing nothing but make *love*, *enemies*, and *verses*.

Next January (but this is *entre nous only*, and pray let it be so, or my maternal persecutor will be throwing her tomahawk at any of my curious projects,) I am going to *sea* for four or five months, with my cousin Captain Bettesworth,[1] who commands the *Tartar*, the finest frigate in the navy. I have seen most scenes, and wish to look at a naval life. We are going probably to the Mediterranean, or to the West Indies, or—to the devil; and if there is a possibility of taking me to the latter, Bettesworth will do it; for he has received four and twenty wounds in different places, and at this moment possesses a letter from the late Lord Nelson, stating Bettesworth as

1. George Edmund Byron Bettesworth (1780–1808), as lieutenant of the *Centaur*, was wounded (1804) in the capture of the *Curieux*. In command of the latter vessel he captured the *Dame Ernouf* (1805), and was again wounded. He was made a post-captain in the latter year, when he brought home despatches from Nelson at Antigua, announcing Villeneuve's return to Europe. He was killed off Bergen in 1808, while in command of the *Tartar*. Captain Bettesworth, whose father assumed the name of Bettesworth in addition to that of Trevanion, married, in 1807, Lady Alethea Grey, daughter of Earl Grey. Through his grandmother, Sophia Trevanion, Byron was Captain Bettesworth's cousin.

the only officer in the navy who had more wounds than himself.

I have got a new friend, the finest in the world, a *tame bear*.[1] When I brought him here, they asked me what I meant to do with him, and my reply was, "he "should *sit for a fellowship*." Sherard will explain the meaning of the sentence, if it is ambiguous. This answer delighted them not. We have several parties here, and this evening a large assortment of jockeys, gamblers, boxers, authors, parsons, and poets, sup with me,—a precious mixture, but they go on well together; and for me, I am a *spice* of every thing except a jockey; by the bye, I was dismounted again the other day.

Thank your brother in my name for his treatise. I have written 214 pages of a novel—one poem of 380 lines,[2] to be published (without my name) in a few weeks, with notes,—560 lines of Bosworth Field, and 250 lines of another poem in rhyme, besides half a dozen smaller pieces. The poem to be published is a Satire. *Apropos*, I have been praised to the skies in the *Critical Review*,[3] and abused greatly in another publication.[4] So much the better, they tell me, for the sale of the book: it keeps up controversy, and prevents it being forgotten. Besides, the first men of all ages have had their share, nor do the humblest escape;—so I bear it like a

1. See *Poems*, vol. i. p. 406.

2. This poem, printed in book form, but not published, under the title of *British Bards*, is the foundation of *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers*. The MS. is in the possession of Mr. Murray.

3. For September, 1807. In noticing the Elegy on Newstead Abbey, the writer says, "We could not but hail, with something "of prophetic rapture, the hope conveyed in the closing stanza:—

> "'Haply thy sun, emerging, yet may shine,
> Thee to irradiate with meridian ray.'"

4. The first number of *The Satirist: A Monthly Meteor* (October, 1807).

philosopher. It is odd two opposite critiques came out on the same day, and out of five pages of abuse, my censor only quotes *two lines* from different poems, in support of his opinion. Now, the proper way to *cut up*, is to quote long passages, and make them appear absurd, because simple allegation is no proof. On the other hand, there are seven pages of praise, and more than *my modesty* will allow said on the subject. Adieu.

P.S.—Write, write, write !!!

82.—To J. Ridge.

Trinity College, Cambridge, November 20, 1807.

SIR,—I am happy to hear every thing goes on so well, and I presume you will soon commence, though I am still of opinion the first Edition had better be entirely sold, before you risk the printing of a second. As Curly recommends fine wove Foolscap, let it be used, and I will order a design in London for a plate, my own portrait would perhaps be best, but as that would take up so long a time in completing we will substitute probably a view of Harrow,[1] or Newstead in its stead.

You will omit the poems mentioned below:

Omit.
- Stanzas on a view of Harrow.
- To a Quaker.
- The First Kiss of Love.
- College Examinations.
- Lines to the Rev. J. T. Becher.

To be inserted, not exactly in the place, but in different parts of the volume, I will send you five poems never yet published. Two of tolerable length, at least much longer than any of the above, which are ordered to be omitted.

1. A view of Harrow was given.

Mention in your answer when you would like to receive the manuscripts that they may be sent. By the bye, I must have the proofs of the Manuscripts sent to Cambridge as they occur; the proofs from the printed copy you can manage with care, if Mr. Becher will assist you. Attend to the list of *Errata*, that we may not have a *Second Edition* of them also.

The Preface we have done with, perhaps I may send an Advertisement, a dedication shall be forthcoming in due Season.

You will send a proof of the first Sheet for Inspection, and soon too, for I am about to set out for London next week. If I remain there any time, I shall apprize you where to send the Manuscript Proofs.

Do you think the others will be sold before the next are ready, what says Curly? remember I have advised you not to risk it a second time, and it is not too late to retract. However, you must abide by your own discretion:

Etc., etc.

BYRON.

P.S.—You will print from the Copy I sent you with the alterations, pray attend to these, and be careful of mistakes. In my last I gave you directions concerning the Title page and Mottoes.

83.—To John Hanson.

Trin. Coll., Cambridge, Dec. 2nd, 1807.

MY DEAR SIR,—I hope to take my New Years Day dinner with you *en famille*. Tell Hargreaves I will bring his Blackstones, and shall have no objection to see my Daniel's *Field Sports*, if they have not escaped his recollection.—I certainly wish the expiration of my

minority as much as you do, though for a reason more nearly affecting my magisterial person at this moment, namely, the want of twenty pounds, for no spendthrift peer, or unlucky poet, was ever less indebted to *Cash* than George Gordon is at present, or is more likely to continue in the same predicament.—My present quarter due on the 25th was drawn long ago, and I must be obliged to you for the loan of twenty on my next, to be deducted when the whole becomes tangible, that is, probably, some months after it is exhausted. Reserve Murray's quarter,[1] of course, and I shall have just 100*l.* to receive at Easter, but if the risk of my demand is too great, inform me, that I may if possible convert my Title into cash, though I am afraid twenty pounds will be too much to ask as Times go, if I were an Earl . . . but a Barony must fetch ten, perhaps fifteen, and that is something when we have not as many pence. Your answer will oblige

Yours very truly,

BYRON.

P.S.—Remember me to Mrs. H. in particular, and the family in general.

84.—To John Murray.[2]

Ravenna, 9bre 19, 1820.

What you said of the late Charles Skinner Matthews[3] has set me to my recollections; but I have not been able

1. Joe Murray. (See page 21, *note* 3.)

2. This letter, though written twelve years later, belongs to the Cambridge period of Byron's life. It is therefore introduced here. (For John Murray, see *note* to letter to R. C. Dallas of August 21, 1811.)

3. Charles Skinner Matthews was known at Eton as Matthews *major*, his *minor* being his brother Henry, the author of *The Diary of an Invalid*, afterwards a Judge in the Supreme Court of Ceylon, who died in 1828. They were the sons of John Matthews of Belmont, Herefordshire, M.P. for that county (1802-6). C. S.

to turn up any thing which would do for the purposed Memoir of his brother,—even if he had previously done enough during his life to sanction the introduction of anecdotes so merely personal. He was, however, a very extraordinary man, and would have been a great one. No one ever succeeded in a more surpassing degree than he did as far as he went. He was indolent, too; but whenever he stripped, he overthrew all antagonists. His conquests will be found registered at Cambridge, particularly his *Downing* one, which was hotly and highly contested, and yet easily *won*. Hobhouse was his most intimate friend, and can tell you more of him than any man. William Bankes[1] also a great deal. I myself recollect more of his oddities than of his academical qualities, for we lived most together at a very idle period of *my* life. When I went up to Trinity, in 1805, at the age of seventeen and a half, I was miserable and untoward to a degree. I was wretched at leaving Harrow, to which I had become attached during the two last years of my stay there; wretched at going to Cambridge instead of Oxford (there were no rooms vacant at Christchurch); wretched from some private domestic circumstances of

Matthews became a Scholar of Trinity, Cambridge; Ninth Wrangler in 1805; First Members' Prizeman in 1807; Fellow of Downing in 1808. He was drowned in the Cam in August, 1811. He at the time contemplated standing as Member for the University of Cambridge. For a description of the accident, see letter from Henry Drury to Francis Hodgson (*Life of the Rev. Francis Hodgson*, vol. i. pp. 182–185). In the note to *Childe Harold*, Canto I. stanza xci., Byron speaks of Matthews: "I should have ventured a verse "to the memory of the late Charles Skinner Matthews, Fellow of "Downing College, Cambridge, were he not too much above all "praise of mine. His powers of mind, shown in the attainment of "greater honours, against the ablest candidates, than those of any "graduate on record at Cambridge, have sufficiently established his "fame on the spot where it was acquired; while his softer qualities "live in the recollection of friends who loved him too well to envy "his superiority."

1. See page 120, *note* 1.

different kinds, and consequently about as unsocial as a wolf taken from the troop. So that, although I knew Matthews, and met him often *then* at Bankes's, (who was my collegiate pastor, and master, and patron,) and at Rhode's, Milnes's, Price's, Dick's, Macnamara's, Farrell's, Gally Knight's, and others of that *set* of contemporaries, yet I was neither intimate with him nor with any one else, except my old schoolfellow Edward Long [1] (with whom I used to pass the day in riding and swimming), and William Bankes, who was good-naturedly tolerant of my ferocities.

It was not till 1807, after I had been upwards of a year away from Cambridge, to which I had returned again to *reside* for my degree, that I became one of Matthews's familiars, by means of Hobhouse,[2] who, after hating me for two years, because I wore a *white hat*, and a *grey* coat, and rode a *grey* horse (as he says himself), took me into his good graces because I had written some poetry. I had always lived a good deal, and got drunk occasionally, in their company—but now we became really friends in a morning. Matthews, however, was not at this period resident in College. I met *him* chiefly in London, and at uncertain periods at Cambridge. Hobhouse, in the mean time, did great things: he founded the Cambridge "Whig Club" (which he seems to have forgotten), and the "Amicable Society," which was dissolved in consequence of the members constantly quarrelling, and made himself very popular with "us "youth," and no less formidable to all tutors, professors, and heads of Colleges. William Bankes was gone; while he stayed, he ruled the roast—or rather the *roasting*—and was father of all mischiefs.

1. See page 73, *note* 2.
2. See page 163, *note* 1.

Matthews and I, meeting in London, and elsewhere, became great cronies. He was not good tempered—nor am I—but with a little tact his temper was manageable, and I thought him so superior a man, that I was willing to sacrifice something to his humours, which were often, at the same time, amusing and provoking. What became of his *papers* (and he certainly had many), at the time of his death, was never known. I mention this by the way, fearing to skip it over, and *as* he *wrote* remarkably well, both in Latin and English. We went down to Newstead together,[1] where I had got a famous cellar, and *Monks'*

1. Of this visit to Newstead, Matthews wrote the following account to his sister :—

"London, May 22, 1809.

"MY DEAR ——,—I must begin with giving you a few particulars of the singular place which I have lately quitted.

"Newstead Abbey is situate 136 miles from London,—four on this side Mansfield. It is so fine a piece of antiquity, that I should think there must be a description, and, perhaps, a picture of it in Grose. The ancestors of its present owner came into possession of it at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries,—but the building itself is of a much earlier date. Though sadly fallen to decay, it is still completely an *abbey*, and most part of it is still standing in the same state as when it was first built. There are two tiers of cloisters, with a variety of cells and rooms about them, which, though not inhabited, nor in an inhabitable state, might easily be made so; and many of the original rooms, amongst which is a fine stone hall, are still in use. Of the abbey church only one end remains; and the old kitchen, with a long range of apartments, is reduced to a heap of rubbish. Leading from the abbey to the modern part of the habitation is a noble room, seventy feet in length, and twenty-three in breadth; but every part of the house displays neglect and decay, save those which the present Lord has lately fitted up.

"The house and gardens are entirely surrounded by a wall with battlements. In front is a large lake, bordered here and there with castellated buildings, the chief of which stands on an eminence at the further extremity of it. Fancy all this surrounded with bleak and barren hills, with scarce a tree to be seen for miles, except a solitary clump or two, and you will have some idea of Newstead. For the late Lord, being at enmity with his son, to whom the estate was secured by entail, resolved, out of spite to the same, that the estate should descend to him in as miserable a plight as he could possibly reduce it to; for which cause, he

dresses from a masquerade warehouse. We were a company of some seven or eight, with an occasional neighbour

"took no care of the mansion, and fell to lopping of every tree he "could lay his hands on, so furiously, that he reduced immense "tracts of woodland country to the desolate state I have just "described. However, his son died before him, so that all his rage "was thrown away.

"So much for the place, concerning which I have thrown together "these few particulars, meaning my account to be, like the place "itself, without any order or connection. But if the place itself "appear rather strange to you, the ways of the inhabitants will not "appear much less so. Ascend, then, with me the hall steps, that "I may introduce you to my Lord and his visitants. But have a "care how you proceed; be mindful to go there in broad daylight, "and with your eyes about you. For, should you make any blunder, "—should you go to the right of the hall steps, you are laid hold of "by a bear; and should you go to the left, your case is still worse, "for you run full against a wolf!—Nor, when you have attained the "door, is your danger over; for the hall being decayed, and there-"fore standing in need of repair, a bevy of inmates are very probably "banging at one end of it with their pistols; so that if you enter "without giving loud notice of your approach, you have only "escaped the wolf and the bear to expire by the pistol-shots of the "merry monks of Newstead.

"Our party consisted of Lord Byron and four others, and was, "now and then, increased by the presence of a neighbouring parson. "As for our way of living, the order of the day was generally this: "—for breakfast we had no set hour, but each suited his own con-"venience,—every thing remaining on the table till the whole party "had done; though had one wished to breakfast at the early hour "of ten, one would have been rather lucky to find any of the ser-"vants up. Our average hour of rising was one. I, who generally "got up between eleven and twelve, was always,—even when an "invalid,—the first of the party, and was esteemed a prodigy of "early rising. It was frequently past two before the breakfast "party broke up. Then, for the amusements of the morning, there "was reading, fencing, single-stick, or shuttle-cock, in the great "room; practising with pistols in the hall; walking—riding—cricket "—sailing on the lake, playing with the bear, or teasing the wolf. "Between seven and eight we dined; and our evening lasted from "that time till one, two, or three in the morning. The evening "diversions may be easily conceived.

"I must not omit the custom of handing round, after dinner, on "the removal of the cloth, a human skull filled with burgundy. "After revelling on choice viands, and the finest wines of France, "we adjourned to tea, where we amused ourselves with reading, or "improving conversation,—each, according to his fancy,—and, after "sandwiches, etc., retired to rest. A set of monkish dresses, which "had been provided, with all the proper apparatus of crosses, beads,

or so for visiters, and used to sit up late in our friars' dresses, drinking burgundy, claret, champagne, and what not, out of the *skull-cup*, and all sorts of glasses, and buffooning all round the house, in our conventual garments.[1] Matthews always denominated me "the Abbot," and never called me by any other name in his good humours, to the day of his death. The harmony of these our symposia was somewhat interrupted, a few days after our assembling, by Matthews's threatening to throw Hobhouse out of a *window*, in consequence of I know not what commerce of jokes ending in this epigram. Hobhouse came to me and said, that "his respect and "regard for me as host would not permit him to call out "any of my guests, and that he should go to town next "morning." He did. It was in vain that I represented

"tonsures, etc., often gave a variety to our appearance, and to our "pursuits.

"You may easily imagine how chagrined I was at being ill nearly "the first half of the time I was there. But I was led into a very "different reflection from that of Dr. Swift, who left Pope's house "without ceremony, and afterwards informed him, by letter, that it "was impossible for two sick friends to live together; for I found "my shivering and invalid frame so perpetually annoyed by the "thoughtless and tumultuous health of every one about me, that "I heartily wished every soul in the house to be as ill as myself.

"The journey back I performed on foot, together with another "of the guests. We walked about twenty-five miles a day; but "were a week on the road, from being detained by the rain.

"So here I close my account of an expedition which has some-"what extended my knowledge of this country. And where do "you think I am going next? To Constantinople!—at least, such "an excursion has been proposed to me. Lord B. and another "friend of mine are going thither next month, and have asked me "to join the party; but it seems to be but a wild scheme, and "requires twice thinking upon.

"Addio, my dear I., yours very affectionately,

"C. S. MATTHEWS."

1. A joke, related by Hobhouse, reminds us of the youth of the party. In the Long Gallery at Newstead was placed a stone coffin, from which, as he passed down the Gallery at night, he heard a groan proceeding. On going nearer, a cowled figure rose from the coffin and blew out the candle. It was Matthews.

to him that the window was not high, and that the turf under it was particularly soft. Away he went.

Matthews and myself had travelled down from London together, talking all the way incessantly upon one single topic. When we got to Loughborough, I know not what chasm had made us diverge for a moment to some other subject, at which he was indignant. "Come," said he, "don't let us break through—let us go on as we began, "to our journey's end;" and so he continued, and was as entertaining as ever to the very end. He had previously occupied, during my year's absence from Cambridge, my rooms in Trinity, with the furniture; and Jones,[1] the tutor, in his odd way, had said, on putting him in, "Mr. "Matthews, I recommend to your attention not to damage "any of the moveables, for Lord Byron, Sir, is a young man "of *tumultuous passions*." Matthews was delighted with this; and whenever anybody came to visit him, begged them to handle the very door with caution; and used to repeat Jones's admonition in his tone and manner. There was a large mirror in the room, on which he remarked, "that he thought his friends were grown un- "commonly assiduous in coming to *see him*, but he soon "discovered that they only came to *see themselves*." Jones's phrase of "*tumultuous passions*," and the whole scene, had put him into such good humour, that I verily believe that I owed to it a portion of his good graces.

When at Newstead, somebody by accident rubbed against one of his white silk stockings, one day before dinner; of course the gentleman apologised. "Sir," answered Matthews, "it may be all very well for you, "who have a great many silk stockings, to dirty other "people's; but to me, who have only this *one pair*, which I "have put on in honour of the Abbot here, no apology can

1. The Rev. Thomas Jones. (See page 79, *note* 1.)

"compensate for such carelessness; besides, the expense of "washing." He had the same sort of droll sardonic way about every thing. A wild Irishman, named Farrell, one evening began to say something at a large supper at Cambridge, Matthews roared out "Silence!" and then, pointing to Farrell, cried out, in the words of the oracle, "*Orson is endowed with reason.*" You may easily suppose that Orson lost what reason he had acquired, on hearing this compliment. When Hobhouse published his volume of poems, the *Miscellany* (which Matthews *would* call the "*Miss-sell-any*"), all that could be drawn from him was, that the preface was "extremely like *Walsh*." Hobhouse thought this at first a compliment; but we never could make out what it was,[1] for all we know of *Walsh* is his Ode to King William,[2] and Pope's epithet of "*knowing Walsh*."[3] When the Newstead party broke up for London, Hobhouse and Matthews, who were the greatest friends possible, agreed, for a whim, to *walk together* to town. They quarrelled by the way, and actually walked the latter half of the journey, occasionally passing and repassing, without speaking. When Matthews had got to Highgate, he had spent all his money but

1. The only thing remarkable about Walsh's preface is that Dr. Johnson praises it as "very judicious," but is, at the same time, silent respecting the poems to which it is prefixed (Moore).

2. No "Ode" under this title is to be found in Walsh's Poems. Byron had, no doubt, in mind *The Golden Age Restored*—a composition in which, says Dr. Johnson, "there was something of "humour, while the facts were recent; but it now strikes no longer."

3. "——— Granville the polite,
And *knowing Walsh*, would tell me I could write."

"About fifteen," says Pope, "I got acquainted with Mr. Walsh. "He used to encourage me much, and tell me, that there was one "way left of excelling: for though we had several great poets, we "never had any one great poet that was correct; and he desired me "to make that my study and aim" (Spence's *Anecdotes*, edit. 1820, p. 280).

three-pence halfpenny, and determined to spend that also in a pint of beer, which I believe he was drinking before a public-house, as Hobhouse passed him (still without speaking) for the last time on their route. They were reconciled in London again.

One of Matthews's passions was "the fancy;" and he sparred uncommonly well. But he always got beaten in rows, or combats with the bare fist. In swimming, too, he swam well; but with *effort* and *labour*, and *too high* out of the water; so that Scrope Davies[1] and myself, of whom he was therein somewhat emulous, always told him that he would be drowned if ever he came to a difficult pass in the water. He was so; but surely Scrope and myself would have been most heartily glad that

> "the Dean had lived,
> And our prediction proved a lie."

His head was uncommonly handsome, very like what *Pope's* was in his youth.

His voice, and laugh, and features, are strongly resembled by his brother Henry's, if Henry be *he* of *King's College*. His passion for boxing was so great, that he actually wanted me to match him with Dogherty[2] (whom I had backed and made the match for against Tom Belcher[3]), and I saw them spar together at my own

1. See page 165, *note* 2.

2. Dan Dogherty, Irish champion (1806–11), came into notice as a pugilist in 1806. He was beaten by Belcher in April, 1808, near the Rubbing House on Epsom Downs, and again on the Curragh of Kildare, in 1813, in thirty-five minutes, after twenty-six rounds.

3. Tom Belcher (1783–1854), younger brother of Jem Belcher the champion, fought and won his first fight in London, in 1804, against Warr. The fight took place in Tothill Fields, Westminster. Twice beaten by Dutch Sam (Elias Samuel), in 1806 and 1807, he never held the championship, which a man of his height (5 ft. 9 ins.) and weight (10 st. 12 lbs.) could scarcely hope to win. But he repeatedly established the superiority of art over strength, and was one of the most popular and respectable pugilists of the day. Under

lodgings with the gloves on. As he was bent upon it, I would have backed Dogherty to please him, but the match went off. It was of course to have been a private fight, in a private room.

On one occasion, being too late to go home and dress, he was equipped by a friend (Mr. Baillie, I believe,) in a magnificently fashionable and somewhat exaggerated shirt and neckcloth. He proceeded to the Opera, and took his station in Fop's Alley. During the interval between the opera and the ballet, an acquaintance took his station by him and saluted him: "Come round," said Matthews, "come round." — "Why should I come "round?" said the other; "you have only to turn your "head—I am close by you."—"That is exactly what I "cannot do," said Matthews; "don't you see the state I am "in?" pointing to his buckram shirt collar and inflexible cravat,—and there he stood with his head always in the same perpendicular position during the whole spectacle.

One evening, after dining together, as we were going to the Opera, I happened to have a spare Opera ticket (as subscriber to a box), and presented it to Matthews. "Now, sir," said he to Hobhouse afterwards, "this I call "*courteous* in the Abbot—another man would never have "thought that I might do better with half a guinea than "throw it to a door-keeper;—but here is a man not only "asks me to dinner, but gives me a ticket for the theatre." These were only his oddities, for no man was more liberal, or more honourable in all his doings and dealings, than Matthews. He gave Hobhouse and me, before we set out for Constantinople, a most splendid entertainment, to which we did ample justice. One of his fancies was dining at all sorts of out-of-the-way places. Somebody

his management the Castle Tavern at Holborn, in which he succeeded Gregson (page 207, *note* 1), was the head-quarters of pugilism.

popped upon him in I know not what coffee-house in the Strand—and what do you think was the attraction? Why, that he paid a shilling (I think) to *dine with his hat on.* This he called his "*hat* house," and used to boast of the comfort of being covered at meal times.

When Sir Henry Smith[1] was expelled from Cambridge for a row with a tradesman named "Hiron," Matthews solaced himself with shouting under Hiron's windows every evening,

> "Ah me! what perils do environ
> The man who meddles with *hot Hiron.*"

He was also of that band of profane scoffers who, under the auspices of * * * *, used to rouse Lort Mansel (late Bishop of Bristol) from his slumbers in the lodge of Trinity; and when he appeared at the window foaming with wrath, and crying out, "I know you, gentlemen, I "know you!" were wont to reply, "We beseech thee to "hear us, good *Lort!*"—"Good *Lort* deliver us!" (Lort was his christian name.) As he was very free in his speculations upon all kinds of subjects, although by no means either dissolute or intemperate in his conduct, and as I was no less independent, our conversation and correspondence used to alarm our friend Hobhouse to a considerable degree.

You must be almost tired of my packets, which will have cost a mint of postage.

Salute Gifford and all my friends.

Yours, etc.

1. Sir Henry Smyth, Baronet, of Trinity Hall, A.M. 1805, was found between eleven and twelve at night, on May 11, 1805, "inciting "to a disturbance" at the shop of a Mrs. Thrower on Market Hill. Other members of the University seem to have been equally guilty. The sentence of the Vice-Chancellor and Heads was "that he be "suspended from his degree and banished from the University." The others were admonished only; so it was clearly considered that Smyth was the ring-leader.

85.—To Henry Drury.[1]

Dorant's Hotel, Jan. 13, 1808.

MY DEAR SIR,—Though the stupidity of my servants, or the porter of the house, in not showing you up stairs (where I should have joined you directly), prevented me the pleasure of seeing you yesterday, I hoped to meet you at some public place in the evening. However, my stars decreed otherwise, as they generally do, when I have any favour to request of them. I think you would have been surprised at my figure, for, since our last meeting, I am reduced four stone in weight. I then weighed fourteen stone seven pound, and now only *ten stone and a half*. I have disposed of my *superfluities* by means of hard exercise and abstinence.

Should your Harrow engagements allow you to visit town between this and February, I shall be most happy to see you in Albemarle Street. If I am not so fortunate, I shall endeavour to join you for an afternoon at Harrow, though, I fear, your cellar will by no means contribute to my cure. As for my worthy preceptor, Dr. B.,[2] our encounter would by no means prevent the *mutual endearments* he and I were wont to lavish on each other. We have only spoken once since my departure from Harrow in 1805, and then he politely told Tatersall[3] I was not a proper associate for his pupils. This was long before my strictures in verse; but, in plain *prose*, had I been some years older, I should have held my tongue on his perfections. But, being laid on my back, when that schoolboy thing was written—or rather dictated—expecting to rise no more, my physician having taken his

1. See page 12, *note* 1; and page 41, *note* 2.
2. Dr. Butler, Head-master of Harrow (see page 58, *note* 1).
3. See page 59, *note* 1.

sixteenth fee, and I his prescription, I could not quit this earth without leaving a memento of my constant attachment to Butler in gratitude for his manifold good offices.

I meant to have been down in July; but thinking my appearance, immediately after the publication, would be construed into an insult, I directed my steps elsewhere. Besides, I heard that some of the boys had got hold of my *Libellus*, contrary to my wishes certainly, for I never transmitted a single copy till October, when I gave one to a boy, since gone, after repeated importunities. You will, I trust, pardon this egotism. As you had touched on the subject I thought some explanation necessary. Defence I shall not attempt, *Hic murus aheneus esto, nil conscire sibi*—and "so on" (as Lord Baltimore [1] said on his trial for a rape)—I have been so long at Trinity as to forget the conclusion of the line; but though I cannot finish my quotation, I will my letter, and entreat you to believe me, gratefully and affectionately, etc.

P.S.—I will not lay a tax on your time by requiring an answer, lest you say, as Butler said to Tatersall (when I had written his reverence an impudent epistle on the expression before mentioned), viz. "that I wanted to "draw him into a correspondence."

1. Francis Calvert, seventh Lord Baltimore (1731–1771), was charged with decoying a young milliner, named Sarah Woodcock, to his house, and with rape. On February 12, 1768, he was committed for trial at the Spring assizes, was tried at Kingston, March 26, 1768, and acquitted. The story is the subject of a romance, *Injured Innocence; or the Rape of Sarah Woodcock;* A Tale, by S. J., Esq., of Magdalen College, Oxford. New York (no date). "I thank God," Lord Baltimore is reported to have said, "that I "have had firmness and resolution to meet my accusers face to face, "and provoke an enquiry into my conduct, *Hic murus aheneus esto, "nil conscire sibi"* (*Ann. Register* for 1768, p. 234). His body lay in state at Exeter Change, previous to its interment at Epsom (Leigh Hunt's *The Town*, edit. 1893, p. 191).

86.—To John Cam Hobhouse.[1]

Newstead Abbey, Notts, January 16, 1808.

MY DEAR HOBHOUSE,—I do not know how the *dens*-descended Davies[2] came to mention his having received

1. John Cam Hobhouse (1786-1869), created in 1851 Baron Broughton de Gyfford, was the eldest son of Mr. Benjamin Hobhouse, created a baronet in 1812, and M.P. (from 1797 to 1818) successively for Bletchingley, Grampound, and Hindon. From a school at Bristol, John Cam Hobhouse was sent to Westminster, and thence to Trinity, Cambridge, where he won (1808) the Hulsean Prize for an essay on "Sacrifices," and made acquaintance with Byron, as related in Letter 84. In 1809 he published a poetical miscellany, consisting of sixty-five pieces, under the title of *Imitations and Translations from the Ancient and Modern Classics, together with original Poems never before published* (London, 1809, 8vo). (For Byron's nine contributions, see *Poems*, vol. i., Bibliographical Note.) In 1809–10 he was Byron's travelling companion abroad (see *A Journey through Albania, etc.* London, 1813, 4to).

In 1813 he travelled with Douglas Kinnaird in Sweden, Germany, Austria, and Italy; in 1814 he was at Paris with the allied armies; and in April, 1815, was there again till the second Napoleonic war broke out, returning to witness the second restoration of the Bourbons (see his *Letters written by an Englishman resident in Paris, etc.* Anon., London, 1816, 2 vols., 8vo). During 1814 he was much with Byron in London. He notes going with him to Drury Lane, and being introduced with him to Kean (May 19); dining with him at Lord Tavistock's (June 4); dining with him at Douglas Kinnaird's, to meet Kean (December 14). He was Byron's best man at his marriage at Seaham (January 2, 1815), and it was to him that the bride said, "If I am not happy, it will be my own "fault." He was the last person who shook hands with Byron on Dover pier, when the latter left England in 1816. Later in the same year he was with him at the Villa Diodati, on the Lake of Geneva, and travelled with him to Venice. To him Byron dedicated *The Siege of Corinth*. In the next year he was again with Byron in the Villa La Mira on the banks of the Brenta, and at Venice, where he prepared the commentary on the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*, which Byron dedicated to him. Part of the notes were published separately (*Historical Illustrations, etc.* London, 1818, 8vo).

In 1818 Hobhouse stood for Westminster, but was defeated by George Lamb, the representative of the official Whigs. He was an original member of "The Rota Club," afterwards known as "Harrington's," to which Michael Bruce, Douglas Kinnaird, Scrope Davies, and others belonged, and which Byron, writing from Italy, expressed a wish to join. He had now embarked on political life.

a copy of my epistle to you, but I addressed him and you on the same evening, and being much incensed at

His pamphlet, *A Defence of the People* (1819), was followed in the same year by *A Trifling Mistake*, which was declared by the House of Commons to be a breach of privilege. In consequence, he was committed to Newgate. The death of George III., and the dissolution of Parliament, set him free. He contested Westminster, won the seat with Sir Francis Burdett as his colleague, and represented it for thirteen years. He took the part of Queen Caroline against the Government. At the Queen's funeral (August 7, 1821) he attended the procession which escorted her body (August 13) from Brandenburg House to Harwich, and saw the coffin placed upon the vessel.

His political career was long, independent, useful, and distinguished, and he specially associated himself with such questions as the shortening of the hours for infant labour, the opening up of metropolitan vestries, and the subject of parliamentary reform. In 1832 he was made a Privy Councillor, and became Secretary at War in Lord Grey's Ministry. This post, finding himself unable to effect essential reforms at the War Office, he exchanged for that of Secretary for Ireland (1833); but he resigned both his office and his seat a few weeks later, being opposed to the Government on a question of taxation. In 1834 he joined Lord Melbourne's Government as First Commissioner of Woods and Forests, with a seat in the Cabinet. In Lord Melbourne's second administration, and again in Lord J. Russell's Government of 1846, he was President of the Board of Control. On his retirement from public life, in 1852, he received high recognition of his official services from the Queen, who conferred on him the Grand Cross of the Bath and a peerage. Hobhouse was present at Her Majesty's first Council, and is said to have originated the phrase, "Her Majesty's Opposition."

In 1822 he travelled in Italy (see *Italy: Remarks made in Several Visits from the Year* 1816 *to* 1834. London, 1859, 2 vols., 8vo). There, on September 20, at Pisa, he for the last time saw Byron, whose parting words were, "Hobhouse, you should never have "come, or you should never go." In July, 1824, when Byron's body was brought home, he boarded the *Florida* in Sandgate Creek, and took charge of the funeral ceremonies from Westminster Stairs to the interment at Hucknall Torkard. He prepared an article for the *Quarterly Review*, exposing the absurdities of Medwin's *Conversations* and of Dallas's *Recollections;* but, owing to difficulties with Southey, it was not published. It was the substance of this article which afterwards appeared in the *Westminster Review* in 1825. In 1830 he wrote, but, by Lord Holland's advice, withheld, a refutation of the charges made against the dead poet as to his separation from Lady Byron. He has, however, left on record that it was not fear which induced Byron to agree to the separation, but that, on the contrary, he was ready to "go into court."

The staunchest of Byron's friends, Hobhouse was also the most sensible and candid. As such Byron valued him. Talking to Lady

the account I had received from Wallace, I communicated the contents to the Birdmore, though without any

Blessington at Genoa, in 1823, he said (*Conversations*, p. 93) that Hobhouse was "the most impartial, or perhaps," added he, "*un-*"*partial*, of my friends; he always told me my faults, but I must do "him the justice to add, that he told them to *me*, and not to others." On another occasion he said (p. 172), "If friendship, as most people "imagine, consists in telling one truth—unvarnished, unadorned "truth—he is indeed a friend: yet, hang it, I must be candid, and "say I have had many other, and more agreeable, proofs of Hob-"house's friendship than the truths he always told me; but the fact "is, I wanted him to sugar them over a little with flattery, as nurses "do the physic given to children; and he never would, and there-"fore I have never felt quite content with him, though, *au fond*, I "respect him the more for his candour, while I respect myself very "much less for my weakness in disliking it."

2. Scrope Berdmore Davies (1783–1852), born at Horsley, in Gloucestershire, was educated at Eton, and King's College, Cambridge, where he was admitted a Scholar in July, 1802, and a Fellow in July, 1805. In 1803 he was awarded by the Provost of Eton the Belham Scholarship, given to those Scholars of King's who had behaved well at Eton, and held it till 1816. A witty companion, with "a dry caustic manner, and an irresistible stammer" (*Life of Rev. F. Hodgson*, vol. i. p. 204), Davies was, during the Regency and afterwards, a popular member of fashionable society. A daring gambler and shrewd calculator, he at one time won heavily at the gaming-tables. On June 10, 1814, as he told Hobhouse, he won £6065 at Watier's Club at Macao. Captain Gronow, in his *Reminiscences* (ed. 1860, vol. i. pp. 93–96), sketches him among "Golden Ball" Hughes, "King" Allen, and other dandies. But luck turned against him, and he retired, poverty-stricken and almost dependent upon his Fellowship, to Paris, where he died, May 23, 1852. It was supposed he had for many years occupied himself with writing his recollections of his friends. But the notes, if they were ever written, have disappeared.

Byron, who hated obligations, as he himself says, counted Davies as a friend, though not on the same plane as Hobhouse. He borrowed from Davies £4800 before he left England in 1809, repaid him in 1814, and dedicated to him his *Parisina*. In his *MS. Journal* (*Life*, pp. 129, 130) he says, "One of the cleverest men I ever "knew, in conversation, was Scrope Berdmore Davies. Hobhouse "is also very good in that line, though it is of less consequence to "a man who has other ways of showing his talents than in company. "Scrope was always ready, and often witty—Hobhouse was witty, "but not always so ready, being more diffident."

Byron appointed him one of the executors of his will of 1811. In his *Journal* for March 28, 1814 (*Life*, p. 234), occurs this entry: "Yesterday, dined *tête à tête* at the Cocoa with Scrope Davies—sat "from six till midnight—drank between us one bottle of champagne

of that malice wherewith you charge me. I shall leave my card at Batts, and hope to see you in your progress to the North.

I have lately discovered Scrope's genealogy to be ennobled by a collateral tie with the Beardmore, Chirurgeon and Dentist to Royalty, and that the town of Southwell contains cousins of Scrope's, who disowned them (I grieve to speak it) on visiting that city in my society.

How I found this out I will disclose, the first time "we three meet again." But why did he conceal his lineage? "Ah, my dear H., it was *cruel*, it was *insulting*, "it was *unnecessary*."

I have (notwithstanding your kind invitation to Wallace) been alone since the 8th of December; nothing of moment has occurred since our anniversary row. I shall be in London on the 19th; there are to be oxen roasted and sheep boiled on the 22nd, with ale and uproar for the mobility; a feast is also providing for the tenantry. For my own part, I shall know as little of the matter as a corpse of the funeral solemnized in its honour.

"and six of claret, neither of which wines ever affect me. Offered "to take Scrope home in my carriage; but he was tipsy and pious, "and I was obliged to leave him on his knees praying to I know "not what purpose or pagod. No headach, nor sickness, that "night, nor to-day. Got up, if anything, earlier than usual—sparred "with Jackson *ad sudorem*, and have been much better in health "than for many days. I have heard nothing more from Scrope."

Scrope Davies visited Byron at the Villa Diodati, in 1816, and brought back with him *Childe Harold*, canto iii. On his return he gave evidence in the case of *Byron* v. *Johnson*, before the Lord Chancellor, November 28, 1816, when an injunction was obtained to restrain Johnson from publishing a volume containing *Lord Byron's Childe Harold's Pilgrimage to the Holy Land*, and other works, which he professed to have bought from Byron for £500.

According to Gronow (*Reminiscences*, vol. i. p. 153, 154), Scrope Davies, asked to give his private opinion of Byron, said that he considered him "very agreeable and clever, but vain, overbearing, "suspicious, and jealous. Byron hated Palmerston, but liked Peel, "and thought that the whole world ought to be constantly employed "in admiring his poetry and himself."

A letter addressed to Reddish's will find me. I still intend publishing the *Bards*, but I have altered a good deal of the "Body of the Book," added and interpolated, with some excisions; your lines still stand,[1] and in all there will appear 624 lines.

I should like much to see your Essay upon Entrails: is there any honorary token of silver gilt? any cups, or pounds sterling attached to the prize, besides glory? I expect to see you with a medal suspended from your button-hole, like a Croix de St. Louis.

Fletcher's father is deceased, and has left his son tway cottages, value ten pounds per annum. I know not how it is, but Fletch., though only the third brother, conceives himself entitled to all the estates of the defunct, and I have recommended him to a lawyer, who, I fear, will triumph in the spoils of this ancient family. A Birthday Ode has been addressed to me by a country schoolmaster, in which I am likened to the Sun, or Sol, as he classically saith; the people of Newstead are compared to Laplanders. I am said to be a Baron, and a Byron, the truth of which is indisputable. Feronia is again to reign (she must have some woods to govern first), but it is altogether a very pleasant performance, and the author is as superior to Pye, as George Gordon to George Guelph. To be sure some of the lines are too short, but then, to make amends, the Alexandrines have from fifteen to seventeen syllables, so we may call them Alexandrines the great.

I shall be glad to hear from you, and beg you to believe me,

Yours very truly,

BYRON.

1. For Hobhouse's lines on Bowles, see *English Bards, etc.*, line 384, and *note*.

87.—To Robert Charles Dallas.[1]

Dorant's Hotel, Albemarle Street, Jan. 20, 1808.

SIR,—Your letter was not received till this morning, I presume from being addressed to me in Notts., where I

1. Robert Charles Dallas (1754–1824), born in Jamaica and educated in Scotland, read law at the Inner Temple. About 1775 he returned to Jamaica to look after his property and take up a lucrative appointment. Three years later he returned to England, married, and took his wife back with him to the West Indies. His wife's health compelled him to return to Europe, and he lived for some time in France. At the outbreak of the Revolution he emigrated to America; but finally settled down to literary work in England. His first publication (1797) was *Miscellaneous Writings consisting of Poems; Lucretia, a Tragedy; and Moral Essays, with a Vocabulary of the Passions*. He translated a number of French books bearing on the French Revolution, by Bertrand de Moleville, Mallet du Pan, Hue, and Joseph Weber; also a work on Volcanoes by the Abbé Ordinaire, and an historical novel by Madame de Genlis, *The Siege of Rochelle*. He wrote a number of novels, among them *Percival, or Nature Vindicated* (1801); *Aubrey: a Novel* (1804); *The Morlands; Tales illustrative of the Simple and Surprising* (1805); *The Knights; Tales illustrative of the Marvellous* (1808). Later (1819 and 1823) he published two volumes of poems. He says (preface to *Percival*, p. ix.) that his object is "to improve the heart, as well as to please the fancy, and to be "the auxiliary of the Divine and the Moralist." He is one of the writers, others being "Gleaner" Pratt and Lord Carlisle, "whose "writings" (*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Percival Stockdale*, 1809, vol. i. Preface, p. xvi.) "dart through the general fog of our "literary dulness." Stockdale further says of him that he was "a "man of a most affectionate and virtuous mind. He has had the "moral honour, in several novels, to exert his talents, which were "worthy of their glorious cause, in the service of good conduct and "religion."

Dallas's sister, Henrietta Charlotte, married George Anson Byron, the son of Admiral the Hon. John Byron, and was therefore Byron's aunt by marriage. On the score of this connection, Dallas introduced himself to Byron by complimenting him, in a letter dated January 6, 1808, on his *Hours of Idleness*. A well-meaning, self-satisfied, dull, industrious man, he gave Byron excellent moral advice, to which the latter responded as the *fanfaron de ses vices*, evidently with great amusement to himself. *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers* was brought out under Dallas's auspices, as well as *Childe Harold* and *The Corsair*, the profits of which Byron made over to him. Dallas distrusted his own literary judgment in the matter of Byron's verse, and consulted Walter Wright, the author

have not resided since last June; and as the date is the 6th, you will excuse the delay of my answer.

If the little volume you mention has given pleasure to the author of *Percival* and *Aubrey*, I am sufficiently repaid by his praise. Though our periodical censors have been uncommonly lenient, I confess a tribute from a man of acknowledged genius is still more flattering. But I am afraid I should forfeit all claim to candour, if I did not decline such praise as I do not deserve; and this is, I am sorry to say, the case in the present instance.

My compositions speak for themselves, and must stand or fall by their own worth or demerit: *thus far* I feel highly gratified by your favourable opinion. But my pretensions to virtue are unluckily so few, that though I should be happy to merit, I cannot accept, your applause in that respect. One passage in your letter struck me forcibly: you mention the two Lords Lyttleton [1]

of *Horæ Ionicæ*, about the prospects of *Childe Harold*. "I have "told him," said Wright, "that I have no doubt this will succeed. "Lord Byron had offered him before some translations from "Horace, which I told him would never sell, and he did not take "them" (*Diary of H. Crabb Robinson*, vol. i. pp. 29, 30).

The connection between Dallas and Byron practically ended in 1814. The publication of Dallas's *Recollections of the Life of Lord Byron from the Year* 1808 *to the end of* 1814 was stopped by a decree obtained by Byron's executors, in the Court of Chancery, August 23, 1824. But the book was published by the writer's son, the Rev. A. R. C. Dallas.

1. Byron refers to the following passage in Dallas's letter of January 6, 1808: "A spirit that brings to my mind another noble "author, who was not only a fine poet, orator, and historian, but "one of the closest reasoners we have on the truth of that religion, "of which forgiveness is a prominent principle: the great and the "good Lord Lyttelton, whose fame will never die. His son, to "whom he had transmitted genius but not virtue, sparkled for a "moment, and went out like a falling star, and with him the title "became extinct. He was the victim of inordinate passions, and "he will be heard of in this world only by those who read the "English Peerage" (*Correspondence of Lord Byron*, p. 20, the suppressed edition).

Dallas was, of course, aware that Byron's predecessor in the title,

in the manner they respectively deserve, and will be surprised to hear the person who is now addressing you has been frequently compared to the *latter*. I know I am injuring myself in your esteem by this avowal, but the circumstance was so remarkable from your observation, that I cannot help relating the fact. The events of my short life have been of so singular a nature, that, though the pride commonly called honour has, and I trust ever will, prevent me from disgracing my name by a mean or cowardly action, I have been already held up as the votary of licentiousness, and the disciple of infidelity. How far justice may have dictated this accusation, I cannot pretend to say; but, like the *gentleman* to whom my religious friends, in the warmth of their charity, have already devoted me, I am made worse than I really am. However, to quit myself (the worst theme I could pitch upon), and return to my poems, I cannot sufficiently express my thanks, and I hope I shall some day have an opportunity of rendering them in person. A second

William, fifth Lord Byron, was known as the "wicked Lord Byron." George, first Lord Lyttelton (1709–1773), to whom Pope refers (*Imitations of Horace*, bk. i. Ep. i. l. 30) as

"Still true to virtue, and as warm as true,"

was a voluminous writer in prose and verse, but owed his political importance to his family connection with Chatham, Temple, and George Grenville. Horace Walpole calls him a "wise moppet" (*Letters*, vol. ii. p. 28, ed. Cunningham), and repeatedly sneers at his dulness. His son Thomas, second Lord Lyttelton (1744–1779), the "wicked Lord Lyttelton," appears in W. Combe's *Diaboliad* as the

"Peer of words,
Well known,—and honour'd in the House of Lords,—
Whose Eloquence all Parallel defies!"

who claims the throne of Hell as the worst of living men. His *Poems by a Young Nobleman lately deceased* (published in 1780, after his death) may have helped Dallas in his allusion. He was the hero and the victim of the famous ghost story which Dr. Johnson was "willing to believe."

edition is now in the press, with some additions and considerable omissions; you will allow me to present you with a copy. The *Critical*,[1] *Monthly*,[2] and *Anti-Jacobin*[3] *Reviews* have been very indulgent; but the *Eclectic*[4] has pronounced a furious Philippic, not against the *book* but the *author*, where you will find all I have mentioned asserted by a reverend divine who wrote the critique.

Your name and connection with our family have been long known to me, and I hope your person will be not less so: you will find me an excellent compound of a "Brainless" and a "Stanhope."[5] I am afraid you will hardly be able to read this, for my hand is almost as bad as my character; but you will find me, as legibly as possible,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

BYRON.

1. *The Critical Review* (3rd series, vol. xii. pp. 47–53) specially praises lines "On Leaving Newstead Abbey" and "Childish Recollections."

2. In *Monthly Literary Recreations* (July, 1807, pp. 67–71), "Childish Recollections" and "The Tear" are particularly commended. "As friends to the cause of literature, we have thought proper not "to disguise our opinion of his powers, that we might alter his "determination, and lead him once more to the Castalian fount."

3. *The Anti-Jacobin Review* (December, 1807, pp. 407, 408) says that the poems "exhibit strong proofs of genius, accompanied by a "lively but chastened imagination, a classical taste, and a benevolent heart."

4. *The Eclectic Review* (vol. iii. part ii. pp. 989–993) begins its review thus: "The notice we take of this publication regards the "author rather than the book; the book is a collection of juvenile "pieces, some of very moderate merit, and others of very questionable morality; but the author is a *nobleman!*"

5. Characters in the novel called *Percival*.

88.—To Robert Charles Dallas.

Dorant's, January 21, 1808.

SIR,—Whenever leisure and inclination permit me the pleasure of a visit, I shall feel truly gratified in a personal acquaintance with one whose mind has been long known to me in his writings.

You are so far correct in your conjecture, that I am a member of the University of Cambridge, where I shall take my degree of A.M. this term; but were reasoning, eloquence, or virtue, the objects of my search, Granta is not their metropolis, nor is the place of her situation an "El Dorado," far less an Utopia. The intellects of her children are as stagnant as her Cam, and their pursuits limited to the church—not of Christ, but of the nearest benefice.

As to my reading, I believe I may aver, without hyperbole, it has been tolerably extensive in the historical department; so that few nations exist, or have existed, with whose records I am not in some degree acquainted, from Herodotus down to Gibbon. Of the classics, I know about as much as most school-boys after a discipline of thirteen years; of the law of the land as much as enables me to keep "within the statute"—to use the poacher's vocabulary. I did study the "Spirit of Laws"[1] and the Law of Nations; but when I saw the latter violated every month, I gave up my attempts at so useless an accomplishment:—of geography, I have seen more land on maps than I should wish to traverse on foot;—of mathematics, enough to give me the headach without

1. In Byron's "List of historical writers whose works I have "perused in different languages" (*Life*, pp. 46, 47), occurs the name of Montesquieu. It is to his *Esprit des Lois* that Byron refers.

clearing the part affected;—of philosophy, astronomy, and metaphysics, more than I can comprehend; and of common sense so little, that I mean to leave a Byronian prize at each of our "Almæ Matres" for the first discovery,—though I rather fear that of the longitude will precede it.

I once thought myself a philosopher, and talked nonsense with great decorum: I defied pain, and preached up equanimity. For some time this did very well, for no one was in *pain* for me but my friends, and none lost their patience but my hearers. At last, a fall from my horse convinced me bodily suffering was an evil; and the worst of an argument overset my maxims and my temper at the same moment: so I quitted Zeno for Aristippus, and conceive that pleasure constitutes the το καλον.

In morality, I prefer Confucius to the Ten Commandments, and Socrates to St. Paul (though the two latter agree in their opinion of marriage). In religion, I favour the Catholic emancipation, but do not acknowledge the Pope; and I have refused to take the sacrament, because I do not think eating bread or drinking wine from the hand of an earthly vicar will make me an inheritor of heaven. I hold virtue, in general, or the virtues severally, to be only in the disposition, each a *feeling*, not a principle. I believe truth the prime attribute of the Deity, and death an eternal sleep, at least of the body. You have here a brief compendium of the sentiments of the *wicked* George, Lord Byron; and, till I get a new suit, you will perceive I am badly cloathed.

I remain yours, etc.,

BYRON.

89.—To John Hanson.

Dorant's, January 25th, 1808.

SIR,—The picture I have drawn of my finances is unfortunately a true one, and I find the colours may be heightened but not improved by time.—I have inclosed the receipt, and return my thanks for the loan, which shall be repaid the first opportunity. In the concluding part of my last I gave my reasons for not troubling you with my society at present, but when I can either communicate or receive pleasure, I shall not be long absent.

Yrs., etc.,

BYRON.

P.S.—I have received a letter from Whitehead, of course you know the contents, and must act as you think proper.

90.—To John Hanson.

Dorant's, January 25th, 1808.

DEAR SIR,—Some time ago I gave Mitchell the sadler [*sic*] a letter for you, requesting his bill might be paid from the Balance of the Quarter you obliged me by advancing. If he has received this you will further oblige me by paying what remains, I believe somewhere about five pounds, if so much.

You will confer a favour upon me by the loan of twenty. I will endeavour to repay it next week, as I have immediate occasion for that sum, and I should not require it of you could I obtain it elsewhere.

I am now in my one and twentieth year, and cannot command as many pounds. To Cambridge I cannot go

without paying my bills, and at present I could as soon compass the National Debt; in London I must not remain, nor shall I, when I can procure a trifle to take me out of it. Home I have none; and if there was a possibility of getting out of the Country, I would gladly avail myself of it. But even that is denied me, my Debts amount to three thousand, three hundred to Jews, eight hundred to Mrs. B. of Nottingham, to coachmaker and other tradesmen a thousand more, and these must be much increased, before they are lessened.

Such is the prospect before me, which is by no means brightened by ill-health. I would have called on you, but I have neither spirits to enliven myself or others or inclination to bring a gloomy face to spoil a group of happy ones. I remain,

Your obliged and obedt. sert.,

BYRON.

P.S.—Your answer to the former part will oblige, as I shall be reduced to a most unpleasant dilemma if it does not arrive.

91.—To James De Bathe.[1]

Dorant's Hotel, February 2d, 1808.

MY DEAR DE BATHE,—Last Night I saw your Father and Brother, the former I have not the pleasure of knowing, but the latter informed me *you* came to Town on *Saturday* and returned *yesterday*.

1. Sir James Wynne De Bathe (1792–1828) succeeded his father as second baronet, February 22, 1808. "Clare, Dorset, Charles "Gordon, De Bathe, Claridge, and John Wingfield, were my juniors "and favourites, whom I spoilt by indulgence" (*Life*, p. 21). De Bathe's name does not appear in the Harrow School lists. A Captain De Bathe interested himself in the case of Medora Leigh in 1843 (see Charles Mackay's *Medora Leigh*, pp. 92, 93, and elsewhere in the volume).

I have received a pressing Invitation from Henry Drury to pay him a visit; in his Letter he mentions a very old *Friend* of yours, who told him he would join my party, if I could inform him on what day I meant to go over. This Friend you will readily conclude to be a Lord *B.*; but not the one who now addresses you. Shall I bring him to you? and insure a welcome for myself which perhaps might not otherwise be the case. This will not be for a Fortnight to come. I am waiting for Long, who is now at Chatham, when he arrives we shall probably drive down and dine with Drury.

I confess Harrow has lost most of its charms for me. I do not know if Delawarr is still there; but, with the exception of yourself and the Earl, I shall find myself among Strangers. Long has a Brother at Butler's, and all his predilections remain in full force; mine are weakened, if not destroyed, and though I can safely say, I never knew a Friend out of Harrow, I question whether I have one left in it. You leave Harrow in July; may I ask what is your future Destination?

In January *1809* I shall be twenty one & in the Spring of the same year proceed abroad, not on the usual Tour, but a route of a more extensive Description. What say you? are you disposed for a view of the Peloponnesus and a voyage through the Archipelago? I am merely in jest with regard to you, but very serious with regard to my own Intention which is fixed on the *Pilgrimage*, unless some political view or accident induce me to postpone it. Adieu! if you have Leisure, I shall be as happy to hear from you, as I would have been to have *seen* you. Believe me,

Yours very truly,

BYRON.

92.—To William Harness.[1]

Dorant's Hotel, Albemarle Street, Feb. 11, 1808.

MY DEAR HARNESS,—As I had no opportunity of returning my verbal thanks, I trust you will accept my

1. William Harness (1790–1869), son of Dr. J. Harness, Commissioner of the Transport Board, was educated at Harrow and Christ's College, Cambridge. Ordained in 1812, he was, from 1823 to 1826, Curate at Hampstead. "I could quiz you heartily," writes Mrs. Franklin to Miss Mitford (September 6, 1824), "for having told "me in three successive letters of Mr. Harness's chapel at Hampstead. "I understand he now lives a very retired life" (*The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford*, vol. i. p. 61). From 1826 to 1844 he was Incumbent of Regent Square Chapel; Minister of Brompton Chapel (1844–47); Perpetual Curate (1849–69) of All Saints', Knightsbridge, which he built from subscriptions raised by himself. He is described by Crabb Robinson (*Diary*, vol. iii. p. 212) as "a clergyman with "Oxford propensities, and a worshipper of the heathen Muses as "well as of the Christian Graces;" and again (iii. 326), as "a "man of taste, of High Church principles and liberal in spirit." Miss Mitford (*The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford*, vol. ii. p. 289) writes that "he has neither Catholic nor Puseyite tendencies,—only "it is a large and liberal mind like Bishop Stanley's, believing good "men and good Christians may exist among Papists, and will be "as safe there as if they were Protestants." Again (vol. ii. p. 295) she says of him: "Besides his varied accomplishments, and his "admirable goodness and kindness, he has all sorts of amusing "peculiarities. With a temper never known to fail, an indulgence "the largest, a tenderness as of a woman, he has the habit of talking "like a cynic! and with more learning, ancient and modern, and "a wider grasp of literature than almost any one I know, professes "to read nothing and care for nothing but 'Shakespeare and the "Bible.' He is the finest reader of both that I ever heard. His "preaching, which has been so much admired, is too rapid, but "his reading the prayers is perfection. The best parish priest in "London, and the truest Christian." Miss Mitford's praise may be exaggerated; but she had known Harness for a lifetime.

Harness edited *Shakespeare* (1825, 8 vols.), as well as *Massinger* (1830) and *Ford* (1831); wrote for the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood*; and published a number of sermons, including *The Wrath of Cain, A Boyle Lecture* (1822). He wrote *The Life of Mary Russell Mitford* (1870), in collaboration with the Rev. A. G. L'Estrange, whose *Life of the Rev. W. Harness* is the chief authority for his career.

His friendship with Byron began at Harrow (*Life*, pp. 23, 24), where Byron, who was older than Harness, took pity upon his lameness and weakness, and protected him from the bullies of the

written acknowledgments for the compliment you were pleased to pay some production of my unlucky muse last

school. At a later period they became estranged, as is shown by the following letter from Byron to Harness (*Life*, pp. 24, 25):—

"We both seem perfectly to recollect, with a mixture of pleasure "and regret, the hours we once passed together, and I assure you, "most sincerely, they are numbered among the happiest of my "brief chronicle of enjoyment. I am now *getting into years*, that "is to say, I was *twenty* a month ago, and another year will send "me into the world to run my career of folly with the rest. I was "then just fourteen,—you were almost the first of my Harrow friends, "certainly the *first* in my esteem, if not in date; but an absence from "Harrow for some time, shortly after, and new connections on your "side, and the difference in our conduct (an advantage decidedly in "your favour) from that turbulent and riotous disposition of mine, "which impelled me into every species of mischief,—all these cir- "cumstances combined to destroy an intimacy, which affection urged "me to continue, and memory compels me to regret. But there is "not a circumstance attending that period, hardly a sentence we "exchanged, which is not impressed on my mind at this moment. "I need not say more,—this assurance alone must convince you, had "I considered them as trivial, they would have been less indelible. "How well I recollect the perusal of your 'first flights'! There is "another circumstance you do not know;—the *first lines* I ever "attempted at Harrow were addressed to *you*. You were to have "seen them; but Sinclair had the copy in his possession when we "went home;—and, on our return, we were *strangers*. They were "destroyed, and certainly no great loss; but you will perceive from "this circumstance my opinions at an age when we cannot be "hypocrites.

"I have dwelt longer on this theme than I intended, and I shall "now conclude with what I ought to have begun. We were once "friends,—nay, we have always been so, for our separation was the "effect of chance, not of dissension. I do not know how far our "destinations in life may throw us together, but if opportunity and "inclination allow you to waste a thought on such a hare-brained "being as myself, you will find me at least sincere, and not so "bigoted to my faults as to involve others in the consequences. Will "you sometimes write to me? I do not ask it often; and, if we "meet, let us be what we *should* be, and what we *were*."

The following is Harness's own account of the circumstances in which Letter 92 was written:—

"A coolness afterwards arose, which Byron alludes to in the first "of the accompanying letters, and we never spoke during the last "year of his remaining at school, nor till after the publication of "his *Hours of Idleness*. Lord Byron was then at Cambridge; I, "in one of the upper forms, at Harrow. In an English theme I "happened to quote from the volume, and mention it with praise. "It was reported to Byron that I had, on the contrary, spoken

November,—I am induced to do this not less from the pleasure I feel in the praise of an old schoolfellow, than

"slightingly of his work and of himself, for the purpose of conciliating the favour of Dr. Butler, the master, who had been severely satirised in one of the poems. Wingfield, who was afterwards Lord Powerscourt, a mutual friend of Byron and myself, disabused him of the error into which he had been led, and this was the occasion of the first letter of the collection. Our intimacy was renewed, and continued from that time till his going abroad. Whatever faults Lord Byron might have had towards others, to myself he was always uniformly affectionate. I have many slights and neglects towards him to reproach myself with; but I cannot call to mind a single instance of caprice or unkindness, in the whole course of our friendship, to allege against him."

In December, 1811, Harness paid Byron a visit at Newstead, the only other guest being Francis Hodgson, who, like Harness, was not then ordained. He thus describes the visit (*Life of the Rev. Francis Hodgson*, vol. i. pp. 219–221):—

"When Byron returned, with the MS. of the first two cantos of *Childe Harold* in his portmanteau, I paid him a visit at Newstead. It was winter—dark, dreary weather—the snow upon the ground; and a straggling, gloomy, depressive, partially inhabited place the Abbey was. Those rooms, however, which had been fitted up for residence were so comfortably appointed, glowing with crimson hangings, and cheerful with capacious fires, that one soon lost the melancholy feeling of being domiciled in the wing of an extensive ruin. Many tales are related or fabled of the orgies which, in the poet's early youth, had made clamorous these ancient halls of the Byrons. I can only say that nothing in the shape of riot or excess occurred when I was there. The only other visitor was Dr. Hodgson, the translator of *Juvenal*, and nothing could be more quiet and regular than the course of our days. Byron was retouching, as the sheets passed through the press, the stanzas of *Childe Harold*. Hodgson was at work in getting out the ensuing number of the *Monthly Review*, of which he was principal editor. I was reading for my degree. When we met, our general talk was of poets and poetry—of who could or who could not write; but it occasionally rose into very serious discussions on religion. Byron, from his early education in Scotland, had been taught to identify the principles of Christianity with the extreme dogmas of Calvinism. His mind had thus imbibed a most miserable prejudice, which appeared to be the only obstacle to his hearty acceptance of the Gospel. Of this error we were most anxious to disabuse him. The chief weight of the argument rested with Hodgson, who was older, a good deal, than myself. I cannot even now—at a distance of more than fifty years—recall those conversations without a deep feeling of admiration for the judicious zeal and affectionate earnestness (often speaking with tears in his eyes) which Dr. Hodgson evinced in his advocacy of

from justice to you, for I had heard the story with some slight variations. Indeed, when we met this morning, Wingfield[1] had not undeceived me; but he will tell you that I displayed no resentment in mentioning what I had heard, though I was not sorry to discover the truth. Perhaps you hardly recollect, some years ago, a short, though, for the time, a warm friendship between us. Why it was not of longer duration I know not. I have still a gift of yours in my possession, that must always prevent me from forgetting it. I also remember being favoured with the perusal of many of your compositions, and several other circumstances very pleasant in their day, which I will not force upon your memory, but entreat you to believe me, with much regret at their short continuance, and a hope they are not irrevocable,

Yours very sincerely, etc.,

BYRON.

"the truth. The only difference, except perhaps in the subjects "talked about, between our life at Newstead Abbey and that of the "great families around us, was the hours we kept. It was, as I "have said, winter, and the days were cold; and, as nothing "tempted us to rise early, we got up late. This flung the routine "of the day rather backward, and we did not go early to bed. My "visit to Newstead lasted about three weeks, when I returned to "Cambridge to take my degree."

To Harness Byron intended to dedicate *Childe Harold*, but feared to do so, "lest it should injure him in his profession."

1. Three Wingfields, sons of Lord Powerscourt, entered Harrow in February, 1801. The Hon. Richard Wingfield succeeded his father as fifth Viscount Powerscourt in 1809, and died in 1823. Edward became a clergyman and died of cholera in 1825; John, Byron's friend, the "Alonzo" of "Childish Recollections" entered the Coldstream Guards, and died of fever at Coimbra, May 14, 1811. "Of all human beings, I was perhaps at one time most attached to "poor Wingfield, who died at Coimbra, 1811, before I returned "to England" (*Life*, p. 21). To his memory Byron wrote the lines in *Childe Harold*, Canto I. stanza xci.

93.—To J. Ridge.

[Mr. Ridge, Newark.]

Dorant's Hotel, February 21st, 1808.

MR. RIDGE,—Something has occurred which will make considerable alteration in my new volume. You must *go back* and *cut out* the whole *poem* of *Childish Recollections*.[1] Of course you will be surprized at this, and perhaps displeased, but it must be *done*. I cannot help its detaining you a *month* longer, but there will be enough in the volume without it, and as I am now reconciled to Dr. Butler I cannot allow my satire to appear against him, nor can I alter that part relating to him without spoiling the whole. You will therefore omit the whole poem. Send me an *immediate* answer to this letter but *obey* the directions. It is better that my reputation should suffer as a poet by the omission than as a man of honour by the insertion.

Etc., etc.,

BYRON.

1. For "Childish Recollections," see *Poems*, vol. i. p. 101. A previous letter, written to Ridge from Dorant's Hotel, January 9, 1808, illustrates the rapidity with which Byron's moods changed. In this case, the lines on "Euryalus" (Lord Delawarr: see page 41, *note* 1) were to be omitted:—

"MR. RIDGE,—In Childish Recollections omit the whole charac-
"ter of *Euryalus*, and insert instead the lines to *Florio* as a part of
"the poem, and send me a proof in due course.

"Etc. etc.,

"BYRON.

"P.S.—The first line of the passage to be omitted begins 'Shall
"fair Euryalus,' etc., and ends at 'Toil for more;' omit the
"*whole*."

CHAPTER III.

1808–1809.

ENGLISH BARDS, AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

94.—To the Rev. John Becher.[1]

Dorant's Hotel, Feb. 26, 1808.

MY DEAR BECHER,—Now for Apollo. I am happy that you still retain your predilection, and that the public

1. The Rev. John Thomas Becher (1770–1848), educated at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford, was appointed Vicar of Rumpton, Notts., and Midsomer Norton, 1801; Prebendary of Southwell in 1818; and chairman of Newark Quarter Sessions in 1816. In all matters relating to the condition of the poor he made himself an acknowledged authority. He was the originator of a house of correction, a Friendly Society, and a workhouse at Southwell. He was one of the "supervisors" appointed to organize the Milbank Penitentiary, which was opened in June, 1816. On Friendly Societies he published three works (1824, 1825, and 1826), in which, *inter alia*, he sought to prove that labourers, paying sixpence a week from the time they were twenty, could secure not only sick-pay, but an annuity of five shillings a week at the age of sixty-five. His *Anti-Pauper System* (1828) pointed to indoor relief as the true cure to pauperism. It was by Becher's advice that Byron destroyed his *Fugitive Pieces*. No one who has read the silly verses which Becher condemned, can doubt that the counsel was wise (see Byron's Lines to Becher, *Poems*, vol. i. pp. 112–114, 114–116, 247–251). The following are the lines in which Becher expostulated with Byron on the mischievous tendency of his verses:—

> "Say, Byron! why compel me to deplore
> Talents designed for choice poetic lore,
> Deigning to varnish scenes, that shun the day,
> With guilty lustre, and with amorous lay?

allow me some share of praise. I am of so much importance that a most violent attack is preparing for me in the next number of the *Edinburgh Review*.[1] This I had from the authority of a friend who has seen the proof and manuscript of the critique. You know the system of the Edinburgh gentlemen is universal attack. They praise none; and neither the public nor the author expects praise from them. It is, however, something to be noticed, as they profess to pass judgment only on works requiring the public attention. You will see this when it comes out;—it is, I understand, of the most unmerciful

> Forbear to taint the Virgin's spotless mind,
> In Power though mighty, be in Mercy kind,
> Bid the chaste Muse diffuse her hallowed light,
> So shall thy Page enkindle pure delight,
> Enhance thy native worth, and proudly twine,
> With Britain's Honors, those that are divine."

1. See, for the Review itself, Appendix II. "As an author," writes Byron to Hobhouse, February 27, 1808, "I am cut to atoms "by the *E—— Review;* it is just out, and has completely de- "molished my little fabric of fame. This is rather scurvy treatment "for a Whig Review; but politics and poetry are different things, "and I am no adept in either. I therefore submit in silence." Among the less sentimental effects of this Review upon Byron's mind, he used to mention that, on the day he read it, he drank three bottles of claret to his own share after dinner; that nothing, however, relieved him till he had given vent to his indignation in rhyme, and that "after the first twenty lines, he felt himself con- "siderably better" (Moore, *Life*, p. 69).

"I was sitting with Charles Lamb," H. Crabb Robinson told De Morgan, "when Wordsworth came in, with fume in his countenance "and the *Edinburgh Review* in his hand. 'I have no patience with "these Reviewers,' he said; 'here is a young man, a lord, and a "minor, it appears, who publishes a little volume of poetry; and "these fellows attack him, as if no one may write poetry unless he "lives in a garret. The young man will do something, if he goes "on.' When I became acquainted with Lady Byron, I told her this "story, and she said, 'Ah! if Byron had known that, he would "never have attacked Wordsworth. He once went out to dinner "where Wordsworth was to be; when he came home, I said, "'"Well, how did the young poet get on with the old one?" "To "tell you the truth," said he, "I had but one feeling from the "beginning of the visit to the end—*reverence!*"'"—(*Diary*, iii. 488.)

description; but I am aware of it, and hope *you* will not be hurt by its severity.

Tell Mrs. Byron not to be out of humour with them, and to prepare her mind for the greatest hostility on their part. It will do no injury whatever, and I trust her mind will not be ruffled. They defeat their object by indiscriminate abuse, and they never praise except the partisans of Lord Holland and Co.[1] It is nothing to be abused

1. That is to say, the *Edinburgh Review* praised only Whigs. Henry Richard Vassall Fox, third Lord Holland (1773–1840), the "nephew of Fox, and friend of Grey," married, in 1797, Elizabeth Vassall, the divorced wife of Sir Godfrey Webster. He held the office of Lord Privy Seal in the Ministry of All the Talents (October, 1806, to March, 1807). During the long exclusion of the Whigs from office (1807–32), when there seemed as little chance of a Whig Administration as of "a thaw in Nova Zembla," Holland, in the House of Lords, supported Catholic Emancipation, advocated the emancipation of slaves, opposed the detention of Napoleon as a prisoner of war, and moved the abolition of capital punishment for minor offences. From November, 1830, to his death, with brief intervals, he was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, in the administrations of Lord Grey and of Lord Melbourne. Outside the House he kept the party together by his great social gifts. An admirable talker, *raconteur*, and mimic, with a wit's relish for wit, the charm of his good temper was irresistible. "In my whole "experience of our race," said Lord Brougham, "I never saw such "a temper, nor anything that at all resembled it" (*Statesmen of the Time of George III.*, ed. 1843, 3rd series, p. 341). Greville speaks of "his imperturbable temper, unflagging vivacity and spirit, his in- "exhaustible fund of anecdote, extensive information, sprightly wit" (*Memoirs*, iii. 446). Leslie, in his *Autobiographical Recollections* (vol. i. p. 100), adds the tribute that "he was, without any exception, "the very best-tempered man I have ever known." Lord John Russell (preface to vol. vi. of the *Life of Thomas Moore*) says that "he won "without seeming to court, instructed without seeming to teach, and "he amused without labouring to be witty." George Ticknor (*Life*, vol. i. p. 264) "never met a man who so disarms opposition in "discussion, as I have often seen him, without yielding an iota, "merely by the unpretending simplicity and sincerity of his manner." Sydney Smith (*Memoir of the Rev. Sydney Smith*, chap. x. p. 187) considered that his "career was one great, incessant, and un- "rewarded effort to resist oppression, promote justice, and restrain "the abuse of power. He had an invincible hatred of tyranny and "oppression, and the most ardent love of public happiness and "attachment to public rights." A lover of art, a scholar, a linguist, he wrote memoirs, satires, and verses, collected materials for a life

when Southey, Moore, Lauderdale, Strangford, and Payne Knight, share the same fate.[1]

I am sorry—but "Childish Recollections" must be suppressed during this edition. I have altered, at your suggestion, the *obnoxious allusions* in the sixth stanza of my last ode.

And now, my dear Becher, I must return my best acknowledgments for the interest you have taken in me and my poetical bantlings, and I shall ever be proud to show how much I esteem the *advice* and the *adviser*.

Believe me, most truly, etc.

95.—To the Rev. John Becher.

Dorant's, March 28, 1808.

I have lately received a copy of the new edition from Ridge, and it is high time for me to return my best thanks

of his uncle, Charles James Fox, and translated both from the Spanish and Italian. His *Account of the Life and Writings of Lope Felix de Vega Carpio* (1806) was reviewed favourably by the *Edinburgh Review* for October, 1806. Byron attacked him in *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers* (lines 540–559, and *notes*), on the supposition that Lord Holland had instigated the article in the *Edinburgh Review* on *Hours of Idleness* (January, 1808). In 1812, learning his mistake, and hearing from Rogers that Lord and Lady Holland desired the satire to be withdrawn, he gave orders that the whole impression should be burned (see *Introduction to English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers, Poems*, vol. i. p. 294). In his *Journal* (November 17, 1813) he writes, "I have had a most kind letter from "Lord Holland on *The Bride of Abydos*, which he likes, and so "does Lady H. This is very good-natured in both, from whom I "do not deserve any quarter. Yet I *did* think at the time, that my "cause of enmity proceeded from Holland House, and am glad I "was wrong, and wish I had not been in such a hurry with that "confounded Satire, of which I would suppress even the memory; "but people, now they can't get it, make a fuss, I verily believe out "of contradiction."

1. In the early numbers of the *Edinburgh Review* reviews were published of Southey's *Thalaba* and *Madoc;* of Moore's *Odes of Anacreon* and *Poems;* of Lord Lauderdale's *Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Public Wealth;* of Lord Strangford's *Translations from Camoëns;* of Payne Knight's *Principles of Taste.*

to you for the trouble you have taken in the superintendence. This I do most sincerely, and only regret that Ridge has not seconded you as I could wish,—at least, in the bindings, paper, etc., of the copy he sent to me. Perhaps those for the public may be more respectable in such articles.

You have seen the *Edinburgh Review*, of course. I regret that Mrs. Byron is so much annoyed. For my own part, these "paper bullets of the brain" have only taught me to stand fire; and, as I have been lucky enough upon the whole, my repose and appetite are not discomposed. Pratt,[1] the gleaner, author, poet, etc., etc., addressed a long rhyming epistle to me on the subject, by way of consolation; but it was not well done, so I do not send it, though the name of the man might make it go down. The E. R^s^. have not performed their task well; at least the literati tell me this; and I think *I* could write a more sarcastic critique on *myself* than any yet published. For instance, instead of the remark,—ill-natured enough, but not keen,—about Macpherson, I (quoad reviewers) could have said, "Alas, this imitation "only proves the assertion of Dr. Johnson, that many "men, women, and *children*, could write such poetry as "Ossian's."[2]

I am *thin* and in exercise. During the spring or

1. Samuel Jackson Pratt (1749–1814), actor, itinerant lecturer, poet of the Cruscan school, tragedian, and novelist, published a large number of volumes. His *Gleanings* in England, Holland, Wales, and Westphalia attained some reputation. His *Sympathy, a Poem* (1788) passed through several editions. His stage-name, as well as his *nom de plume*, was Courtney Melmoth. He was the discoverer and patron of the cobbler-poet, Blacket (see also *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers*, line 319, *note* 2).

2. "Dr. Johnson's reply to the friend who asked him if *any man* "*living* could have written such a book, is well known: 'Yes, sir; "many men, many women, and many children.' I inquired of him "myself if this story was authentic, and he said it was" (Mrs. Piozzi, *Johnsoniana*, p. 84).—[Moore.]

summer I trust we shall meet. I hear Lord Ruthyn leaves Newstead in April. As soon as he quits it for ever, I wish much you would take a ride over, survey the mansion, and give me your candid opinion on the most advisable mode of proceeding with regard to the *house*. *Entre nous*, I am cursedly dipped; my debts, *every* thing inclusive, will be nine or ten thousand before I am twenty-one. But I have reason to think my property will turn out better than general expectation may conceive. Of Newstead I have little hope or care; but Hanson, my agent, intimated my Lancashire property was worth three Newsteads. I believe we have it hollow; though the defendants are protracting the surrender, if possible, till after my majority, for the purpose of forming some arrangement with me, thinking I shall probably prefer a sum in hand to a reversion. Newstead I may *sell*;—perhaps I will not,—though of that more anon. I will come down in May or June.

Yours most truly, etc.

96.—To the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

[Six Mile Bottom, Newmarket, Cambridge.]

Dorant's, [Tuesday], April 26th, 1808.

MY DEAR AUGUSTA,—I regret being compelled to trouble you again, but it is necessary I should request you will inform Col. Leigh, if the P's consent is not obtained in a few days, it will be of little service to Mr. Wallace, who is ordered to join the 17th in ten days, the Regiment is stationed in the East Indies, and, as he has already served there nine years, he is unwilling to return. I shall feel particularly obliged by Col. Leigh's interference, as I think from his influence the Prince's

consent might be obtained. I am not much in the habit of asking favours, or pressing exertion, but, on this occasion, my wish to save Wallace must plead my excuse.

I have been introduced to Julia Byron [1] by Trevannion at the Opera; she is pretty, but I do not admire her; there is too much Byron in her countenance, I hear she is clever, a very great defect in a woman, who becomes conceited in course; altogether I have not much inclination to improve the acquaintance.

I have seen my old friend George,[1] who will prove the best of the family, and will one day be Lord B. I do not much care how soon.

Pray name my nephew after his uncle; it must be a nephew, (I *won't* have a *niece*,) I will make him my *heir*, for I shall never marry, unless I am ruined, and then his *inheritance* would not be great.

George will have the title and his *laurels;* my property, (if any is left in five years time,) I can leave to whom I please, and your son shall be the legatee. Adieu.

Yours ever,

BYRON.

1. George Anson Byron, R.N. (1758–1793), second son of Admiral the Hon. John Byron, by his wife Sophia Trevanion, and brother of Byron's father, married Henrietta Charlotte Dallas, by whom he had a son, George, who was at this time in the Royal Navy, and in 1824 succeeded as seventh Lord Byron; and a daughter, Julia Byron, who married, in 1817, the Rev. Robert Heath. Of his cousin George, Byron writes in his *Journal* for November 30, 1813 (*Life*, p. 209): "I like George much more than most people like their "heirs. He is a fine fellow, and every inch a sailor." Again on December 1, 1813, he says, "I hope he will be an admiral, and, "perhaps, Lord Byron into the bargain. If he would but marry, "I would engage never to marry myself, or cut him out of the "heirship." George Anson Byron and his wife both died in 1793.

97.—To the Rev. John Becher.

Newstead Abbey, Notts., Sept. 14, 1808.

MY DEAR BECHER,—I am much obliged to you for your inquiries, and shall profit by them accordingly. I am going to get up a play here; the hall will constitute a most admirable theatre. I have settled the *dram. pers.*, and can do without ladies, as I have some young friends who will make tolerable substitutes for females, and we only want three male characters, beside Mr. Hobhouse and myself, for the play we have fixed on, which will be the *Revenge*.[1] Pray direct Nicholson the carpenter to come over to me immediately, and inform me what day you will dine and pass the night here.

Believe me, etc.

98.—To John Jackson.[2]

N. A., Notts., September 18, 1808.

DEAR JACK,—I wish you would inform me what has been done by Jekyll, at No. 40, Sloane Square, concerning the pony I returned as unsound.

1. Young's tragedy (1721), from which one of Byron's Harrow speeches in the character of "Zanga" was taken (see page 27, *note* 1).

2. John Jackson (1769–1845), better known as "Gentleman" Jackson, was champion of England from 1795 to 1803. His three fights were against Fewterel (1788), George Ingleston (1789), and Mendoza (1795). In his fight at Ingatestone with "George the "Brewer," he slipped on the wet stage, and, falling, dislocated his ankle and broke his leg. His fight with Mendoza at Hornchurch, Essex, was decided in nine rounds. At the end of the third round "the odds rose two to one on Mendoza." In the fifth, Jackson "seized hold of his opponent by the hair, and served him out in "that defenceless state till he fell to the ground." The fight was practically over, and the odds at once turned in favour of Jackson, who thenceforward had matters all his own way. Even if Mendoza had worn a wig, he probably would have succumbed to Jackson,

I have also to request you will call on Louch at Brompton, and inquire what the devil he meant by sending such an insolent letter to me at Brighton; and at the same time tell him I by no means can comply with the charge he has made for things pretended to be damaged.

Ambrose behaved most scandalously about the pony. You may tell Jekyll if he does not refund the money, I shall put the affair into my lawyer's hands. Five and

who was a more powerful man with a longer reach, and as scientific, though not so ornamental, a boxer. In 1803 Jackson retired from the ring.

"I can see him now" (*Pugilistica*, vol. i. 98), "as I saw him in "'84, walking down Holborn Hill towards Smithfield. He had "on a scarlet coat worked in gold at the button-holes, ruffles, and "frill of fine lace, a small white stock, no collar (they were not then "invented), a looped hat with a broad black band, buff knee-breeches, "and long silk strings, striped white silk stockings, pumps, and "paste buckles; his waistcoat was pale blue satin, sprigged with "white. It was impossible to look on his fine ample chest, his "noble shoulders, his waist, (if anything too small,) his large, but "not too large hips, . . . his limbs, his balustrade calf and beauti- "fully turned, but not over delicate ankle, his firm foot, and "peculiarly small hand, without thinking that nature had sent him "on earth as a model. On he went at a good five miles and a half "an hour, the envy of all men, and the admiration of all women."

His rooms at 13, Bond Street, became the head-quarters of the Pugilistic Club, with whose initials, P.C., the ropes and stakes at prize-rings were marked (see page 99, *note* 1; and Pierce Egan's *Life in London*, pp. 252–254). From 1803 to 1824, when he retired from the profession, he was, as Pierce Egan says of him (p. 254), unrivalled as "a teacher of the Art of *self-defence*." His character stood high. "From the highest to the lowest person in the Sporting "World, his *decision* is law." "This gentleman," says Moore, in a note to *Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress* (p. 13), "as he well "deserves to be called, from the correctness of his conduct and the "peculiar urbanity of his manners, forms that useful link between "the amateurs and the professors of pugilism, which, when broken, "it will be difficult, if not wholly impossible, to replace." He was Byron's guest at Cambridge, Newstead, and Brighton; received from him many letters; and is described by him, in a note to *Don Juan* (Canto XI. stanza xix.), as "my old friend and corporeal pastor "and master." Jackson's monument in Brompton Cemetery, a couchant lion and a mourning athlete, was subscribed for "by "several noblemen and gentlemen, to record their admiration of one "whose excellence of heart and incorruptible worth endeared him "to all who knew him."

twenty guineas is a sound price for a pony, and by God, if it costs me five hundred pounds, I will make an example of Mr. Jekyll, and that immediately, unless the cash is returned.

Believe me, dear Jack, etc.

99.—To John Jackson.

N. A., Notts., October 4, 1808.

You will make as good a bargain as possible with this Master Jekyll, if he is not a gentleman. If he is a *gentleman*, inform me, for I shall take very different steps. If he is not, you must get what you can of the money, for I have too much business on hand at present to commence an action. Besides, Ambrose is the man who ought to refund,—but I have done with him. You can settle with L. out of the balance, and dispose of the bidets, etc., as you best can.

I should be very glad to see you here; but the house is filled with workmen, and undergoing a thorough repair. I hope, however, to be more fortunate before many months have elapsed.

If you see Bold Webster,[1] remember me to him, and tell him I have to regret Sydney, who has perished, I fear, in my rabbit warren, for we have seen nothing of him for the last fortnight. Adieu.[2]

Believe me, etc.

1. James Wedderburn Webster (1789–1840).

2. A third letter to Jackson, written from Newstead, December 12, 1808, runs as follows:—

"My dear Jack,—You will get the greyhound from the owner "at any price, and as many more of the same breed (male or female) "as you can collect.

"Tell D'Egville his dress shall be returned—I am obliged to "him for the pattern. I am sorry you should have so much trouble, "but I was not aware of the difficulty of procuring the animals in

100.—To his Mother.

Newstead Abbey, Notts, October 7, 1808.

DEAR MADAM,—I have no beds for the Hansons or any body else at present. The Hansons sleep at Mansfield. I do not know that I resemble Jean Jacques Rousseau.[1]

"question. I shall have finished part of my mansion in a few "weeks, and, if you can pay me a visit at Christmas, I shall be "very glad to see you.

"Believe me, etc."

In a bill, for 1808, sent in to Byron by Messrs. Finn and Johnson, tailors, of Nottingham, appears the following item: "Masquerade "Jackett with belt and rich Turban, £11 : 9 : 6." This is probably the dress made from d'Egville's pattern.

James d'Egville learned dancing from Gaetano Vestris, well known at the Court of Frederick the Great, and from Gardel, the Court teacher of Marie Antoinette. He, his brother Louis, and his sister Madame Michau, were the most famous teachers of the day in England. The real name of the family was Hervey; that of d'Egville was assumed for professional purposes. James d'Egville enjoyed a great reputation, both as an actor and a dancer, in Paris and London. He was Acting-Manager and Director of the King's Theatre (October, 1807, to January, 1808), but was dismissed, owing to a disagreement between the managers, in the course of which he was accused of French proclivities and republican principles (see Waters's *Opera-Glass*, pp. 133–145). A man of taste and cultivation, he produced some musical extravaganzas and ballets; *e.g. Don Quichotte ou les Noces de Gamache, L'Elèvement d'Adonis, The Rape of Dejanira*, etc.

A coloured print, in the possession of his great-nephew, Mr. Louis d'Egville, represents him, with Deshayes, in one of his most successful appearances, the ballet-pantomime of *Achille et Deidamie*. He was an enthusiastic sportsman.

1. In Byron's *Detached Thoughts*, quoted by Moore (*Life*, p. 72), he thus refers to the comparison with Rousseau :—

"My mother, before I was twenty, would have it that I was like "Rousseau, and Madame de Staël used to say so too in 1813, and "the *Edinburgh Review* has something of the sort in its critique "on the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*. I can't see any point of "resemblance :—he wrote prose, I verse : he was of the people; I "of the aristocracy : he was a philosopher; I am none : he published "his first work at forty; I mine at eighteen : his first essay brought "him universal applause; mine the contrary : he married his house-"keeper; I could not keep house with my wife : he thought all the "world in a plot against him; my little world seems to think me "in a plot against it, if I may judge by their abuse in print and

I have no ambition to be like so illustrious a madman—but this I know, that I shall live in my own manner, and as much alone as possible. When my rooms are ready I shall be glad to see you: at present it would be improper, and uncomfortable to both parties. You can hardly object to my rendering my mansion habitable, notwithstanding my departure for Persia in March (or May at farthest), since *you* will be *tenant* till my return; and in case of any accident (for I have already arranged my will to be drawn up the moment I am twenty-one), I have taken care you shall have the house and manor

"coterie: he liked botany; I like flowers, herbs, and trees, but "know nothing of their pedigrees: he wrote music; I limit my "knowledge of it to what I catch by *ear*—I never could learn any "thing by *study*, not even a *language*—it was all by rote and ear, "and memory: he had a *bad* memory; I *had*, at least, an excellent "one (ask Hodgson the poet—a good judge, for he has an astonish-"ing one): he wrote with hesitation and care; I with rapidity, and "rarely with pains: *he* could never ride, nor swim, nor 'was "cunning of fence;' *I* am an excellent swimmer, a decent, though "not at all a dashing, rider, (having staved in a rib at eighteen, in "the course of scampering,) and was sufficient of fence, particularly "of the Highland broadsword,—not a bad boxer, when I could keep "my temper, which was difficult, but which I strove to do ever since "I knocked down Mr. Purling, and put his knee-pan out (with the "gloves on), in Angelo's and Jackson's rooms in 1806, during the "sparring,—and I was, besides, a very fair cricketer,—one of "the Harrow eleven, when we played against Eton in 1805. Besides, "Rousseau's way of life, his country, his manners, his whole character, "were so very different, that I am at a loss to conceive how such "a comparison could have arisen, as it has done three several times, "and all in rather a remarkable manner. I forgot to say that *he* was "also short-sighted, and that hitherto my eyes have been the con-"trary, to such a degree that, in the largest theatre of Bologna, I "distinguished and read some busts and inscriptions, painted near the "stage, from a box so distant and so *darkly* lighted, that none of "the company (composed of young and very bright-eyed people, "some of them in the same box,) could make out a letter, and "thought it was a trick, though I had never been in that theatre "before.

"Altogether, I think myself justified in thinking the comparison "not well founded. I don't say this out of pique, for Rousseau was "a great man; and the thing, if true, were flattering enough;—but "I have no idea of being pleased with the chimera."

for *life*, besides a sufficient income. So you see my improvements are not entirely selfish. As I have a friend here, we will go to the Infirmary Ball on the 12th; we will drink tea with Mrs. Byron[1] at eight o'clock, and expect to see you at the ball. If that lady will allow us a couple of rooms to dress in, we shall be highly obliged: —if we are at the ball by ten or eleven, it will be time enough, and we shall return to Newstead about three or four. Adieu.

Believe me, yours very truly,

BYRON.

101.—To his Mother.

Newstead Abbey, November 2, 1808.

DEAR MOTHER,—If you please, we will forget the things you mention. I have no desire to remember them. When my rooms are finished, I shall be happy to see you; as I tell but the truth, you will not suspect me of evasion. I am furnishing the house more for you than myself, and I shall establish you in it before I sail for India, which I expect to do in March, if nothing particularly obstructive occurs. I am now fitting up the *green* drawing-room; the red for a bed-room, and the rooms over as sleeping-rooms. They will be soon completed;—at least I hope so.

I wish you would inquire of Major Watson (who is an old Indian) what things will be necessary to provide for my voyage. I have already procured a friend to write to the Arabic Professor at Cambridge,[2] for some information

1. The Hon. Mrs. George Byron, *née* Frances Levett, Byron's great-aunt, widow of the Hon. George Byron, fourth brother of William, fifth Lord Byron.

2. The Rev. John Palmer, Fellow of St. John's, Adam's Professor of Arabic (1804–19).

Mrs. Byron

from a picture belonging to John Murray.

I am anxious to procure. I can easily get letters from government to the ambassadors, consuls, etc., and also to the governors at Calcutta and Madras. I shall place my property and my will in the hands of trustees till my return, and I mean to appoint you one. From Hanson I have heard nothing—when I do, you shall have the particulars.

After all, you must own my project is not a bad one. If I do not travel now, I never shall, and all men should one day or other. I have at present no connections to keep me at home; no wife, or unprovided sisters, brothers, etc. I shall take care of you, and when I return I may possibly become a politician. A few years' knowledge of other countries than our own will not incapacitate me for that part. If we see no nation but our own, we do not give mankind a fair chance;—it is from *experience*, not books, we ought to judge of them. There is nothing like inspection, and trusting to our own senses.

Yours, etc.

102.—To Francis Hodgson.[1]

Newstead Abbey, Notts., Nov. 3, 1808.

MY DEAR HODGSON,—I expected to have heard ere this the event of your interview with the mysterious Mr.

1. Francis Hodgson (1781–1852), educated at Eton (1794–99) and at King's College, Cambridge, Scholar (1799), Fellow (1802), hesitated between literature and the bar as his profession. For three years he was a private tutor, for one (1806) a master at Eton. In 1807 he became a resident tutor at King's. It was not till 1812 that he decided to take orders. Two years later he married Miss Tayler, a sister of Mrs. Henry Drury, and took a country curacy. In 1816 he was given the Eton living of Bakewell, in Derbyshire, became Archdeacon of Derby in 1836, and in 1840 Provost of Eton. At Eton he died December 29, 1852.

Hodgson's literary facility was extraordinary. He rhymed with

Haynes, my volunteer correspondent; however, as I had no business to trouble you with the adjustment of my

an ease which almost rivals that of Byron, and from 1807 to 1818 he poured out quantities of verse, English and Latin, original and translated, besides writing articles for the *Quarterly*, the *Monthly*, and the *Critical* Reviews. He published his *Translation of Juvenal* in 1807, in which he was assisted by Drury and Merivale; *Lady Jane Grey, a Tale; and other Poems* (1809); *Sir Edgar, a Tale* (1810); *Leaves of Laurel* (1812); *Charlemagne, an Epic Poem* (1815), translated from the original of Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino, by S. Butler and Francis Hodgson; *The Friends, a Poem in Four Books; Mythology for Versification* (1831); *A Charge, as Archdeacon of Derby* (1837); *Sermons* (1846); and other works.

His acquaintance with Byron began in 1807, when Byron was meditating *British Bards*, and Hodgson, provoked by a review of his *Juvenal* in the *Edinburgh Review*, was composing his *Gentle Alterative prepared for the Reviewers*, which appears on pp. 56, 57 of *Lady Jane Grey*. There are some curious points of resemblance between the two poems, though Hodgson's lines can hardly be compared for force and sting to *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers*. Like Byron (see *English Bards, etc.*, line 513, *note* 7), he makes merry over the blunder of the *Edinburgh* reviewer, who, in an article on Payne Knight's *Principles of Taste*, severely criticized some Greek lines which he attributed to Knight, but which, in fact, were by Pindar:—

> "And when he frown'd on Kn—'s erroneous Greek,
> Bad him in Pindar's page that error seek."

Like Byron also, he attributes the blunder to Hallam, and speaks of "Hallam's baffled art." The article was written by Lord Holland's physician, Dr. Allen, who, according to Sydney Smith, had "the creed of a philosopher and the legs of a clergyman." Like Byron also (see *English Bards, etc.*, line 820), he appeals to Gifford, who was an old family friend, to return to the fray:—

> "Oh! for that voice, whose cadence loud and strong
> Drove Della Crusca from the field of song—
> And with a force that guiltier fools should feel,
> Rack'd a vain butterfly on Satire's wheel."

In a note appended to the words in his satire—"Like clowns detest "nobility"—he refers to the *Edinburgh's* treatment of Byron's verse.

The link thus established between Byron and Hodgson grew stronger for the next few years. Hodgson suppressed Moore's challenge to the author of *English Bards;* was Byron's guest at Newstead (see page 179, in *note*); pleaded with him on the subject of religion; translated his lines, "I would I were a careless child," into Latin verse (*Lady Jane Grey*, p. 94); addressed him in poetry, as, for instance, in the "Lines to a Friend going abroad" (*Sir Edgar*, p. 173). Byron, on his side, seems to have been sincerely

concerns with that illustrious stranger, I have no right to complain of your silence.

You have of course seen Drury,[1] in all the pleasing palpitations of anticipated wedlock. Well! he has still something to look forward to, and his present extacies are certainly enviable. "Peace be with him and with "his spirit," and his flesh also, at least just now. . . .

Hobhouse and your humble are still here. Hobhouse hunts, etc., and I do nothing; we dined the other day with a neighbouring Esquire (not Collet of Staines), and regretted your absence, as the Bouquet of Staines was scarcely to be compared to our last "feast of reason." You know, laughing is the sign of a rational animal; so

attached to Hodgson, to whom he left, by his first will (1811), one-third of his personal goods, and in 1813 gave £1000 to enable him to marry. Hodgson corresponded with Mrs. Leigh and with Miss Milbanke, afterwards Lady Byron, endeavoured to heal the breach between husband and wife, and was one of the mourners at Hucknall Torkard Church.

In Haydon's *Table-Talk* (vol. ii. pp. 367–8) is recorded a conversation with Hobhouse on the subject of Hodgson. Haydon's account of Hobhouse's words is confused; but he definitely asserts that Hodgson's life was dissipated, and insinuates that he perverted Byron's character. Part of the explanation is probably this: Hodgson's friend, the Rev. Robert Bland, kept a mistress, described as a woman of great personal and mental attraction. He asked Hodgson, during his absence on the Continent, to visit the lady and send him frequent news of her. Hodgson did so, with the result that, at Bland's return, the lady refused to see him. When Byron came back from his Eastern tour, he received a frantic letter from Bland, telling him that Hodgson had stolen her love. To this Byron refers in his letter to Harness, December 15, 1811, and probably told an embellished story to Hobhouse. But Hodgson himself warmly repudiated the charge; and there is no reason to think that his version of the affair is not the truth.

1. The Rev. Henry Drury married, December 20, 1808, Ann Caroline, daughter of Archdale Wilson Tayler, of Boreham Wood, Herts. Their five sons were all educated at Harrow: Henry, Archdeacon of Wilts and editor of *Arundines Cami* (1841); Byron, Vice-Admiral R.N.; Benjamin Heath, Vice-President of Caius College, Cambridge; Heber, Colonel in the Madras Army; Charles Curtis, General of the Bengal Staff Corps (see also page 41, *note* 2).

says Dr. Smollett. I think so, too, but unluckily my spirits don't always keep pace with my opinions. I had not so much scope for risibility the other day as I could have wished, for I was seated near a woman, to whom, when a boy, I was as much attached as boys generally are, and more than a man should be.[1] I knew this before I went, and was determined to be valiant, and converse with *sang froid;* but instead I forgot my valour and my nonchalance, and never opened my lips even to laugh, far less to speak, and the lady was almost as absurd as myself, which made both the object of more observation than if we had conducted ourselves with easy indifference. You will think all this great nonsense; if you had seen it, you would have thought it still more ridiculous. What fools we are! We cry for a plaything, which, like children, we are never satisfied with till we break open, though like them we cannot get rid of it by putting it in the fire.

I have tried for Gifford's *Epistle to Pindar*,[2] and the

1. Mrs. Chaworth Musters (see Byron's lines, "Well! thou art "happy," *Poems*, vol. i. pp. 277–279).

2. William Gifford (1756–1826), a self-taught scholar, first a ploughboy, then boy on board a Brixham coaster, afterwards shoemaker's apprentice, was sent by friends to Exeter College, Oxford (1779–81). In the *Baviad* (1794) and the *Maeviad* (1795) he attacked many of the smaller writers of the day, who were either silly, like the Della Cruscan school, or discreditable, like Williams, who wrote as "Anthony Pasquin." In his *Epistle to Peter Pindar* (1800) he succeeds in laying bare the true character of John Wolcot. As editor of the *Anti-Jacobin, or Weekly Examiner* (November, 1797, to July, 1798), he supported the political views of Canning and his friends. As editor of the *Quarterly Review*, from its foundation (February, 1809) to his resignation in September, 1824, he did yeoman's service to sound literature by his good sense and adherence to the best models. It was a period when all criticism was narrow, and, to some degree, warped by political prejudice. In these respects, Gifford's work may not have risen above—it certainly did not fall below—the highest standard of contemporary criticism. His editions of *Massinger* (1805), which superseded that of Monck Mason and Davies (1765), of *Ben Jonson* (1816), of *Ford* (1827),

bookseller says the copies were cut up for *waste paper;* if you can procure me a copy I shall be much obliged. Adieu!

Believe me, my dear Sir, yours ever sincerely,

BYRON.

103.—To John Hanson.

Newstead Abbey, Notts., November 18th, 1808.

DEAR SIR,—I am truly glad to hear your health is reinstated. As for my affairs I am sure you will do your best, and, though I should be glad to get rid of my Lancashire property for an equivalent in money, I shall not take any steps of that nature without good advice and mature consideration.

I am (as I have already told you) going abroad in the spring; for this I have many reasons. In the first place, I wish to study India and Asiatic policy and manners. I am young, tolerably vigorous, abstemious in my way of living; I have no pleasure in fashionable dissipation, and I am determined to take a wider field than is customary with travellers. If I return, my judgment will be more mature, and I shall still be young enough for politics. With regard to expence, travelling

are valuable. To his translation of *Juvenal* (1802) is prefixed his autobiography. His translation of *Persius* appeared in 1821. To Gifford, Byron usually paid the utmost deference. "Any suggestion of yours, even if it were conveyed," he writes to him, in 1813, "in the less tender text of the *Baviad*, or a Monk Mason note to "Massinger, would be obeyed." See also his letter (September 7, 1811), in which he calls Gifford his "Magnus Apollo," and values his praise above the gems of Samarcand. "He was," says Sir Walter Scott (*Diary*, January 18, 1827), "a little man, dumpled "up together, and so ill-made as to seem almost deformed, but "with a singular expression of talent in his countenance." Byron was attracted to Gifford, partly by his devotion to the classical models of literature, partly by the outspoken frankness of his literary criticism, partly also, perhaps, by his physical deformity.

through the East is rather inconvenient than expensive: it is not like the tour of Europe, you undergo hardship, but incur little hazard of spending money. If I live here I must have my house in town, a separate house for Mrs. Byron; I must keep horses, etc., etc. When I go abroad I place Mrs. Byron at Newstead (there is one great expence saved), I have no horses to keep. A voyage to India will take me six months, and if I had a dozen attendants cannot cost me five hundred pounds; and you will agree with me that a like term of months in England would lead me into four times that expenditure. I have written to Government for letters and permission of the Company, so you see I am *serious*.

You honour my debts; they amount to perhaps twelve thousand pounds, and I shall require perhaps three or four thousand at setting out, with credit on a Bengal agent. This you must manage for me. If my resources are not adequate to the supply I must *sell*, but *not Newstead*. I will at least transmit that to the next Lord. My debts must be paid, if possible, in February. I shall leave my affairs to the care of *trustees*, of whom, with your acquiescence, I shall *name you* one, Mr. Parker another, and two more, on whom I am not yet determined.

Pray let me hear from you soon. Remember me to Mrs. Hanson, whom I hope to see on her return. Present my best respects to the young lady, and believe me, etc.,

BYRON.

104.—To Francis Hodgson.

Newstead Abbey, Notts., Nov. 27, 1808.

MY DEAR SIR,—Boatswain [1] is to be buried in a vault waiting for myself. I have also written an epitaph, which

1. Boatswain, the Newfoundland dog, died November 18, 1808.

I would send, were it not for two reasons: one is, that it is too long for a letter; and the other, that I hope you will some day read it on the spot where it will be engraved.

You discomfort me with the intelligence of the real orthodoxy of the Arch-fiend's name,[1] but alas! it must stand with me at present; if ever I have an opportunity of correcting, I shall liken him to Geoffrey of Monmouth, a noted liar in his way, and perhaps a more correct prototype than the Carnifex of James II.

I do not think the composition of your poem "a suf-"ficing reason" for not keeping your promise of a Christmas visit. Why not come? I will never disturb you in your moments of inspiration; and if you wish to collect any materials for the *scenery*,[2] Hardwicke (where Mary was confined for several years) is not eight miles distant, and, independent of the interest you must take in it as her vindicator, is a most beautiful and venerable object of curiosity. I shall take it very ill if you do not come; my mansion is improving in comfort, and, when you require solitude, I shall have an apartment devoted to the purpose of receiving your poetical reveries.

I have heard from our Drury; he says little of the Row, which I regret: indeed I would have sacrificed much to have contributed in any way (as a schoolboy) to its consummation; but Butler survives, and thirteen boys

(For Byron's inscriptions in prose and verse, see *Poems*, vol. i. p. 280.)

1. Byron at first thought that Jeffrey, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, spelt his name in the same way as the Judge Jeffreys of the Bloody Assizes. He probably writes "orthodoxy" for "ortho-"graphy" as a joke. (See the lines quoted from *British Bards* in notes to *English Bards, etc.*, line 439, *note* 2.)

2. It is stated that Hodgson was writing a poem on Mary Queen of Scots (*Life of Rev. Francis Hodgson*, vol. i. p. 107). No such poem was apparently ever published. In Hodgson's *Lady Jane Grey*, Queen Mary of England plays a part; hence, possibly, the mistake.

have been expelled in vain. Davies is not here, but Hobhouse hunts as usual, and your humble servant "drags at each remove a lengthened chain." I have heard from his Grace of Portland[1] on the subject of my expedition: he talks of difficulties; by the gods! if he throws any in my way I will next session ring such a peal in his ears,

> That he shall wish the fiery Dane
> Had rather been his guest again.[2]

You do not tell me if Gifford is really my commentator: it is too good to be true, for I know nothing would gratify my vanity so much as the reality; even the idea is too precious to part with.

I shall expect you here; let me have no more excuses. Hobhouse desires his best remembrance. We are now lingering over our evening potations. I have extended my letter further than I ought, and beg you will excuse it; on the opposite page I send you some stanzas[3] I wrote off on being questioned by a former flame as to my motives for quitting this country. You are the first reader. Hobhouse hates everything of the kind, therefore I do not show them to him. Adieu!

Believe me, yours very sincerely,

BYRON.

1. Byron asked the Duke of Portland to procure him "permission "from the E.I. Directors to pass through their settlements." The duke replied, in effect, that Byron trespassed on his time and patience. So Byron at least took his answer (see *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers*, line 1016 and *note* 2).

2. *Marmion*, Canto II. stanza xxxi.

3. See stanzas "To a Lady on being asked my Reason for "Quitting England in the Spring" (*Poems*, vol. i. p. 282).

105.—To the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

[Ld. Chichester's, Stratton Street, London.]

Newstead Abbey, Notts., [Wednesday], Novr. 30th, 1808.

MY DEAREST AUGUSTA,—I return you my best thanks for making me an uncle, and forgive the sex this time; but the next *must* be a nephew. You will be happy to hear my Lancashire property is likely to prove extremely valuable; indeed my pecuniary affairs are altogether far superior to my expectations or any other person's. If I would *sell*, my income would probably be six thousand per annum; but I will not part at least with Newstead, or indeed with the other, which is of a nature to increase in value yearly. I am living here *alone*, which suits my inclinations better than society of any kind. Mrs. Byron I have shaken off for two years, and I shall not resume her yoke in future, I am afraid my disposition will suffer in your estimation; but I never can forgive that woman, or breathe in comfort under the same roof.

I am a very unlucky fellow, for I think I had naturally not a bad heart; but it has been so bent, twisted, and trampled on, that it has now become as hard as a Highlander's heelpiece.

I do not know that much alteration has taken place in my person, except that I am grown much thinner, and somewhat taller! I saw Col. Leigh at Brighton in July, where I should have been glad to have seen you; I only know your husband by sight, though I am acquainted with many of the Tenth. Indeed my relations are those whom I know the least, and in most instances, I am not very anxious to improve the acquaintance. I hope you are quite recovered, I shall be in town in January to take

my seat, and will call, if convenient; let me hear from you before.

[Signature cut off, and over the page is, in Mrs. Leigh's writing, this endorsement: "Sent to Miss Alderson to go to Germany, "May 29th, 1843."]

106.—To the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

[Ld. Chichester's, Stratton Street, London.]

Newstead Abbey, Notts., Decr. 14th, 1808.

MY DEAREST AUGUSTA,—When I stated in my last, that my intercourse with the world had hardened my heart, I did not mean from any matrimonial disappointment, no, I have been guilty of many absurdities, but I hope in God I shall always escape that worst of evils, Marriage. I have no doubt there are exceptions, and of course include you amongst them, but you will recollect, that "*exceptions only prove the Rule.*"

I live here much in my own manner, that is, *alone*, for I could not bear the company of my best friend, above a month; there is such a sameness in mankind upon the whole, and they grow so much more disgusting every day, that, were it not for a portion of Ambition, and a conviction that in times like the present we ought to perform our respective duties, I should live here all my life, in unvaried Solitude. I have been visited by all our Nobility and Gentry; but I return no visits. Joseph Murray is at the head of my household, poor honest fellow! I should be a great Brute, if I had not provided for him in the manner most congenial to his own feelings, and to mine. I have several horses, and a considerable establishment, but I am not addicted to hunting or

shooting. I hate all field sports, though a few years since I was a tolerable adept in the *polite* arts of Fox-hunting, Hawking, Boxing, etc., etc. My Library is rather extensive, (and as you perhaps know) I am a mighty Scribbler; I flatter myself I have made some improvements in Newstead, and, as I am independent, I am happy, as far as any person unfortunate enough to be born into this world, can be said to be so.

I shall be glad to hear from you when convenient, and beg you to believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

BYRON.

107.—To John Hanson.

Newstead Abbey, Notts., Dec. 17, 1808.

MY DEAR SIR,—I regret the contents of your letter as I think we shall be thrown on our backs from the delay. I do not know if our best method would not be to compromise if possible, as you know the state of my affairs will not be much bettered by a protracted and possibly unsuccessful litigation. However, I am and have been so much in the dark during the whole transaction that I am not a competent judge of the most expedient measures. I suppose it will end in my marrying a *Golden Dolly*[1] or blowing my brains out; it does

1. Mrs. Byron also advised his marriage with an heiress. The following passage is taken from her letter to Hanson, January 30, 1809:—

"I was sorry I could not see you here. Byron told me he "intended to put his servants on Board Wages at Newstead. I was "very sorry to hear of the great expence the Newstead *Pit* would "put him to. I can see nothing but the Road to Ruin in all this, "which grieves me to the heart and makes me still worse than I "would otherwise be (unless, indeed, Coal Mines turn to Gold "Mines), or that he mends his fortune in the old and usual way by "marrying a Woman with two or three hundred thousand pounds. "I have no doubt of his being a great speaker and a celebrated

not much matter which, the remedies are nearly alike. I shall be glad to hear from you further on the business. I suppose now it will be still more difficult to come to any terms. Have you seen Mrs. Massingberd, and have you arranged my Israelitish accounts? Pray remember me to Mrs. Hanson, to Harriet, and all the family, female and male.

Believe me also, yours very sincerely,

BYRON.

108.—To Francis Hodgson.

Newstead Abbey, Notts., Dec. 17, 1808.

MY DEAR HODGSON,—I have just received your letter, and one from B. Drury,[1] which I would send, were it not

"public character, and *all* that; but that *won't add* to his fortune, "but bring on more expenses on him, and there is nothing to be had "in this country to make a man rich in his line of life."

In another letter to Hanson, dated March 4, 1809, she returns to the same subject:—

"I have had a very dismal letter from my son, informing me that "he is *ruined*. He wishes to borrow my money. This I shall be "very ready to oblige him in, on such security as you approve. As "it is my *all*, this is very necessary, and I am sure he would not "wish to have it on any other terms. It cannot be paid up, how-"ever, under six months' notice. I wish he would take the debt of "a thousand pounds, that I have been security for, on himself, and "pay about eighty pounds he owes here.

"I wish to God he would exert himself and retrieve his affairs. "He must marry a Woman of *fortune* this spring; love matches is "all nonsense. Let him make use of the Talents God has given "him. He is an English Peer, and has all the privileges of that "situation. What is this about proving his grandfather's marriage? "I thought it had been in Lancashire. If it was not, it surely easily "can be proved. Is nothing going forward concerning the Roch-"dale Property? I am sure, if I was Lord Byron, I would sell no "estates to pay Jews; I only would pay what was lawful. Pray "answer the note immediately, and answer all my questions con-"cerning lending the money, the Rochdale property, and why B. "don't or can't take his seat, which is very hard, and very provoking.

"I am, Dear Sir, yours sincerely,

"C. G. BYRON."

1. Benjamin Heath Drury (1782-1835), second son of the Head-

too bulky to despatch within a sheet of paper; but I must impart the contents and consign the answer to your care. In the first place, I cannot address the answer to him, because the epistle is without date or direction; and in the next, the contents are so singular that I can scarce believe my optics, "which are made the fools of the other "senses, or else worth all the rest."

A few weeks ago, I wrote to our friend Harry Drury of facetious memory, to request he would prevail on his brother at Eton to receive the son of a citizen in London well known unto me as a pupil; the family having been particularly polite during the short time I was with them, induced me to this application. "Now "mark what follows," as somebody or Southey sublimely saith: on this day, the 17th December, arrives an epistle signed B. Drury, containing not the smallest reference to tuition or *in*tuition, but a *petition* for *Robert Gregson*,[1] of

master of Harrow (see page 41, *note* 2), was a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and Assistant-master at Eton. Gronow (*Reminiscences*, vol. i. pp. 209 and 233) says that Drury was "pas- "sionately devoted to theatricals," and, with his friend Knapp, frequently drove up to London after school-hours to sup with Edmund Kean and Arnold at Drury Lane or the Hummums in Covent Garden. On one occasion they took with them Lord Eldon's son, then a school-boy at Eton. After supper the party were "run in" by the watchmen, and bailed out at Bow Street by the Lord Chancellor's secretary.

1. Bob Gregson (1778–1824), the big-boned, burly landlord of the Castle, Holborn, known as "Bob's Chop-house," was a familiar figure in the sporting world. When captain of the Liverpool and Wigan Packet, he established his reputation in Lancashire as a fighter. He stood 6 feet 1½ inches in height, and weighed 15 stone 6 pounds. But, in spite of the eulogies of Pierce Egan—a low-caste Irishman, who was first a compositor, then a comedian, and afterwards a newspaper reporter (see Grantley Berkeley's *My Life and Recollections*, vol. i. pp. 107, 108)—Gregson had no science, and depended only on his strength, courage, and endurance. He was beaten by Gully at Six Mile Bottom in 1807, and again in 1808 at Markyate Street; also by Tom Cribb at Moulsey Hurst in 1808 (*Pugilistica*, vol. i. pp. 237–241). Failing as landlord of the Castle, he set up a school of boxing at Dublin, where he afterwards kept

pugilistic notoriety, now in bondage for certain paltry pounds sterling, and liable to take up his everlasting abode in Banco Regis. Had this letter been from any of my *lay* acquaintance, or, in short, from anyone but the gentleman whose signature it bears, I should have marvelled not. If Drury is serious, I congratulate pugilism on the acquisition of such a patron, and shall be happy to advance any sum necessary for the liberation of the captive Gregson; but I certainly hope to be certified from you or some reputable housekeeper of the fact, before I write to Drury on the subject. When I say the *fact*, I mean of the *letter* being written by *Drury*, not having any doubt as to the authenticity of the statement. The letter is now before me, and I keep it for your perusal. When I hear from you I shall address my answer to him, under *your care*; for as it is now the vacation at Eton, and the letter is without *time* or *place*, I cannot venture to consign my sentiments on so *momentous* a *concern* to chance.

To you, my dear Hodgson, I have not much to say. If you can make it convenient or pleasant to trust yourself here, be assured it will be both to me.

109.—To John Hanson.

Newstead Abbey, Jan. 15th, 1809.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged by your kind invitation, but I wish you, if possible, to be here on the

"the Punch House," in Moor Street. He died at Liverpool in 1824. According to Egan (*Boxiana*, vol. i. pp. 357, 358), Gregson "united Pugilism with Poetry." On this claim he adopted the letters "P.P." after his name. Egan gives some of his doggerel among "Prime Chaunts for the Fancy" (*ibid.*, p. 358). Moore, in *Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress*, attributes to him his "Lines to "Miss Grace Maddox" (pp. 75–77); "Ya-Hip, my Hearties!" (pp. 80–83); and "The Annual Pill" (pp. 84–86).

22nd.[1] Your presence will be of great service, everything is prepared for your reception exactly as if I remained, and I think Hargreaves will be gratified by the appearance of the place, and the humours of the day. I shall on the first opportunity pay my respects to your family, and though I will not trespass on your hospitality on the 22nd, my obligation is not less for your agreeable offer, which on any other occasion would be immediately accepted, but I wish you much to be present at the festivities, and I hope you will add Charles to the party. Consider, as the Courtier says in the tragedy of *Tom Thumb*[2]—

> "This is a day; your Majesties may boast of it,
> And since it never can come o'er, 'tis fit you make the most of it."

I shall take my seat as soon as circumstances will admit. I have not yet chosen my side in politics, nor shall I hastily commit myself with professions, or pledge my support to any men or measures, but though I shall not run headlong into opposition, I will studiously avoid a connection with ministry. I cannot say that my opinion is strongly in favour of either party;[3] on the one

1. Byron's coming of age was celebrated at Newstead on January 22, 1809.

2. See O'Hara's acting version of Fielding's *Tom Thumb the Great*, act i. sc. 1—

> "*Doodle.* A Day we never saw before;
> A Day of fun and drollery.
> *Noodle.* That you may say,
> Their Majesties may boast of it;
> And since it never can come more,
> 'Tis fit they make the most of it."

3. Lord Grenville (1759–1834) became First Lord of the Treasury; Lord Sidmouth, Lord Privy Seal; and William Windham, Secretary for War, in February, 1806. They, with Fox and his friends, formed the administration of "All the Talents," which in March, 1807, fell over the Roman Catholic question. They were succeeded by the Duke of Portland's Ministry, which included the "late

side we have the late underlings of Pitt, possessing all his ill fortune, without his talents; this may render their failure more excusable, but will not diminish the public contempt; on the other, we have the ill-assorted fragments of a worn-out minority; Mr. Windham with his coat *twice* turned, and my Lord Grenville who perhaps has more sense than he can make good use of; between the two and the shuttlecock of both, a Sidmouth, and the general *football* Sir F. Burdett, kicked at by all, and owned by none.

I shall stand aloof, speak what I think, but not often, nor too soon. I will preserve my independence, if possible, but if involved with a party, I will take care not to be the *last* or *least* in the ranks. As to *patriotism*, the word is obsolete, perhaps improperly, so, for all men in the Country are patriots, knowing that their own existence must stand or fall with the Constitution, yet everybody thinks he could alter it for the better, and govern a people, who are in fact easily governed, but always claim the privilege of grumbling. So much for Politics, of which I at present know little and care less; bye and bye, I shall use the senatorial privilege of talking, and indeed in such times, and in such a crew, it must be difficult to hold one's tongue.

Believe me, etc.,

BYRON.

"underlings of Pitt,"—Perceval, Canning, Dundas, etc. "Weather-"cock" Windham, in the Ministry of "All the Talents," was responsible for the conduct of a war which, as leader of the so-called "New Opposition," he had vigorously opposed. Sir Francis Burdett's zeal for Parliamentary Reform involved him in hostility to both Whigs and Tories, who had combined to exclude him from Parliament after his election for Middlesex (1802–6). In 1807 he had been elected for Westminster.

110.—To R. C. Dallas.

Reddish's Hotel, Jan. 25, 1809.

MY DEAR SIR,—My only reason for not adopting your lines is because they are *your* lines.[1] You will recollect that Lady Wortley Montague said to Pope: "No "touching, for the good will be given to you, and the "bad attributed to me." I am determined it shall be all my own, except such alterations as may be absolutely required; but I am much obliged by the trouble you have taken, and your good opinion.

The couplet on Lord C.[2] may be scratched out and the following inserted:

> Roscommon! Sheffield! with your spirits fled,
> No future laurels deck a noble head.
> Nor e'en a hackney'd Muse will deign to smile
> On minor Byron, nor mature Carlisle.

This will answer the purpose of concealment. Now for some couplets on Mr. Crabbe,[3] which you may place after "Gifford, Sotheby, M'Niel:"

1. Dallas (January 24, 1809) takes "the liberty of sending you "some two dozen lines," etc.

2. The couplet on Lord Carlisle, as it stood in *British Bards*, was—

> "On one alone Apollo deigns to smile,
> And crowns a new Roscommon in Carlisle."

(See *English Bards, etc.*, lines 723, *et seqq.*; see also line 927, *note* 2. For Lord Carlisle, see page 36, *note* 2.)

3. For "Gifford, Sotheby, Macneil," see *English Bards, etc.*, line 818, and *notes*. Dallas had written (January 24, 1809), "I am "sorry you have not found a place among the genuine sons of "Apollo for Crabbe, who, in spite of something bordering on "servility in his dedication, may surely rank with some you have "admitted to his temple" (see *English Bards, etc.*, lines 849-858).

There be who say, in these enlightened days,
That splendid lies are all the Poet's praise;
That strained invention, ever on the wing,
Alone impels the modern Bard to sing.
'Tis true that all who rhyme, nay, all who write,
Shrink from that fatal word to genius, trite:
Yet Truth will sometimes lend her noblest fires,
And decorate the verse herself inspires.
This fact in Virtue's name let Crabbe attest;
Though Nature's sternest painter, yet the best.

I am sorry to differ with you with regard to the title,[1] but I mean to retain it with this addition: *The ~~British~~ English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;* and if we call it a *Satire*, it will obviate the objection, as the Bards also were Welch. Your title is too humorous;—and as I know a little of ——, I wish not to embroil myself with him, though I do not commend his treatment of ——. I shall be glad to hear from you or see you, and beg you to believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

BYRON.

III.—To R. C. Dallas.

February 7, 1809.

MY DEAR SIR,—Suppose we have this couplet—

Though sweet the sound, disdain a borrow'd tone,
Resign Achaia's lyre, and strike your own: [2]

1. Dallas suggested as a title, *The Parish Poor of Parnassus.*
2. Dallas (February 6, 1809) objected to the rhyme in the couplet:—

"Translation's servile work at length disown,
And quit Achaia's Muse to court your own."

(For the corrected couplet, see *English Bards, etc.*, lines 889, 890.)

or,

Though soft the echo, scorn a borrow'd tone,
Resign Achaia's lyre, and strike your own.

So much for your admonition; but my note of notes, my solitary pun,[1] must not be given up—no, rather

"Let mightiest of all the beasts of chace
That roam in woody Caledon"

come against me; my annotation must stand.

We shall never sell a thousand; then why print so many? Did you receive my yesterday's note? I am troubling you, but I am apprehensive some of the lines are omitted by your young amanuensis, to whom, however, I am infinitely obliged.

Believe me, yours very truly,

BYRON.

112.—To R. C. Dallas.

February 11, 1809.

I wish you to call, if possible, as I have some alterations to suggest as to the part about Brougham.[2]

B.

113.—To R. C. Dallas.

February 12, 1809.

Excuse the trouble, but I have added two lines which are necessary to complete the poetical character of Lord Carlisle.[3]

1. See *English Bards, etc.*, line 1016, *note* 2.
2. See *ibid.*, line 524, *note* 2.
3. See *ibid.*, lines 733-736. Another letter, written February 15, 1809, runs as follows:—

"I wish you much to call on me, about *One*, not later, if convenient, as I have some thirty or forty lines for addition.

"Believe me, etc.,

"B."

. . . . . in his age
His scenes alone had damn'd our singing stage;
But Managers for once cried, "hold, enough!"
Nor drugg'd their audience with the tragic stuff!

Yours, etc.,

B.

114.—To R. C. Dallas.

February 16, 1809.

Ecce iterum Crispinus!—I send you some lines to be placed after "Gifford, Sotheby, M'Niel."[1] Pray call to-morrow any time before two, and

Believe me, etc.,

B.

P.S.—Print soon, or I shall overflow with more rhyme.

115.—To R. C. Dallas.

February 19, 1809.

I enclose some lines to be inserted, the first six after "Lords too are bards," etc., or rather immediately following the line:

"Ah! who would take their titles with their rhymes."

The four next will wind up the panegyric on Lord Carlisle, and come after "tragic stuff."[2]

Yours truly.

In these our times with daily wonders big,
A letter'd Peer is like a letter'd Pig:

1. See *English Bards, etc.*, lines 819–830.
2. See *ibid.*, lines 736–740.

Both know their alphabet, but who from thence
Infers that Peers or Pigs have manly sense?
Still less that such should woo the graceful Nine?
Parnassus was not made for Lords and Swine.
Roscommon, Sheffield, etc., etc.

* * * * *

. . . . . tragic stuff.
Yet at their judgment let his Lordship laugh,
And case his volumes in congenial calf:
Yes, doff that covering where morocco shines,
"And hang a calf-skin on those recreant" lines.

116.—To R. C. Dallas.

February 22, 1809.

A cut at the opera.—*Ecce signum!* from last night's observation, and inuendos against the Society for the Suppression of Vice.[1] The lines will come well in after the couplets concerning Naldi and Catalani![2]

Yours truly,

BYRON.

1. See *English Bards, etc.*, lines 618–631, *note* 1, for the "cut "at the opera." The piece which provoked the outburst was *I Villegiatori Rezzani*, at the King's Theatre, February 21, 1809. Guiseppe Naldi (1770–1820) made his *début* in London, at the King's Theatre, in April, 1806. (For further details, see *English Bards, etc.*, line 613, *note* 2.) Angelica Catalani, born at Sinigaglia, in 1779, or, according to some authorities, 1785, came out at Venice, in an opera by Nasolini. She sang in many capitals of Europe, married at Lisbon a French officer named Vallabrègue, and came to London in October, 1806. The salary paid her was a cause of the O. P. riots at Covent Garden in 1809, when one of the cries was, "No foreigners! No Catalani!" A series of caricatures, one set by Isaac Cruikshank, and several medals, commemorate the riots. Madame Catalani died at Paris in 1849.

2. See *English Bards, etc.*, lines 632–637.

117.—To his Mother.

8, St. James's Street, March 6, 1809.

DEAR MOTHER,—My last letter was written under great depression of spirits from poor Falkland's death,[1] who has left without a shilling four children and his wife. I have been endeavouring to assist them, which, God knows, I cannot do as I could wish, for my own embarrassments and the many claims upon me from other quarters.

What you say is all very true: come what may, *Newstead* and I *stand* or fall together. I have now lived on the spot, I have fixed my heart upon it, and no pressure, present or future, shall induce me to barter the last vestige of our inheritance. I have that pride within me which will enable me to support difficulties. I can endure privations; but could I obtain in exchange for Newstead Abbey the first fortune in the country, I would reject the proposition. Set your mind at ease on that score; Mr. Hanson talks like a man of business on the subject,—I feel like a man of honour, and I will not sell Newstead.

1. Captain Charles John Cary, R.N., succeeded his brother Thomas in 1796 as ninth Lord Falkland. He married, in 1803, Miss Anton, the daughter of a West India merchant. He had been recently dismissed from his ship "on account of some irregularities "arising from too free a circulation of the bottle." But he had received a promise of being reinstated, and, in high spirits at the prospect, dined one evening in March, 1809, at Stevens's Coffee-house, in Bond Street. There he applied to Mr. Powell an offensive nickname. "He lost his life for a joke, and one too he did not "make himself" (Medwin, *Conversations*, ed. 1825, p. 66). A challenge resulted. The parties met on Goldar's Green, and Falkland, mortally wounded, died two days later in Powell's house in Devonshire Place, on March 7, 1809. (*Annual Register*, vol. li. pp. 449, 450.) For a more detailed account, see *Gentleman's Magazine* for March, 1809. Both accounts give March 7 as the date of Falkland's death. A posthumous child was born to Lady Falkland. Byron stood godfather, and gave £500 at the christening.

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Peter Tillemans 1684-1734 pinx. Walker & Boutall pinx.

Newstead Abbey.

from the picture belonging to W. F. Webb Esqr. of Newstead

I shall get my seat[1] on the return of the affidavits from Carhais, in Cornwall, and will do something in the House soon: I must dash, or it is all over. My Satire must be kept secret for a *month;* after that you may say what you please on the subject. Lord Carlisle has used me infamously, and refused to state any particulars of my family to the Chancellor. I have *lashed* him in my rhymes, and perhaps his lordship may regret not being more conciliatory. They tell me it will have a sale; I hope so, for the bookseller has behaved well, as far as publishing well goes.

Believe me, etc.

P.S.—You shall have a mortgage on one of the farms.[2]

118.—To William Harness.

8, St. James's Street, March 18, 1809.

There was no necessity for your excuses: if you have time and inclination to write, "for what we receive, the "Lord make us thankful,"—if I do not hear from you, I console myself with the idea that you are much more agreeably employed.

I send down to you by this post a certain Satire lately published, and in return for the three and sixpence expenditure upon it, only beg that if you should guess

1. Byron took his seat in the House of Lords, March 13, 1809. The delay was caused by the difficulty of proving the marriage of Admiral the Hon. John Byron with Miss Sophia Trevanion in the private chapel of Carhais. Probably Carlisle neither possessed nor withheld any information.

2. Byron had borrowed £1000 for his return to Cambridge in 1807: £200 from Messrs. Wylde and Co., bankers, of Southwell; and the remainder from the Misses Parkyns, and his great-aunt, the Hon. Mrs. George Byron. For this debt his mother made herself liable. No mortgage was given (see page 221, *note* 2).

the author, you will keep his name secret; at least for the present. London is full of the Duke's business.[1] The Commons have been at it these last three nights, and are not yet come to a decision. I do not know if the affair will be brought before our House, unless in the shape of an impeachment. If it makes its appearance in a debatable form, I believe I shall be tempted to say something on the subject.—I am glad to hear you like Cambridge: firstly, because, to know that you are happy is pleasant to one who wishes you all possible sublunary enjoyment; and, secondly, I admire the morality of the sentiment. *Alma Mater* was to me *injusta noverca;* and the old beldam only gave me my M.A. degree because she could not avoid it.[2]—You know what a farce a noble Cantab. must perform.

I am going abroad, if possible, in the spring, and before I depart I am collecting the pictures of my most intimate school-fellows; I have already a few, and shall want yours, or my cabinet will be incomplete. I have employed one of the first miniature painters[3] of the day

1. This was the inquiry into the charges made by Colonel Gwyllym Wardle, M.P. for Okehampton (1807–12), against the Duke of York and his mistress, Mary Ann Clarke. The inquiry began January 27, 1809, and ended March 20, 1809, with the duke's resignation, the Commons having previously (March 17) acquitted him of "personal "connivance and corruption."

The case has passed into literature. Wardle, the valorous Dowler, and Lowten, Mr. Perker's clerk, had all figured in the trial before they played their parts in *Pickwick*. Wardle, who was a colonel of the Welsh Fusiliers ("Wynne's Lambs") had fought at Vinegar Hill. After losing his seat, he took a farm between Tunbridge Wells and Rochester, from which he fled to escape his creditors, and died at Florence, November 30, 1834, aged seventy-two.

2. Byron took his M.A. degree, July 4, 1808. In another letter to Harness, dated February, 1809, he says, "I do not know how "you and Alma Mater agree. I was but an untoward child myself, "and I believe the good lady and her brat were equally rejoiced "when I was weaned, and if I obtained her benediction at parting, "it was, at best, equivocal."

3. George Sanders (1774–1846) painted miniatures, made water-

to take them, of course, at my own expense, as I never allow my acquaintance to incur the least expenditure to gratify a whim of mine. To mention this may seem indelicate; but when I tell you a friend of ours first refused to sit, under the idea that he was to disburse on the occasion, you will see that it is necessary to state these preliminaries to prevent the recurrence of any similar mistake. I shall see you in time, and will carry you to the *limner*. It will be a tax on your patience for a week; but pray excuse it, as it is possible the resemblance may be the sole trace I shall be able to preserve of our past friendship and acquaintance. Just now it seems foolish enough; but in a few years, when some of us are dead, and others are separated by inevitable circumstances, it will be a kind of satisfaction to retain in these images of the living the idea of our former selves, and, to contemplate, in the resemblances of the dead, all that remains of judgment, feeling, and a host of passions. But all this will be dull enough for you, and so good night; and, to end my chapter, or rather my homily,

Believe me, my dear H., yours most affectionately.

119.—To William Bankes.

Twelve o'clock, Friday night.

My dear Bankes,—I have just received your note; believe me I regret most sincerely that I was not fortunate enough to see it before, as I need not repeat to you that your conversation for half an hour would have been much more agreeable to me than gambling[1]

colour copies of continental master-pieces, and afterwards became a portrait-painter in oils. He painted several portraits of Byron, two of which have been often engraved.

1. "I learn with delight," writes Hobhouse from Cambridge, May 12, 1808, "from Scrope Davies, that you have totally given

or drinking, or any other fashionable mode of passing an evening abroad or at home.—I really am very sorry that I went out previous to the arrival of your despatch: in future pray let me hear from you before six, and whatever my engagements may be, I will always postpone them.—Believe me, with that deference which I have always from my childhood paid to your *talents*, and with somewhat a better opinion of your heart than I have hitherto entertained,

Yours ever, etc.

120.—To R. C. Dallas.

April 25, 1809.

DEAR SIR,—I am just arrived at Batt's Hotel, Jermyn Street, St. James's, from Newstead, and shall be very

"up dice. To be sure you must give it up; for you to be seen "every night in the very vilest company in town—could anything "be more shocking, anything more unfit? I speak feelingly on this "occasion, *non ignara mali miseris, &c.* I know of nothing that "should bribe me to be present once more at such horrible scenes. "Perhaps 'tis as well that we are both acquainted with the extent "of the evil, that we may be the more earnest in abstaining from "it. You shall henceforth be *Diis animosus hostis.*"

Moore quotes (*Life*, p. 86) the following extract from Byron's *Journal*:—

"I have a notion that gamblers are as happy as many people, "being always *excited*. Women, wine, fame, the table,—even "ambition, *sate* now and then; but every turn of the card and cast "of the dice keeps the gamester alive: besides, one can game ten "times longer than one can do any thing else. I was very fond of "it when young, that is to say, of hazard, for I hate all *card* games, "—even faro. When macco (or whatever they spell it) was intro- "duced, I gave up the whole thing, for I loved and missed the *rattle* "and *dash* of the box and dice, and the glorious uncertainty, not "only of good luck or bad luck, but of *any luck at all*, as one had "sometimes to throw *often* to decide at all. I have thrown as many "as fourteen mains running, and carried off all the cash upon the "table occasionally; but I had no coolness, or judgment, or calcu- "lation. It was the delight of the thing that pleased me. Upon "the whole, I left off in time, without being much a winner or loser. "Since one-and-twenty years of age I played but little, and then "never above a hundred, or two, or three."

glad to see you when convenient or agreeable. Hobhouse is on his way up to town, full of printing resolution,[1] and proof against criticism.—Believe me, with great sincerity,

Yours truly,

BYRON.

121.—To John Hanson.

Batt's Hotel, Jermyn Street, April 26th, 1809.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to know before I make my final effort elsewhere, if you can or cannot assist me in raising a sum of money on fair and equitable terms and immediately.[2] I called twice this morning, and beg you will favour me with an answer when convenient. I hope all your family are well. I should like to see them together before my departure.

The Court of Chancery it seems will not pay the money, of which indeed I do not know the precise

1. See page 163, *note* 1. Hobhouse's miscellany was published in 1809, under the title of *Imitations and Translations from the Antient and Modern Classics: Together with Original Poems never before published.*

2. Money was obtained, partly by means of a life insurance effected with the Provident Institution. The medical report, signed by Benjamin Hutchinson, F.R.C.S., London, states that Hutchinson had attended Byron for the last four or five years; that he was, when last seen by Hutchinson, in very good health; that he never was afflicted with any serious malady; that he was sober and temperate; that he "sometimes used much exercise, and at others was of a "studious and sedentary turn;" and thus concludes: "I do believe "that he possesses an unimpaired, healthy constitution, and I am not "aware of any circumstance which may be considered as tending to "shorten his life."

Mrs. Byron (April 9, 1809) begs Hanson to see that Byron gave some security for the thousand pounds for which she was bound. She adds: "There is some Trades People at Nottingham that will "be completely ruined if he does not pay them, which I would not "have happen for the whole world." No security seems to have been given, and the tradesmen remained unpaid. Mrs. Byron's death was doubtless accelerated by anxiety from these causes.

amount; the Duke of Portland will not pay his debt, and with the Rochdale property nothing is done.—My debts are daily increasing, and it is with difficulty I can command a shilling. As soon as possible I shall get quit of this country, but I wish to do justice to my creditors (though I do not like their importunity), and particularly to my securities, for their annuities must be paid off soon, or the interest will swallow up everything. Come what may, in every shape and in any shape, I can meet ruin, but I will never sell Newstead; the Abbey and I shall stand or fall together, and, were my head as grey and defenceless as the Arch of the Priory, I would abide by this resolution. The whole of my wishes are summed up in this; procure me, either of my own or borrowed of others, three thousand pounds, and place two in Hammersley's hands for letters of credit at Constantinople; if possible sell Rochdale in my absence, pay off these annuities and my debts, and with the little that remains do as you will, but allow me to depart from this cursed country, and I promise to turn Mussulman, rather than return to it. Believe me to be,

Yours truly,

BYRON.

P.S.—Is my will finished? I should like to sign it while I have anything to leave.

122.—To the Rev. R. Lowe.[1]

8, St. James Street, May 15, 1809.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have just been informed that a report is circulating in Notts of an intention on my part

1. The Rev. Robert Lowe was some years older than Byron, and had known him intimately at Southwell in his early youth. Miss

to sell Newstead, which is rather unfortunate, as I have just tied the property up in such a manner as to prevent the practicability, even if my inclination led me to dispose of it. But as such a report may render my tenants uncomfortable, I will feel very much obliged if you will be good enough to contradict the rumour, should it come to your ears, on my authority. I rather conjecture it has arisen from the sale of some copyholds of mine in Norfolk.[1] I sail for Gibraltar in June, and thence to Malta when, of course, you shall have the promised detail. I saw your friend Thornhill last night, who spoke of you as a friend ought to do. Excuse this trouble, and believe me to be, with great sincerity,

Yours affectionately,

BYRON.

Pigot was a cousin of Mr. Lowe, as was also the Rev. J. T. Becher of Southwell. Mrs. Chaworth Musters, who contributed this letter to *The Life and Letters of Viscount Sherbrooke* (vol. i. p. 46), adds that her grandfather was, naturally, excessively annoyed at having been made the mouthpiece of an untruth, and that the coolness which arose in consequence lasted up to the end of Byron's life. There can, however, be no doubt that Byron made the statement in all sincerity.

1. At Wymondham.

CHAPTER IV.

TRAVELS IN ALBANIA, GREECE, ETC.—DEATH OF MRS. BYRON.

1809–1811.

123.—To his Mother.

Falmouth, June 22, 1809.

DEAR MOTHER,—I am about to sail in a few days; probably before this reaches you. Fletcher begged so hard, that I have continued him in my service. If he does not behave well abroad, I will send him back in a *transport*. I have a German servant (who has been with Mr. Wilbraham in Persia before, and was strongly recommended to me by Dr. Butler, of Harrow), Robert and William;[1] they constitute my whole suite. I have letters in plenty:—you shall hear from me at the different ports I touch upon; but you must not be alarmed if my letters miscarry. The Continent is in a fine state—an insurrection has broken out at Paris, and the Austrians are beating Buonaparte—the Tyrolese have risen.

There is a picture of me in oil, to be sent down to Newstead soon.[2]—I wish the Miss Pigots had something

1. Robert Rushton and William Fletcher, the "little page" and "staunch yeoman" of Childe Harold's "Good Night," Canto I. stanza xiii.

2. By George Sanders.

better to do than carry my miniatures to Nottingham to copy. Now they have done it, you may ask them to copy the others, which are greater favourites than my own. As to money matters, I am ruined—at least till Rochdale is sold; and if that does not turn out well, I shall enter into the Austrian or Russian service—perhaps the Turkish, if I like their manners. The world is all before me, and I leave England without regret, and without a wish to revisit any thing it contains, except *yourself*, and your present residence.

Believe me, yours ever sincerely.

P.S.—Pray tell Mr. Rushton his son is well, and doing well; so is Murray,[1] indeed better than I ever saw him; he will be back in about a month. I ought to add the leaving Murray to my few regrets, as his age perhaps will prevent my seeing him again. Robert I take with me; I like him, because, like myself, he seems a friendless animal.

124.—To the Rev. Henry Drury.

Falmouth, June 28, 1809.

MY DEAR DRURY,—We sail to-morrow in the Lisbon packet, having been detained till now by the lack of wind, and other necessaries. These being at last procured, by this time tomorrow evening we shall be embarked on the vide vorld of vaters, vor all the vorld like Robinson Crusoe. The Malta vessel not sailing for some weeks, we have determined to go by way of Lisbon, and, as my servants term it, to see "that there "*Portingale*"—thence to Cadiz and Gibraltar, and so on

1. "Joe" Murray was sent back from Gibraltar, and with him returned the homesick Robert Rushton.

our old route to Malta and Constantinople, if so be that Captain Kidd, our gallant, or rather gallows, commander, understands plain sailing and Mercator, and takes us on a voyage all according to the chart.

Will you tell Dr. Butler that I have taken the treasure of a servant, Friese, the native of Prussia Proper, into my service from his recommendation? He has been all among the Worshippers of Fire in Persia, and has seen Persepolis and all that.

Hobhouse has made woundy preparations for a book on his return; 100 pens, two gallons of Japan Ink, and several volumes of best blank, is no bad provision for a discerning public. I have laid down my pen, but have promised to contribute a chapter on the state of morals, and a further treatise on the same to be intituled ". . . . "*Simplified, . . . or Proved to be Praiseworthy from* "*Ancient Authors and Modern Practice.*"

Hobhouse further hopes to indemnify himself in Turkey for a life of exemplary chastity at home. Pray buy his *Missellingany*, as the Printer's Devil calls it. I suppose it is in print by this time. Providence has interposed in our favour with a fair wind to carry us out of its reach, or he would have hired a Faqui to translate it into the Turcoman lingo.

"The cock is crowing,
I must be going,
And can no more."

Ghost of Gaffer Thumb.[1]

Adieu.—Believe me, etc., etc.

1. In Fielding's burlesque tragedy, *The Tragedy of Tragedies; or the Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great* (1730), occur the lines—

"Arthur, beware; I must this moment hence,
Not frighted by your voice, but by the cock's."

The burlesque was altered by Kane O'Hara, and published as

125.—To Francis Hodgson.

Falmouth, June 25, 1809.

MY DEAR HODGSON,—Before this reaches you, Hobhouse, two officers' wives, three children, two waiting-maids, ditto subalterns for the troops, three Portuguese esquires and domestics, in all nineteen souls, will have sailed in the Lisbon packet, with the noble Captain Kidd, a gallant commander as ever smuggled an anker of right Nantz.

We are going to Lisbon first, because the Malta packet has sailed, d'ye see?—from Lisbon to Gibraltar, Malta, Constantinople, and "all that," as Orator Henley said, when he put the Church, and "all that," in danger.[1]

This town of Falmouth, as you will partly conjecture, is no great ways from the sea. It is defended on the sea-side by tway castles, St. Maws and Pendennis, extremely well calculated for annoying every body except an enemy. St. Maws is garrisoned by an able-bodied person of fourscore, a widower. He has the whole command and sole management of six most unmanageable

performed at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, in 1805. In this prompt-book version (act i.) appear the lines quoted by Byron.

"*Ghost.* Grizzle's Rebellion,
What need I tell you on?
Or by a red cow
Tom Thumb devoured?
(*cock crows*) Hark the cock crowing!
I must be going:
I can no more (*vanishes*)."

1. Henley, in one of his publications entitled *Oratory Transactions*, engaged "to execute singly what would sprain a dozen "of modern doctors of the tribe of Issachar—to write, read, and "study twelve hours a day, and yet appear as untouched by the "yoke as if he never wore it—to teach in one year what schools or "universities teach in five;" and he furthermore pledged himself to persevere in his bold scheme until he had "put the Church, "*and all that*, in danger" (Moore).

pieces of ordnance, admirably adapted for the destruction of Pendennis, a like tower of strength on the opposite side of the Channel. We have seen St. Maws, but Pendennis they will not let us behold, save at a distance, because Hobhouse and I are suspected of having already taken St. Maws by a coup de main.

The town contains many Quakers and salt fish—the oysters have a taste of copper, owing to the soil of a mining country—the women (blessed be the Corporation therefor!) are flogged at the cart's tail when they pick and steal, as happened to one of the fair sex yesterday noon. She was pertinacious in her behaviour, and damned the mayor.

This is all I know of Falmouth. Nothing occurred of note in our way down, except that on Hartford Bridge we changed horses at an inn, where the great * * * * * * * * *, Beckford,[1] sojourned for the night. We

1. William Beckford (1760–1844), son of Chatham's friend who was twice Lord Mayor of London, at the age of eleven succeeded it is said, to a million of ready money and a hundred thousand a year. Before he was seventeen he wrote his *Biographical Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters*, designed as a satire on the *Vies des Peintres Flamands*. (*Memoirs of William Beckford*, by Cyrus Redding, vol. i. p. 96.) His travels (1777–82) in Switzerland, the Low Countries, and Italy are described in his *Dreams, Waking Thoughts, and Incidents, in a series of letters from various parts of Europe*, published anonymously in 1783, and reprinted, with additions and omissions, in 1834 and 1840. In the previous year he had written *Vathek* in French, in "three days and two nights," without, as he says, taking off his clothes; "the severe application made me very "ill." This statement, if made by Beckford, as Redding implies, is untrue. Evidence exists to prove that *Vathek* was a careful and elaborate composition. The book was published with his name in 1787; but a translation, made and printed without his leave, had already (1784) appeared, and was often mistaken for the original. In 1783 he married Lady Margaret Gordon, with whom he lived in Switzerland till her death in 1786. One of his two daughters—he had no son—became Mrs. Orde, the other the Duchess of Hamilton. From 1787 to 1791, and again from 1794 to 1796, he visited Portugal and Spain, and to this period belong his *Sketches of Spain and Portugal* (1834), and his *Recollections of an Excursion to the*

tried in vain to see the martyr of prejudice, but could not. What we thought singular, though you perhaps

Monasteries of Alobaca and Batalha (1835). Between his two visits to Portugal, on the last of which he occupied the retreat at Cintra celebrated by Byron (*Childe Harold*, Canto I. stanzas xviii.-xxii.), he saw the destruction of the Bastille, bought Gibbon's library at Lausanne (in 1796), and, shutting himself up in it "for six weeks, "from early in the morning until night, only now and then taking "a ride," read himself "nearly blind" (Cyrus Redding's "Recol- "lections of the Author of Vathek," *New Monthly Magazine*, vol. lxxi. p. 307). He also wrote two burlesque novels, to ridicule, it is said, those written by his sister, Mrs. Henry: *Azemia; a Descriptive and Sentimental Novel. By Jacquetta Agneta Mariana Jenks of Bellgrove Priory in Wales* (1796); and *Modern Novel-Writing, or the Elegant Enthusiast. By the Rt. Hon. Lady Harriet Marlow* (1797). He represented Wells from 1784 to 1790, and Hindon from 1806 to 1820; but took no part in political life. He was now settled at Fonthill (1796–1822), absorbed in collecting books, pictures, and engravings, laying out the grounds, indulging his architectural extravagances, and shutting himself and his palace out from the world by a gigantic wall. When Rogers visited him at Fonthill, and arrived at the gate, he was told that neither his servant nor his horses could be admitted, but that Mr. Beckford's attendants and horses would be at his service (*Recollections of the Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers*, p. 217). Beckford had been taught music by Mozart, and Rogers says (*ibid.*) that "in the evening "Beckford would amuse us by reading one of his unpublished "works; or he would extemporize on the pianoforte, producing the "most novel and charming melodies."

In 1822 his gigantic fortune had dwindled; he was in embarrassed circumstances; Fonthill and most of its contents were sold, and Beckford settled in Lansdowne Terrace, Bath, where he still collected books and works of art, laid out the grounds, and built the tower on Lansdowne Hill, which are now the property of the city. At Bath he died in 1844.

Vathek is a masterpiece, which, as an Eastern tale, is unrivalled in European literature. "For correctness of costume," says Byron, in one of his diaries, "beauty of description, and power of imagina- "tion, it far surpasses all European imitations; and bears such "marks of originality, that those who have visited the East will "find some difficulty in believing it to be a translation. As an "Eastern tale, even *Rasselas* must bow before it: his 'Happy "Valley' will not bear a comparison with the Hall of Eblis." Beckford's letters are, in their way, equally masterpieces, and, like *Vathek*, have the appearance of being struck off without labour. Reprinted, as their writer says (Preface to the edition of 1840), because "some justly admired Authors . . . condescended to glean a few "stray thoughts from these letters," they suggest, in some respects, comparison with Byron's own work. There is the same prodigality

will not, was that L^d. Courtney [1] travelled the same night on the same road, only one stage *behind* him.

Hodgson, remember me to the Drury, and remember me to yourself when drunk. I am not worth a sober thought. Look to my satire at Cawthorn's, Cockspur Street, and look to the *Miscellany* of the Hobhouse. It has pleased Providence to interfere in behalf of a suffering public by giving him a sprained wrist, so that he cannot write, and there is a cessation of ink-shed.

I don't know when I can write again, because it depends on that experienced navigator, Captain Kidd, and the "stormy winds that (don't) blow" at this season. I leave England without regret—I shall return to it without pleasure. I am like Adam, the first convict sentenced to transportation, but I have no Eve, and have eaten no apple but what was sour as a crab;—and thus ends my first chapter. Adieu.[2]

Yours, etc.

of power, the same simple nervous style, the same vein of melancholy, the same cynical contempt for mankind. In both writers there is a passionate feeling for the grander aspects of nature, though Beckford was also thrilled, as Byron was not, by the beauties of art. In both there are similar inconsistencies and incongruities of temperament, and the same vein of reckless self-indulgence appears to run by the side of nobler enthusiasms. In both there is a taste for Oriental magnificence, which, in Beckford, was to some degree corrected by his artistic perceptions. Both, finally, described not so much the objects they saw, as the impression which those objects produced on themselves, and thus steeped their pictures, clear and vivid though they are, in an atmosphere of their own personality.

1. William, third Viscount Courtenay, died unmarried in 1835, and with him the viscountcy became extinct. In 1831 he proved before Parliament his title to the earldom of Devon, which passed at his death to a cousin, William, tenth Earl of Devon (1777–1859).

2. In this letter the following verses were enclosed:—

"Falmouth Roads, June 30, 1809.

"Huzza! Hodgson, we are going,
Our embargo's off at last;
Favourable breezes blowing
Bend the canvass o'er the mast.

126.—To Francis Hodgson.

Lisbon, July 16, 1809.

Thus far have we pursued our route, and seen all sorts of marvellous sights, palaces, convents, etc.;—which,

From aloft the signal's streaming,
Hark! the farewell gun is fired,
Women screeching, tars blaspheming,
Tell us that our time's expired.
Here's a rascal
Come to task all,
Prying from the Custom-house;
Trunks unpacking,
Cases cracking,
Not a corner for a mouse
'Scapes unsearch'd amid the racket,
Ere we sail on board the Packet.

"Now our boatmen quit their mooring,
And all hands must ply the oar;
Baggage from the quay is lowering,
We're impatient—push from shore.
'Have a care! that case holds liquor—
Stop the boat—I'm sick—oh Lord!'
'Sick, ma'am, damme, you'll be sicker
Ere you've been an hour on board.'
Thus are screaming
Men and women,
Gemmen, ladies, servants, Jacks;
Here entangling,
All are wrangling,
Stuck together close as wax.—
Such the general noise and racket,
Ere we reach the Lisbon Packet.

"Now we've reach'd her, lo! the captain,
Gallant Kidd, commands the crew;
Passengers their berths are clapt in,
Some to grumble, some to spew.
'Hey day! call you that a cabin?
Why 'tis hardly three feet square;
Not enough to stow Queen Mab in—
Who the deuce can harbour there?'
'Who, sir? plenty—
Nobles twenty—
Did at once my vessel fill'—

being to be heard in my friend Hobhouse's forthcoming Book of Travels, I shall not anticipate by smuggling any account whatsoever to you in a private and clandestine manner. I must just observe, that the village of Cintra in Estremadura is the most beautiful, perhaps, in the world.

'Did they? Jesus,
How you squeeze us!
Would to God they did so still:
Then I'd 'scape the heat and racket,
Of the good ship, Lisbon Packet.'

"Fletcher! Murray! Bob! where are you?
Stretch'd along the deck like logs—
Bear a hand, you jolly tar you!
Here's a rope's end for the dogs.
Hobhouse muttering fearful curses,
As the hatchway down he rolls;
Now his breakfast, now his verses,
Vomits forth—and damns our souls.
'Here's a stanza
On Braganza—
Help!'—'A couplet?'—'No, a cup
Of warm water.'—
'What's the matter?'
'Zounds! my liver's coming up;
I shall not survive the racket
Of this brutal Lisbon Packet.'

"Now at length we're off for Turkey,
Lord knows when we shall come back!
Breezes foul and tempests murky
May unship us in a crack.
But, since life at most a jest is,
As philosophers allow,
Still to laugh by far the best is,
Then laugh on—as I do now.
Laugh at all things,
Great and small things,
Sick or well, at sea or shore;
While we're quaffing,
Let's have laughing—
Who the devil cares for more?—
Some good wine! and who would lack it,
Ev'n on board the Lisbon Packet?

"BYRON."

I am very happy here, because I loves oranges, and talks bad Latin to the monks, who understand it, as it is like their own,—and I goes into society (with my pocket-pistols), and I swims in the Tagus all across at once, and I rides on an ass or a mule, and swears Portuguese, and have got a diarrhœa and bites from the mosquitoes. But what of that? Comfort must not be expected by folks that go a pleasuring.

When the Portuguese are pertinacious, I say *Carracho!*—the great oath of the grandees, that very well supplies the place of "Damme,"—and, when dissatisfied with my neighbour, I pronounce him *Ambra di merdo*. With these two phrases, and a third, *Avra bouro*, which signifieth "Get an ass," I am universally understood to be a person of degree and a master of languages. How merrily we lives that travellers be!—if we had food and raiment. But, in sober sadness, any thing is better than England, and I am infinitely amused with my pilgrimage as far as it has gone.

To-morrow we start to ride post near 400 miles as far as Gibraltar, where we embark for Melita and Byzantium. A letter to Malta will find me, or to be forwarded, if I am absent. Pray embrace the Drury and Dwyer, and all the Ephesians you encounter. I am writing with Butler's donative pencil, which makes my bad hand worse. Excuse illegibility.

Hodgson! send me the news, and the deaths and defeats and capital crimes and the misfortunes of one's friends; and let us hear of literary matters, and the controversies and the criticisms. All this will be pleasant—*Suave mari magno*, etc. Talking of that, I have been sea-sick, and sick of the sea. Adieu.

Yours faithfully, etc.

127.—To Francis Hodgson.

Gibraltar, August 6, 1809.

I have just arrived at this place after a journey through Portugal, and a part of Spain, of nearly 500 miles. We left Lisbon and travelled on horseback to Seville and Cadiz, and thence in the *Hyperion* frigate to Gibraltar. The horses are excellent—we rode seventy miles a day. Eggs and wine, and hard beds, are all the accommodation we found, and, in such torrid weather, quite enough. My health is better than in England.

Seville is a fine town, and the Sierra Morena, part of which we crossed, a very sufficient mountain; but damn description, it is always disgusting. Cadiz, sweet Cadiz![1] —it is the first spot in the creation. The beauty of its streets and mansions is only excelled by the loveliness of its inhabitants. For, with all national prejudice, I must confess the women of Cadiz are as far superior to the English women in beauty as the Spaniards are inferior to the English in every quality that dignifies the name of man. Just as I began to know the principal persons of the city, I was obliged to sail.

You will not expect a long letter after my riding so far "on hollow pampered jades of Asia." Talking of Asia puts me in mind of Africa, which is within five miles of my present residence. I am going over before I go on to Constantinople.

Cadiz is a complete Cythera. Many of the grandees

1. In *Childe Harold* (Canto I., after stanza lxxxiv.), instead of the song "To Inez," Byron originally wrote the song beginning

> "Oh never talk again to me
> Of northern climes and British ladies,
> It has not been your lot to see,
> Like me, the lovely girl of Cadiz."

who have left Madrid during the troubles reside there, and I do believe it is the prettiest and cleanest town in Europe. London is filthy in the comparison. The Spanish women are all alike, their education the same. The wife of a duke is, in information, as the wife of a peasant,—the wife of peasant, in manner, equal to a duchess. Certainly they are fascinating; but their minds have only one idea, and the business of their lives is intrigue.

I have seen Sir John Carr [1] at Seville and Cadiz, and, like Swift's barber, have been down on my knees to beg he would not put me into black and white.[2] Pray

1. Sir John Carr (1772–1832), a native of Devonshire, and a barrister of the Middle Temple, was knighted by the Duke of Bedford as Viceroy of Ireland about 1807. He published *The Fury of Discord, a Poem* (1803); *The Sea-side Hero, a Drama in 3 Acts* (1804); and *Poems* (1809). But he is best known by his travels, which gained him the nickname of "Jaunting Carr," and considerable profit. *The Stranger in France* (1803) was bought by Johnson for £100. *A Northern Summer, or Travels round the Baltic, etc.* (1805), *The Stranger in Ireland* (1806), and *A Tour through Holland* (1807), were bought for £500, £700, and £600 respectively by Sir Richard Phillips, who, but for the ridicule cast upon Carr by Edward Dubois (in *My Pocket Book; or Hints for a Ryhte Merrie and Conceited Tour in Quarto, to be called "The Stranger in Ireland "in* 1805," *by a Knight Errant*), would have given £600 for his *Caledonian Sketches* (1808). In spite, however, of this proof of damages, the jury found, in Carr's action against Messrs. Hood and Sharpe, the publishers of *My Pocket Book*, that the criticism was fair and justifiable (1808). Carr published, in 1811, his *Descriptive Travels in the Southern and Eastern Parts of Spain*, without mentioning Byron's name. Byron concluded his MS. of *Childe Harold*, Canto I. with three stanzas on "Green Erin's Knight and "Europe's Wandering Star" (see, for the lines, *Childe Harold*, at the end of Canto I.). In letter vii. of *Intercepted Letters; or the Twopenny Post-bag*, by Thomas Brown the Younger (1813), occur the following lines:—

> "Since the Chevalier C—rr took to marrying lately,
> The Trade is in want of a *Traveller* greatly—
> No job, Sir, more easy—your *Country* once plann'd,
> A month aboard ship and a fortnight on land
> Puts your Quarto of Travels, Sir, clean out of hand."

2. "Once stopping at an inn at Dundalk, the Dean was so much

remember me to the Drurys and the Davies, and all of that stamp who are yet extant.[1] Send me a letter and news to Malta. My next epistle shall be from Mount Caucasus or Mount Sion. I shall return to Spain before I see England, for I am enamoured of the country.

Adieu, and believe me, etc.

128.—To his Mother.

Gibraltar, August 11th, 1809.

DEAR MOTHER,—I have been so much occupied since my departure from England, that till I could address you at length I have forborne writing altogether. As I have now passed through Portugal, and a considerable part of Spain, and have leisure at this place, I shall endeavour to give you a short detail of my movements.

We sailed from Falmouth on the 2nd of July, reached Lisbon after a very favourable passage of four days and a

"amused with a prating barber, that rather than be alone he invited "him to dinner. The fellow was rejoiced at this unexpected "honour, and being dressed out in his best apparel came to the inn, "first inquiring of the groom what the clergyman's name was who "had so kindly invited him. 'What the vengeance!' said the "servant, 'don't you know Dean Swift?' At which the barber "turned pale, and, running into the house, fell upon his knees and "intreated the Dean 'not to put him into print; for that he was a "poor barber, had a large family to maintain, and if his reverence "put him into black and white he should lose all his customers.' "Swift laughed heartily at the poor fellow's simplicity, bade him sit "down and eat his dinner in peace, for he assured him he would "neither put him nor his wife in print."—Sheridan's *Life of Swift*.—(Moore).

1. "This sort of passage," says the Rev. Francis Hodgson, in a note on his copy of this letter, "constantly occurs in his corre- "spondence. Nor was his interest confined to mere remembrances "and inquiries after health. Were it possible to state *all* he has "done for numerous friends, he would appear amiable indeed. For "myself, I am bound to acknowledge, in the fullest and warmest "manner, his most generous and well-timed aid; and, were my poor "friend Bland alive, he would as gladly bear the like testimony;— "though I have most reason, of all men, to do so" (Moore).

half, and took up our abode in that city. It has been often described without being worthy of description; for, except the view from the Tagus, which is beautiful, and some fine churches and convents, it contains little but filthy streets, and more filthy inhabitants. To make amends for this, the village of Cintra, about fifteen miles from the capital, is, perhaps in every respect, the most delightful in Europe; it contains beauties of every description, natural and artificial. Palaces and gardens rising in the midst of rocks, cataracts, and precipices; convents on stupendous heights—a distant view of the sea and the Tagus; and, besides (though that is a secondary consideration), is remarkable as the scene of Sir Hew Dalrymple's Convention.[1] It unites in itself all the wildness of the western highlands, with the verdure of the south of France. Near this place, about ten miles to the right, is the palace of Mafra, the boast of Portugal, as it might be of any other country, in point of magnificence without elegance. There is a convent annexed; the monks, who possess large revenues, are courteous enough, and understand Latin, so that we had a long conversation: they have a large library, and asked me if the *English* had *any books* in their country?

I sent my baggage, and part of the servants, by sea to Gibraltar, and travelled on horseback from Aldea Galbega (the first stage from Lisbon, which is only accessible by water) to Seville (one of the most famous cities in Spain)

1. Sir Hew Whitefoord Dalrymple (1750–1830) took command of the British forces in the Peninsular War, August 22, 1808, and signed the Convention of Cintra (August 31), by which Junot, whom Sir Arthur Wellesley had defeated at Vimeira, evacuated Portugal, and surrendered Elvas and Lisbon. The Convention was approved by a court of general officers ordered to sit at Chelsea Hospital; but Dalrymple never again obtained a command.

The so-called Convention of Cintra was signed at the palace of the Marquis de Marialva, thirty miles distant.

where the Government called the Junta is now held. The distance to Seville is nearly four hundred miles, and to Cadiz almost ninety farther towards the coast. I had orders from the governments, and every possible accommodation on the road, as an English nobleman, in an English uniform, is a very respectable personage in Spain at present. The horses are remarkably good, and the roads (I assure you upon my honour, for you will hardly believe it) very far superior to the best English roads, without the smallest toll or turnpike. You will suppose this when I rode post to Seville, in four days, through this parching country in the midst of summer, without fatigue or annoyance.

Seville is a beautiful town; though the streets are narrow, they are clean. We lodged in the house of two Spanish unmarried ladies, who possess *six* houses in Seville, and gave me a curious specimen of Spanish manners. They are women of character, and the eldest a fine woman, the youngest pretty, but not so good a figure as Donna Josepha. The freedom of manner, which is general here, astonished me not a little; and in the course of further observation, I find that reserve is not the characteristic of the Spanish belles, who are, in general, very handsome, with large black eyes, and very fine forms. The eldest honoured your *unworthy* son with very particular attention, embracing him with great tenderness at parting (I was there but three days), after cutting off a lock of his hair, and presenting him with one of her own, about three feet in length, which I send, and beg you will retain till my return. Her last words were, *Adios, tu hermoso! me gusto mucho*—"Adieu, you "pretty fellow! you please me much." She offered me a share of her apartment, which my *virtue* induced me to decline; she laughed, and said I had some English *amante*

(lover), and added that she was going to be married to an officer in the Spanish army.

I left Seville, and rode on to Cadiz, through a beautiful country. At *Xeres*, where the sherry we drink is made, I met a great merchant—a Mr. Gordon of Scotland—who was extremely polite, and favoured me with the inspection of his vaults and cellars, so that I quaffed at the fountain head.

Cadiz, sweet Cadiz, is the most delightful town I ever beheld, very different from our English cities in every respect except cleanliness (and it is as clean as London), but still beautiful, and full of the finest women in Spain, the Cadiz belles being the Lancashire witches of their land. Just as I was introduced and began to like the grandees, I was forced to leave it for this cursed place; but before I return to England I will visit it again. The night before I left it, I sat in the box at the opera with Admiral Cordova's family;[1] he is the commander whom Lord St. Vincent defeated in 1797, and has an aged wife and a fine daughter, Sennorita Cordova. The girl is very pretty, in the Spanish style; in my opinion, by no means inferior to the English in charms, and certainly superior in fascination. Long black hair, dark languishing eyes, *clear* olive complexions, and forms more graceful in motion than can be conceived by an Englishman used to the drowsy, listless air of his countrywomen, added to the most becoming dress, and, at the same time, the most decent in the world, render a Spanish beauty irresistible.

I beg leave to observe that intrigue here is the business of life; when a woman marries she throws off all restraint, but I believe their conduct is chaste enough

1. Admiral Cordova commanded the Spanish Fleet, defeated, February 14, 1797, off Cape St. Vincent, by Sir John Jervis, afterwards Earl St. Vincent.

before. If you make a proposal, which in England will bring a box on the ear from the meekest of virgins, to a Spanish girl, she thanks you for the honour you intend her, and replies, "Wait till I am married, and I shall be "too happy." This is literally and strictly true.

Miss Cordova and her little brother understood a little French, and, after regretting my ignorance of the Spanish, she proposed to become my preceptress in that language. I could only reply by a low bow, and express my regret that I quitted Cadiz too soon to permit me to make the progress which would doubtless attend my studies under so charming a directress. I was standing at the back of the box, which resembles our Opera boxes, (the theatre is large and finely decorated, the music admirable,) in the manner which Englishmen generally adopt, for fear of incommoding the ladies in front, when this fair Spaniard dispossessed an old woman (an aunt or a duenna) of her chair, and commanded me to be seated next herself, at a tolerable distance from her mamma. At the close of the performance I withdrew, and was lounging with a party of men in the passage, when, *en passant*, the lady turned round and called me, and I had the honour of attending her to the admiral's mansion. I have an invitation on my return to Cadiz, which I shall accept if I repass through the country on my return from Asia.[1]

1. To these adventures in his hasty passage through Spain Byron briefly alludes in the early part of his *Memoranda*. "For some "time," he said, "I went on prosperously both as a linguist and a "lover, till at length the lady took a fancy to a ring which I wore, "and set her heart on my giving it to her, as a pledge of my "sincerity. This, however, could not be:—any thing but the ring, "I declared, was at her service, and much more than its value,— "but the ring itself I had made a vow never to give away." The young Spaniard grew angry as the contention went on, and it was not long before the lover became angry also; till, at length, the affair ended by their separating. "Soon after this," said he, "I "sailed for Malta, and there parted with both my heart and ring"

I have met Sir John Carr, Knight Errant, at Seville and Cadiz. He is a pleasant man. I like the Spaniards much. You have heard of the battle near Madrid,[1] and in England they would call it a victory—a pretty victory! Two hundred officers and five thousand men killed, all English, and the French in as great force as ever. I should have joined the army, but we have no time to lose before we get up the Mediterranean and Archipelago. I am going over to Africa tomorrow; it is only six miles from this fortress. My next stage is Cagliari in Sardinia, where I shall be presented to His Majesty. I have a most superb uniform as a court dress, indispensable in travelling.

August 13.—I have not yet been to Africa—the wind is contrary—but I dined yesterday at Algesiras, with Lady Westmorland,[2] where I met General Castanos,[3] the celebrated Spanish leader in the late and present war. To-day I dine with him. He has offered me letters to Tetuan in Barbary, for the principal Moors, and I am to have the house for a few days of one of the great men,

(*Life*, p. 93). He also alludes to the incident in *Don Juan*, Canto II. stanza clxiv.—

"'Tis pleasing to be school'd in a strange tongue
By female lips and eyes—that is, I mean,
When both the teacher and the taught are young,
As was the case, at least, where I have been," etc.

1. The battle of Talavera, July 27 and 28, 1809, in which Sir Arthur Wellesley defeated Marshal Victor. In Cuesta's despatch to the Spanish Government, dated Seville, August 7, the British loss is mentioned as 260 officers and 5000 men.

2. Lady Westmorland, *née* Jane Saunders, daughter of Dr. R. H. Saunders, married, in 1800, as his second wife, John, tenth Earl of Westmorland (1759–1841). At her house Lady Caroline Lamb refused to be introduced to Byron (*Life of Lord Melbourne*, vol. i. p. 103).

3. General Francisco de Castaños, Duke of Baylen (1758–1852) defeated General Dupont at Baylen in 1808, and distinguished himself at Vittoria in 1813. He was guardian to Queen Isabella in 1843.

which was intended for Lady W., whose health will not permit her to cross the Straits.

August 15.—I could not dine with Castanos yesterday, but this afternoon I had that honour. He is pleasant and, for aught I know to the contrary, clever. I cannot go to Barbary. The Malta packet sails to-morrow, and myself in it. Admiral Purvis, with whom I dined at Cadiz, gave me a passage in a frigate to Gibraltar, but we have no ship of war destined for Malta at present. The packets sail fast, and have good accommodation. You shall hear from me on our route.

Joe Murray delivers this; I have sent him and the boy back. Pray show the lad kindness, as he is my great favourite; I would have taken him on. And say this to his father, who may otherwise think he has behaved ill.

I hope this will find you well. Believe me,

Yours ever sincerely,

BYRON.

P.S.—So Lord G——[1] is married to a rustic. Well done! If I wed, I will bring home a Sultana, with half a dozen cities for a dowry, and reconcile you to an Ottoman daughter-in-law, with a bushel of pearls not larger than ostrich eggs, or smaller than walnuts.

129.—To Mr. Rushton.

Gibraltar, August 15, 1809.

MR. RUSHTON,—I have sent Robert home with Mr. Murray, because the country which I am about to travel through is in a state which renders it unsafe, particularly for one so young. I allow you to deduct five-and-twenty pounds a year for his education for three years, provided

1. Lord Grey de Ruthyn. (See page 23, *note* 1.)

I do not return before that time, and I desire he may be considered as in my service. Let every care be taken of him, and let him be sent to school. In case of my death I have provided enough in my will to render him independent. He has behaved extremely well, and has travelled a great deal for the time of his absence. Deduct the expense of his education from your rent.

BYRON.

130.—To his Mother.

Malta, September 15, 1809.

DEAR MOTHER,—Though I have a very short time to spare, being to sail immediately for Greece, I cannot avoid taking an opportunity of telling you that I am well. I have been in Malta[1] a short time, and have found the inhabitants hospitable and pleasant.

1. At Gibraltar, John Galt, who was travelling for his health, met Byron, whom he did not know by sight, but by whose appearance he was attracted. "His dress indicated a Londoner of some "fashion, partly by its neatness and simplicity, with just so much of "a peculiarity of style as served to show that, although he belonged "to the order of metropolitan beaux, he was not altogether a "common one. . . . His physiognomy was prepossessing and in- "telligent, but ever and anon his brows lowered and gathered—a "habit, as I then thought, with a degree of affectation in it, probably "first assumed for picturesque effect and energetic expression, but "which I afterwards discovered was undoubtedly the scowl of some "unpleasant reminiscence; it was certainly disagreeable, forbidding, "but still the general cast of his features was impressed with "elegance and character."

Afterwards Galt was a fellow-passenger on board the packet from Gibraltar to Malta. "In the little bustle and process of embarking "their luggage, his Lordship affected, as it seemed to me, more "aristocracy than befitted his years, or the occasion; and then I "thought of his singular scowl, and suspected him of pride and "irascibility. The impression that evening was not agreeable, but "it was interesting; and that forehead mark, the frown, was calcu- "lated to awaken curiosity, and beget conjectures. . . . Byron held "himself aloof, and sat on the rail, leaning on the mizzen shrouds, "inhaling, as it were, poetical sympathy from the gloomy rock, then "dark and stern in the twilight. There was, in all about him that

This letter is committed to the charge of a very extraordinary woman, whom you have doubtless heard of, Mrs. Spencer Smith, of whose escape the Marquis de Salvo published a narrative a few years ago.[1] She has

"evening, much waywardness. He spoke petulantly to Fletcher, "his valet, and was evidently ill at ease with himself, and fretful "towards others. I thought he would turn out an unsatisfactory "shipmate; yet there was something redeeming in the tones of his "voice, and when, some time after having indulged his sullen medi- "tation, he again addressed Fletcher; so that, instead of finding "him ill-natured, I was soon convinced he was only capricious."

On the voyage, "about the third day, Byron relented from his "rapt mood, as if he felt it was out of place, and became playful, "and disposed to contribute his fair proportion to the general "endeavour to while away the tediousness of the dull voyage." But yet throughout the whole passage, "if," says Galt, "my remem- "brance is not treacherous, he only spent one evening in the cabin "with us—the evening before we came to anchor at Cagliari; for, "when the lights were placed, he made himself a man forbid, took "his station on the railing, between the pegs on which the sheets "are belayed and the shrouds, and there, for hours, sat in silence, "enamoured, it may be, of the moon. All these peculiarities, with "his caprices, and something inexplicable in the cast of his meta- "physics, while they served to awaken interest, contributed little to "conciliate esteem. He was often strangely rapt—it may have been "from his genius; and, had its grandeur and darkness been then "divulged, susceptible of explanation; but, at the time, it threw, "as it were, around him the sackcloth of penitence. Sitting amid "the shrouds and rattlings, in the tranquillity of the moonlight, "churning an inarticulate melody, he seemed almost apparitional, "suggesting dim reminiscences of him who shot the albatross" (Galt's *Life of Byron*, pp. 57–61).

1. Byron's "new Calypso." Mrs. Spencer Smith (born about 1785) was the daughter of Baron Herbert, Austrian Ambassador at Constantinople, wife of Spencer Smith, the British Minister at Stuttgart, and sister-in-law of Sir Sidney Smith, the hero of Acre. In 1805 she was staying, for her health, at the baths of Valdagno, near Vicenza, when the Napoleonic wars overspread Northern Italy, and she took refuge with her sister, the Countess Attems, at Venice. In 1806 General Lauriston took over the government of the city in the name of Napoleon, and M. de La Garde was appointed Prefect of the Police. A few days after their arrival, on April 18, Mrs. Smith was arrested, and, guarded by *gendarmes*, conveyed towards the Italian frontier, to be confined, as La Garde told a Sicilian nobleman, the Marquis de Salvo, at Valenciennes. Mrs. Smith's beauty and impending fate deeply impressed the marquis, who determined to rescue her. The prisoner and her guard had reached Brescia, and were lodged at the *Albergo delle due Torre*. The

since been shipwrecked, and her life has been from its commencement so fertile in remarkable incidents, that in a romance they would appear improbable. She was born at Constantinople, where her father, Baron Herbert, was Austrian Ambassador; married unhappily, yet has never been impeached in point of character; excited the vengeance of Buonaparte by a part in some conspiracy; several times risked her life; and is not yet twenty-five. She is here on her way to England, to join her husband, being obliged to leave Trieste, where she was paying a visit to her mother, by the approach of the French, and embarks soon in a ship of war. Since my arrival here, I have had scarcely any other companion. I have found

opportunity seemed favourable. Once across the Guarda Lake, and in the passes of Tyrol, it would be easy to reach Styria. The marquis made his arrangements — hired two boats, one for the fugitives, the other for their post-chaise and horses; procured for Mrs. Smith a boy's dress, as a disguise; made a ladder long enough to reach her window in the inn, and succeeded in making known his plan to the prisoner. The escape was effected; but all along the road the danger continued, for their way lay through a country which was practically French territory. It was not till they reached Gratz, and Mrs. Smith was under the roof of her sister, the Countess Strassoldo, that she was safe. The story is told in detail by the Marquis de Salvo, in his *Travels in the Year 1806 from Italy to England* (1807), and by the Duchesse d'Abrantès (*Mémoires*, vol. xv. pp. 1–74).

To Mrs. Spencer Smith are addressed the "Lines to Florence," the "Stanzas composed during a Thunderstorm" (near Zitza, in October, 1809), and stanzas xxx.–xxxii. of the second canto of *Childe Harold*. The Duchesse d'Abrantès (*Mémoires*, vol. xv. pp. 4, 5) thus describes her: "Une jeune femme, dont la délicate "et élégante tournure, la peau blanche et diaphane, les cheveux "blonds, les mouvemens onduleux, toute une tournure impossible "à décrire autrement qu'en disant qu'elle était de toutes les créatures "la plus gracieuse, lui donnaient l'aspect d'une de ces apparitions "amenées par un rêve heureux . . . il y avait de la Sylphide en "elle. Sa vue excessivement basse n'était qu'un charme de plus." Moore (*Life*, p. 95) thinks that Byron was less in love with Mrs. Smith than with his recollection of her. According to Galt (*Life of Byron*, p. 66), "he affected a passion for her, but it was only "Platonic. She, however, beguiled him of his valuable yellow "diamond ring."

her very pretty, very accomplished, and extremely eccentric. Buonaparte is even now so incensed against her, that her life would be in some danger if she were taken prisoner a second time.

You have seen Murray and Robert by this time, and received my letter. Little has happened since that date. I have touched at Cagliari in Sardinia, and at Girgenti in Sicily, and embark to-morrow for Patras, from whence I proceed to Yanina, where Ali Pacha holds his court. So I shall soon be among the Mussulmans. Adieu.

Believe me, with sincerity, yours ever,

BYRON.

131.—To his Mother.

Prevesa, November 12, 1809.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I have now been some time in Turkey: this place is on the coast, but I have traversed the interior of the province of Albania on a visit to the Pacha. I left Malta in the *Spider*, a brig of war, on the 21st of September, and arrived in eight days at Prevesa. I thence have been about 150 miles, as far as Tepaleen, his Highness's country palace, where I stayed three days. The name of the Pacha is *Ali*,[1] and he is

1. Ali Pasha (1741–1822) was born in Albania, at Tepeleni, a town 75 miles north of Janina, of which his father was governor. This "Mahometan Buonaparte," or "Rob Roy of Albania," made himself the supreme ruler of Epirus and Albania, acquired a predominance over the Agas of Thessaly, and pushed his troops to the frontiers of ancient Attica (see Raumer's *Historisches Taschenbuch*, pp. 87–175). A merciless and unscrupulous tyrant, he was also a fine soldier and a born administrator. Intriguing now with the Porte, now with Buonaparte, now with the English, using the rival despots of the country against each other, hand in glove with the brigands while commanding the police for their suppression, he extended his power by using conflicting interests to aggrandize himself. The Venetian possessions on the eastern shores of the Adriatic, which had passed in 1797 to France, by the treaty of

considered a man of the first abilities: he governs the whole of Albania (the ancient Illyricum), Epirus, and part

Campo Formio, were wrested from the French by Ali, who defeated General La Salsette (1798) in the plains of Nicopolis, and, with the exception of Parga, seized and held the principal towns in the name of the Sultan. Byron speaks of his "aged venerable face" in *Childe Harold* (Canto II. stanza lxii.; see also stanza xlvii.), and of the delicacy of his hand in *Don Juan* (Canto IV. stanza xlv.), and finds in his treatment of "Giaffir, Pacha of Argyro Castro or Scutari (I "am not sure which)," the material for stanzas xiv., xv. of Canto II. of *The Bride of Abydos*. Hobhouse (*Journey through Albania*, edit. 1854, vol. i. pp. 96, 97) describes Ali as "a short man, about five "feet five inches in height, and very fat, though not particularly "corpulent. He had a very pleasing face, fair and round, with "blue quick eyes, not at all settled into a Turkish gravity. His "beard was long and white, and such a one as any other Turk "would have been proud of; though he, who was more taken up "with his guests than himself, did not continue looking at it, nor "smelling and stroking it, as is usually the custom of his country-"men, to fill up the pauses of conversation."

Dr. (afterwards Sir Henry) Holland, in his *Travels in the Ionian Isles, Albania, Thessaly, and Greece in* 1812–13, pp. 125, 126 (1815), gives an account of his first interview with Ali: "Were I to attempt a "description of Ali, I should speak of his face as large and full; the "forehead remarkably broad and open, and traced by many deep "furrows; the eye penetrating, yet not expressive of ferocity; the nose "handsome and well formed; the mouth and lower part of the face "concealed, except when speaking, by his mustachios and the long "beard which flows over his breast. His complexion is somewhat "lighter than that usual among the Turks, and his general appear-"ance does not indicate more than his actual age. . . . The neck "is short and thick, the figure corpulent and unwieldy; his stature "I had afterwards the means of ascertaining to be about five feet "nine inches. The general character and expression of the coun-"tenance are unquestionably fine, and the forehead especially is a "striking and majestic feature. Much of the talent of the man "may be inferred from his exterior; the moral qualities, however, "may not equally be determined in this way; and to the casual "observation of the stranger I can conceive from my own experi-"ence, that nothing may appear but what is open, placid, and "alluring. Opportunities were afterwards afforded me of looking "beneath this exterior of expression; it is the fire of a stove burning "fiercely under a smooth and polished surface. . . . The inquiries "he made respecting our journey to Joannina, gave us the oppor-"tunity of complimenting him on the excellent police of his "dominions, and the attention he has paid to his roads. I "mentioned to him generally Lord Byron's poetical description of "Albania, the interest it had excited in England, and Mr. Hob-"house's intended publication of his travels in the same country.

of Macedonia. His son, Vely Pacha,[1] to whom he has given me letters, governs the Morea, and has great

"He seemed pleased with these circumstances, and stated his recol-
"lection of Lord Byron." Dr. Holland brought back to England a letter to Byron from Ali (see Letter to Moore, September 8, 1813).

A further account of Ali, together with a portrait, will be found in Hughes's *Travels in Sicily, etc.* (pp. 446–449). He again (1813) "asked with much apparent interest respecting Lord Byron." At the close of the Napoleonic struggle, the interest of this country was excited by the resistance of Parga to his arms, especially as, during the late war, the Pargiotes had received the protection of Great Britain. After the fall of Parga (1819), Ali's power roused the jealousy of the Sultan, and it was partly in consequence of his open defiance of the Porte, that insurrections broke out in Wallachia, and that Ypsilanti proclaimed himself the liberator of Greece. The Turkish troops, under Kurchid Pasha, gradually overpowered Ali, and, at the end of 1821, shut him up in his citadel of Janina. In the following January he surrendered, and was at first treated with respect. But on February 5, 1822, Ali was informed that the Sultan demanded his head. His answer was to fire his pistol at the messenger. In the fray that followed he was killed. Another and better account (Walsh's *Narrative of a Journey from Constantinople to England*, p. 62) says that he was stabbed in the back as he was bowing to the departing messenger, who had solemnly assured him of the Sultan's pardon and favour. His head was cut off, sent to Constantinople, and fixed on the grand gate of the Seraglio, with the sentence of death by its side. Recently fresh interest has been aroused in Ali by the publication of Mr. Bain's translation of Maurus Jókai's semi-historical novel *Janicsárok végnapjai*, under the title of *The Lion of Janina* (1897).

1. Veli Pasha was the son of Ali by a daughter of Coul Pasha, the governor of Berat, in whose army Ali had served as a young man. He was married (1798) to a daughter of Ibrahim Pasha, who had succeeded Coul Pasha in the pashalik of Berat. The war with Ibrahim, to which Byron alludes, ended in his defeat, and the transference of his pashalik to Ali. Veli, at this time Vizier of the Morea, resided at Tripolizza, when he was visited by Galt, who describes him as sitting "on a crimson velvet cushion, wrapped in a "superb pelisse; on his head was a vast turban, in his belt a dagger "encrusted with jewels, and on the little finger of his right hand "he wore a solitaire which was said to have cost two thousand five "hundred pounds sterling. In his left hand he held a string of "small coral beads, a comboloio which he twisted backwards and "forwards during the greater part of the visit." "In his manners," says Galt, "I found him free and urbane, with a considerable "tincture of humour and drollery" (*Life of Byron*, p. 83). Hobhouse (*Journey through Albania, etc.*, vol. i. p. 193) says, "The "Vizier, for he is a Pasha of three tails, is a lively young man; and "besides the Albanian, Greek, and Turkish languages, speaks

influence in Egypt; in short, he is one of the most powerful men in the Ottoman empire. When I reached Yanina, the capital, after a journey of three days over the mountains, through a country of the most picturesque beauty, I found that Ali Pacha was with his army in Illyricum, besieging Ibrahim Pacha in the castle of Berat. He had heard that an Englishman of rank was in his dominions, and had left orders in Yanina with the commandant to provide a house, and supply me with every kind of necessary *gratis*; and, though I have been allowed to make presents to the slaves, etc., I have not been permitted to pay for a single article of household consumption.

I rode out on the vizier's horses, and saw the palaces of himself and grandsons: they are splendid, but too much ornamented with silk and gold. I then went over the mountains through Zitza,[1] a village with a Greek monastery (where I slept on my return), in the most beautiful situation (always excepting Cintra, in Portugal) I ever beheld. In nine days I reached Tepaleen. Our journey was much prolonged by the torrents that had fallen from the mountains, and intersected the roads. I shall never forget the singular scene on entering Tepaleen at five in the afternoon, as the sun was going down. It brought to my mind (with some change of *dress*, however) Scott's description of Branksome Castle in his *Lay*, and the feudal system.[2] The Albanians, in their dresses,

"Italian—an accomplishment not possessed, I should think, by any "other man of his high rank in Turkey. It is reported that he, as "well as his father, is preparing, in case of the overthrow of the "Ottoman power, to establish an independent sovereignty." Veli, in his father's struggle with the Sultan, betrayed Prevesa to the Turks. He was executed in 1822, and is buried at the Silivria Gate of Constantinople.

1. For "monastic Zitza," see *Childe Harold*, Canto II. stanza xlviii., and Byron's *note*.

2. See *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, canto i.

(the most magnificent in the world, consisting of a long *white kilt*, gold-worked cloak, crimson velvet gold-laced jacket and waistcoat, silver-mounted pistols and daggers,) the Tartars with their high caps, the Turks in their vast pelisses and turbans, the soldiers and black slaves with the horses, the former in groups in an immense large open gallery in front of the palace, the latter placed in a kind of cloister below it, two hundred steeds ready caparisoned to move in a moment, couriers entering or passing out with the despatches, the kettle-drums beating, boys calling the hour from the minaret of the mosque, altogether, with the singular appearance of the building itself, formed a new and delightful spectacle to a stranger. I was conducted to a very handsome apartment, and my health inquired after by the vizier's secretary, *à-la-mode Turque!*

The next day I was introduced to Ali Pacha. I was dressed in a full suit of staff uniform, with a very magnificent sabre, etc. The vizier received me in a large room paved with marble; a fountain was playing in the centre; the apartment was surrounded by scarlet ottomans. He received me standing, a wonderful compliment from a Mussulman, and made me sit down on his right hand. I have a Greek interpreter for general use, but a physician of Ali's named Femlario, who understands Latin, acted for me on this occasion. His first question was, why, at so early an age, I left my country?—(the Turks have no idea of travelling for amusement). He then said, the English minister, Captain Leake,[1] had told him I was of

1. William Martin Leake (1777–1860) received his commission as second lieutenant in the artillery in 1794, became a captain in 1799, major in 1809, and lieutenant-colonel in 1813. His professional life, up to 1815, was spent abroad, chiefly at Constantinople, in Egypt, or in various parts of European Turkey. In 1808 he had been sent by the British Government with stores of artillery,

a great family, and desired his respects to my mother; which I now, in the name of Ali Pacha, present to you. He said he was certain I was a man of birth, because I had small ears, curling hair, and little white hands, and expressed himself pleased with my appearance and garb. He told me to consider him as a father whilst I was in Turkey, and said he looked on me as his son. Indeed, he treated me like a child, sending me almonds and sugared sherbet, fruit and sweetmeats, twenty times a day. He begged me to visit him often, and at night, when he was at leisure. I then, after coffee and pipes, retired for the first time. I saw him thrice afterwards. It is singular that the Turks, who have no hereditary dignities, and few great families, except the Sultans, pay so much respect to birth; for I found my pedigree more regarded than my title.

To-day I saw the remains of the town of Actium,[1] near which Antony lost the world, in a small bay, where two

ammunition, and Congreve rockets, to Ali, Pasha of Albania, and he remained at Preveza, or Janina, as the representative of Great Britain, till 1810. During his travels he collected the vases, gems, bronzes, marbles, and coins now placed in the British Museum, and in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. At the same time, he accumulated the materials which, during his literary life (1815–59), he embodied in numerous books. Of these the more important are—*The Topography of Athens* (1821); *Journal of a Tour in Asia Minor* (1824); *An Historical Outline of the Greek Revolution* (1825); *Travels in the Morea* (1830); *Travels in Northern Greece* (1835); *Numismata Hellenica* (1854–59). As a diplomatist he was remarkably successful; but his reputation mainly rests on his topographical works. With his antiquarian labours Byron would have had little sympathy; but Leake was also a warm-hearted advocate of the Christian population of Greece against their Turkish rulers.

1. The battle of Actium (B.C. 31) was fought at the entrance of the Gulf of Arta, and Nicopolis, the city of victory, the *Palaio-Kastro* of the modern Greek, was founded by Augustus on an isthmus connecting Prevesa with the mainland to commemorate his triumph. Leake (*Travels in Northern Greece*, vol. i. p. 175) identifies Actium with Punda (ἄκρη, "the head of a promontory") on the headland opposite Prevesa (see *Childe Harold*, Canto II. stanza xlv.).

frigates could hardly manœuvre: a broken wall is the sole remnant. On another part of the gulf stand the ruins of Nicopolis, built by Augustus in honour of his victory. Last night I was at a Greek marriage; but this and a thousand things more I have neither time nor *space* to describe.

His highness is sixty years old, very fat, and not tall, but with a fine face, light blue eyes, and a white beard; his manner is very kind, and at the same time he possesses that dignity which I find universal amongst the Turks. He has the appearance of anything but his real character, for he is a remorseless tyrant, guilty of the most horrible cruelties, very brave, and so good a general that they call him the Mahometan Buonaparte. Napoleon has twice offered to make him King of Epirus, but he prefers the English interest, and abhors the French, as he himself told me. He is of so much consequence, that he is much courted by both, the Albanians being the most warlike subjects of the Sultan, though Ali is only nominally dependent on the Porte; he has been a mighty warrior, but is as barbarous as he is successful, roasting rebels, etc., etc. Buonaparte sent him a snuff-box with his picture. He said the snuff-box was very well, but the picture he could excuse, as he neither liked it nor the original. His ideas of judging of a man's birth from ears, hands, etc., were curious enough. To me he was, indeed, a father, giving me letters, guards, and every possible accommodation. Our next conversations were of war and travelling, politics and England. He called my Albanian soldier, who attends me, and told him to protect me at all hazard; his name is Viscillie, and, like all the Albanians, he is brave, rigidly honest, and faithful; but they are cruel, though not treacherous, and have several vices but no meannesses. They are, perhaps, the most

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beautiful race, in point of countenance, in the world; their women are sometimes handsome also, but they are treated like slaves, *beaten*, and, in short, complete beasts of burden; they plough, dig, and sow. I found them carrying wood, and actually repairing the highways. The men are all soldiers, and war and the chase their sole occupations. The women are the labourers, which after all is no great hardship in so delightful a climate. Yesterday, the 11th of November, I bathed in the sea; to-day is so hot that I am writing in a shady room of the English consul's, with three doors wide open, no fire, or even *fireplace*, in the house, except for culinary purposes.

I am going to-morrow, with a guard of fifty men, to Patras in the Morea, and thence to Athens, where I shall winter.[1] Two days ago I was nearly lost in a Turkish ship of war, owing to the ignorance of the captain and crew, though the storm was not violent. Fletcher yelled after his wife, the Greeks called on all the saints, the Mussulmans on Alla; the captain burst into tears and ran below deck, telling us to call on God; the sails were split, the main-yard shivered, the wind blowing fresh, the night setting in, and all our chance was to make Corfu,

1. "Upon Parnassus going to the fountain of Delphi (Castri) in "1809," writes Byron, in his *Diary* for 1821 (*Life*, pp. 99, 100), "I "saw a flight of twelve eagles (H. says they were vultures—at least "in conversation), and I seized the omen. On the day before I com- "posed the lines to Parnassus (in *Childe Harold*), and, on beholding "the birds, had a hope that Apollo had accepted my homage. "I have at least had the name and fame of a poet during the poetical "part of life (from twenty to thirty);—whether it will *last* is another "matter." (For the lines to Parnassus, see *Childe Harold*, Canto I. stanzas lx.–lxii.) To this journey belongs another incident, recorded by Byron. "The last bird I ever fired at was an eaglet, on the "shore of the Gulf of Lepanto, near Vostizza. It was only wounded, "and I tried to save it,—the eye was so bright. But it pined, and "died in a few days; and I never did since, and never will, attempt "the death of another bird."

which is in possession of the French, or (as Fletcher pathetically termed it) "a watery grave." I did what I could to console Fletcher, but finding him incorrigible, wrapped myself up in my Albanian capote (an immense cloak), and lay down on deck to wait the worst. I have learnt to philosophise in my travels; and if I had not, complaint was useless. Luckily the wind abated, and only drove us on the coast of Suli, on the main land, where we landed, and proceeded, by the help of the natives, to Prevesá again; but I shall not trust Turkish sailors in future, though the Pacha had ordered one of his own galliots to take me to Patras. I am therefore going as far as Missolonghi by land, and there have only to cross a small gulf to get to Patras.

Fletcher's next epistle will be full of marvels. We were one night lost for nine hours in the mountains in a thunder-storm, and since nearly wrecked. In both cases Fletcher was sorely bewildered, from apprehensions of famine and banditti in the first, and drowning in the second instance. His eyes were a little hurt by the lightning, or crying (I don't know which), but are now recovered. When you write, address to me at Mr. Strané's, English consul, Patras, Morea.

I could tell you I know not how many incidents that I think would amuse you, but they crowd on my mind as much as they would swell my paper, and I can neither arrange them in the one, nor put them down on the other, except in the greatest confusion. I like the Albanians much; they are not all Turks; some tribes are Christians. But their religion makes little difference in their manner or conduct. They are esteemed the best troops in the Turkish service. I lived on my route, two days at once, and three days again, in a barrack at Salora, and never found soldiers so tolerable, though I have been in the

garrisons of Gibraltar and Malta, and seen Spanish, French, Sicilian, and British troops in abundance. I have had nothing stolen, and was always welcome to their provision and milk. Not a week ago an Albanian chief, (every village has its chief, who is called Primate,) after helping us out of the Turkish galley in her distress, feeding us, and lodging my suite, consisting of Fletcher, a Greek, two Athenians, a Greek priest, and my companion, Mr. Hobhouse, refused any compensation but a written paper stating that I was well received; and when I pressed him to accept a few sequins, "No," he replied; "I wish you to love me, not to pay me." These are his words.

It is astonishing how far money goes in this country. While I was in the capital I had nothing to pay by the vizier's order; but since, though I have generally had sixteen horses, and generally six or seven men, the expense has not been *half* as much as staying only three weeks in Malta, though Sir A. Ball,[1] the governor, gave

1. Rear-Admiral Sir Alexander John Ball (1757–1809), who belonged to a Gloucestershire family, entered the navy, inspired by *Robinson Crusoe*. A lieutenant in 1778, he distinguished himself with Rodney in 1782 (post-captain, 1783; rear-admiral, 1805), and at the battle of the Nile, when he commanded the *Alexander*. Nelson had no liking for Ball until the latter saved the dismasted *Vanguard* from going on shore by taking her in tow. Henceforward they were friends, and Nelson spoke of him as one of his "three "right arms." By his skill in blockading Valetta (1798–1800), Ball was the hero of the siege of Malta, and (June 6, 1801) was created a baronet for his services, and received the Order of Merit from Ferdinand IV. of Naples. When Byron met him, Ball was "His "Majesty's Civil Commissioner for the Island of Malta and its "Dependencies, and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Order of St. "John." S. T. Coleridge, who was with him as secretary from May, 1804, to October, 1805, wrote enthusiastically of him in his letters, and in *The Friend* (3rd edit., vol. i. essay i., and vol. iii. pp. 226–301). But his picture of the admiral would have been more definite had he remembered the spirit of the remark (quoted in *The Friend*) which Ball once made to him: "The distinction "is just, and, now I understand you, abundantly obvious; but

me a house for nothing, and I had only *one servant*. By the by, I expect Hanson to remit regularly; for I am not about to stay in this province for ever. Let him write to me at Mr. Strané's, English consul, Patras. The fact is, the fertility of the plains is wonderful, and specie is scarce, which makes this remarkable cheapness. I am going to Athens, to study modern Greek, which differs much from the ancient, though radically similar. I have no desire to return to England, nor shall I, unless compelled by absolute want, and Hanson's neglect; but I shall not enter into Asia for a year or two, as I have much to see in Greece, and I may perhaps cross into Africa, at least the Egyptian part. Fletcher, like all Englishmen, is very much dissatisfied, though a little reconciled to the Turks by a present of eighty piastres from the vizier, which, if you consider every thing, and the value of specie here, is nearly worth ten guineas English. He has suffered nothing but from cold, heat, and vermin, which those who lie in cottages and cross mountains in a cold country must undergo, and of which I have equally partaken with himself; but he is not valiant, and is afraid of robbers and tempests. I have no one to be remembered to in England, and wish to hear nothing from it, but that you are well, and a letter or two on business from Hanson, whom you may tell to write. I will write when I can, and beg you to believe me,

Your affectionate son,

BYRON.

P.S.—I have some very "magnifiques" Albanian dresses, the only expensive articles in this country. They cost fifty guineas each, and have so much gold, they would cost in England two hundred.

"hardly worth the trouble of your inventing a puzzle of words to "make it appear otherwise."

I have been introduced to Hussein Bey,[1] and Mahmout Pacha,[1] both little boys, grandchildren of Ali, at Yanina; they are totally unlike our lads, have painted complexions like rouged dowagers, large black eyes, and features perfectly regular. They are the prettiest little animals I ever saw, and are broken into the court ceremonies already. The Turkish salute is a slight inclination of the head, with the hand on the heart; intimates always kiss. Mahmout is ten years old, and hopes to see me again; we are friends without understanding each other, like many other folks, though from a different cause. He has given me a letter to his father in the Morea, to whom I have also letters from Ali Pacha.

132.—To his Mother.

Smyrna, March 19, 1810.

DEAR MOTHER,—I cannot write you a long letter; but as I know you will not be sorry to receive any intelligence of my movements, pray accept what I can give. I have traversed the greatest part of Greece, besides Epirus, etc., etc., resided ten weeks at Athens, and am now on the Asiatic side on my way to Constantinople. I have just returned from viewing the ruins of Ephesus, a day's journey from Smyrna.[2] I presume

1. Hussein Bey, then a boy of ten years old, son of Mouctar Pasha, the eldest son of Ali, in after years (1820–22) remained faithful to his grandfather, when his father, uncles, and cousin had gone over to the Sultan, and held Tepeleni for Ali in his last struggle against the Turks. Mahomet Pasha, son of Veli Pasha, second son of Ali, though only twelve years old, was already in possession of a pashalik. In Ali's contest with Turkey, he betrayed Parga to the Sultan, and persuaded his father to surrender Prevesa. He was, however, rewarded for his treachery by execution, and is among the five members of his family who lie buried at the Silivria Gate at Constantinople (Walsh's *Narrative*, p. 67).

2. It was at Smyrna that the two first cantos of *Childe Harold*

you have received a long letter I wrote from Albania, with an account of my reception by the Pacha of the Province.

When I arrive at Constantinople, I shall determine whether to proceed into Persia or return, which latter I do not wish, if I can avoid it. But I have no intelligence from Mr. Hanson, and but one letter from yourself. I shall stand in need of remittances whether I proceed or return. I have written to him repeatedly, that he may not plead ignorance of my situation for neglect. I can give you no account of any thing, for I have not time or opportunity, the frigate sailing immediately. Indeed the further I go the more my laziness increases, and my aversion to letter-writing becomes more confirmed. I have written to no one but to yourself and Mr. Hanson, and these are communications of business and duty rather than of inclination.

Fletcher is very much disgusted with his fatigues, though he has undergone nothing that I have not shared. He is a poor creature; indeed English servants are detestable travellers. I have, besides him, two Albanian soldiers and a Greek interpreter; all excellent in their way. Greece, particularly in the vicinity of Athens, is delightful;—cloudless skies and lovely landscapes. But I must reserve all account of my adventures till we meet. I keep no journal, but my friend Hobhouse scribbles incessantly. Pray take care of Murray and Robert, and tell the boy it is the most fortunate thing for him that

were completed. To his original MS. of the poem is prefixed the following memorandum :—

"Byron, Ioannina in Albania.
Begun October 31st, 1809;
Concluded Canto 2d, Smyrna,
March 28th, 1810.
—BYRON."

he did not accompany me to Turkey. Consider this as merely a notice of my safety, and believe me,

Yours, etc., etc.,

BYRON.

133.—To his Mother.

Smyrna, April 9, 1810.

DEAR MOTHER,—I know you will be glad to hear from me: I wish I could say I am equally delighted to write. However, there is no great loss in my scribbles, except to the portmanteau-makers, who, I suppose, will get all by and by.

Nobody but yourself asks me about my creed,—what I am, am not, etc., etc. If I were to begin *explaining*, God knows where I should leave off; so we will say no more about that, if you please.

I am no "good soul," and not an atheist, but an English gentleman, I hope, who loves his mother, mankind, and his country. I have not time to write more at present, and beg you to believe me,

Ever yours, etc.,

BYRON.

P.S.—Are the Miss —— anxiously expecting my arrival and contributions to their gossip and *rhymes*, which are about as bad as they can be?

B.

134.—To his Mother.

Smyrna, April 10, 1810.

DEAR MOTHER,—To-morrow, or this evening, I sail for Constantinople in the *Salsette* frigate, of thirty-six

guns. She returns to England with our ambassador,[1] whom she is going up on purpose to receive. I have

1. Robert (afterwards the Right Hon. Sir Robert) Adair (1763–1855), son of Sergeant-Surgeon Adair and Lady Caroline Keppel, described by an Austrian aristocrat as "le fils du plus grand "*Saigneur* d'Angleterre," was educated at Westminster and the "U—niversity of Gottingen." At the latter place Adair, always, as his kinsman Lord Albemarle said of him, "an enthusiastic "admirer of the fair sex" (*Recollections*, vol. i. p. 229), fell in love with his tutor's daughter. He did not, however, marry "Sweet Matilda Pottingen," but Angélique Gabrielle, daughter of the Marquis d'Hazincourt. He is supposed to have contributed to the *Rolliad;* and the "Dedication to Sir Lloyd Kenyon," "Margaret Nicholson" (*Political Eclogues*, p. 207), and the "Song "of Scrutina" (*Probationary Odes*, p. 285), have been attributed to him. He, however, denied (Moore's *Journal and Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 304) that he wrote any part of the *Rolliad.* A Whig, and an intimate friend and follower of Fox, he was in 1791 at St. Petersburg, where the Tories believed that he had been sent by his chief on "half a mission" to intrigue with Russia against Pitt. The charge was published by Dr. Pretyman, Bishop of Winchester, in his *Life of Pitt* (1821), who may have wished to pay off old scores, and to retaliate on one of the reputed authors of the *Rolliad* for the "Pretymaniana," and was answered in *Two Letters from Mr. Adair to the Bishop of Winchester.* It is to this accusation that Ellis and Frere, in the *Anti-Jacobin*, refer in "A Bit of an Ode "to Mr. Fox" (*Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin*, edit. 1854, pp. 71–73):—

"I mount, I mount into the sky,
Sweet bird, to *Petersburg* I'll fly,
Or, if you bid, to *Paris.*
Fresh missions of the *Fox* and *Goose*
Successful Treaties may produce,
Though Pitt in all miscarries."

Sir James Mackintosh, speaking of the story, told Moore (*Journals and Correspondence*, vol. iv. p. 267) that a private letter from Adair, reporting his conversations with a high official in St. Petersburg, fell into the hands of the British Government; that some members of the Council were desirous of taking proceedings upon it; but that Lord Grenville and Pitt threatened to resign, if any use was made of such a document so obtained. (See also the "Translation of a Letter from Bawba-Dara-Adul-Phoola," etc.—*i.e.* "Bob Adair, a dull fool"—in the *Anti-Jacobin*, p. 208.) Adair was in 1806 sent by Fox as Ambassador to Vienna, and in 1809 was appointed by Canning Ambassador Extraordinary at Constantinople, where, with Stratford Canning as his secretary, he negotiated the Treaty of the Dardanelles. For his services, on his return in 1810, he was made a K.C.B. He was subsequently (1831–35) employed on a mission to the Low Countries, when

written to you short letters from Athens, Smyrna, and a long one from Albania. I have not yet mustered courage for a second large epistle, and you must not be angry, since I take all opportunities of apprizing you of my safety; but even that is an effort, writing is so irksome.

I have been traversing Greece, and Epirus, Illyria, etc., etc., and you see by my date, have got into Asia. I have made but one excursion lately to the ruins of Ephesus. Malta is the rendez-vous of my letters, so address to that island. Mr. Hanson has not written, though I wished to hear of the Norfolk sale,[1] the Lancashire law-suit, etc., etc., I am anxiously expecting fresh remittances. I believe you will like Nottinghamshire, at least my share of it.[2] Pray accept my good wishes in lieu of a long letter, and believe me,

Yours sincerely and affectionately,

BYRON.

war appeared imminent between William, Prince of Orange and King Leopold. He was afterwards sworn a member of the Privy Council, and received a pension. George Ticknor (*Life*, vol. i. p. 269), who met him at Woburn in 1819, speaks of his great conversational charms, and Moore (*Journals and Correspondence*, vol. vii. p. 216) describes him, in 1838, as a man "from whom one "gets, now and then, an agreeable *whiff* of the days of Fox, Tickell, "and Sheridan." Many years after Fox's death, Adair was at a *fête* at Chiswick House. "'In which room,' he asked of Samuel "Rogers, 'did Fox expire?' 'In this very room,' I replied. "Immediately, Adair burst into tears with a vehemence of grief "such as I hardly ever saw exhibited by a man" (*Recollections of the Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers*, p. 97).

1. The sale of Wymondham and other property in Norfolk, which had come to him through his great-uncle.

2. Probably an allusion to his mother leaving Burgage Manor and taking up her residence at Newstead.

135.—To his Mother.

Salsette Frigate, off the Dardanelles, April 17, 1810.

DEAR MADAM,—I write at anchor (on our way to Constantinople) off the Troad, which I traversed ten days ago. All the remains of Troy are the tombs of her destroyers, amongst which I saw that of Antilochus from my cabin window. These are large mounds of earth, like the barrows of the Danes in your island. There are several monuments, about twelve miles distant, of the Alexandrian Troas, which I also examined, but by no means to be compared with the remnants of Athens and Ephesus. This will be sent in a ship of war, bound with despatches for Malta. In a few days we shall be at Constantinople, barring accidents. I have also written from Smyrna, and shall, from time to time, transmit short accounts of my movements, but I feel totally unequal to long letters.

Believe me, yours very sincerely,

BYRON.

P.S.—No accounts from Hanson!!! Do not complain of short letters; I write to nobody but yourself and Mr. H.

136.—To Henry Drury.

Salsette frigate, May 3, 1810.

MY DEAR DRURY,—When I left England, nearly a year ago, you requested me to write to you—I will do so. I have crossed Portugal, traversed the south of Spain, visited Sardinia, Sicily, Malta, and thence passed into Turkey, where I am still wandering. I first landed in Albania, the ancient Epirus, where we penetrated as far

as Mount Tomarit—excellently treated by the chief Ali Pacha,—and, after journeying through Illyria, Chaonia, etc., crossed the Gulf of Actium, with a guard of fifty Albanians, and passed the Achelous in our route through Acarnania and Ætolia. We stopped a short time in the Morea, crossed the Gulf of Lepanto, and landed at the foot of Parnassus;—saw all that Delphi retains, and so on to Thebes and Athens, at which last we remained ten weeks.

His Majesty's ship, *Pylades*, brought us to Smyrna; but not before we had topographised Attica, including, of course, Marathon and the Sunian promontory. From Smyrna to the Troad (which we visited when at anchor, for a fortnight, off the tomb of Antilochus) was our next stage; and now we are in the Dardanelles, waiting for a wind to proceed to Constantinople.

This morning I *swam* from *Sestos* to *Abydos*.[1] The

1. Byron made two attempts to swim across the Hellespont from Abydos to Sestos. The first, April 16, failed; the second, May 3, in warmer weather, succeeded. "Byron was one hour and ten "minutes in the water; his companion, Mr. Ekenhead, five "minutes less. . . . My fellow-traveller had before made a more "perilous, but less celebrated, passage; for I recollect that, when "we were in Portugal, he swam from Old Lisbon to Belem Castle, "and, having to contend with a tide and counter-current, the wind "blowing freshly, was but little less than two hours in crossing the "river" (Hobhouse, *Travels in Albania, etc.*, vol. ii. p. 195). In Hobhouse's journal, Byron made the following note: "The whole "distance E. and myself swam was more than four miles—the "current very strong and cold—some large fish near us when half "across—we were not fatigued, but a little chilled—did it with "little difficulty.—May 26, 1810. BYRON."

Of his feat Byron was always proud. See the "Lines Written "after Swimming from Sestos to Abydos" ("by the by, from "Abydos to Sestos would have been more correct"), and *Don Juan*, Canto II. stanza cv.:—

> "A better swimmer you could scarce see ever;
> He could, perhaps, have pass'd the Hellespont,
> As once (a feat on which ourselves we prided)
> Leander, Mr. Ekenhead, and I did."

In a note to the "Lines Written after Swimming from Sestos to

immediate distance is not above a mile, but the current renders it hazardous;—so much so that I doubt whether Leander's conjugal affection must not have been a little chilled in his passage to Paradise. I attempted it a week ago, and failed,—owing to the north wind, and the wonderful rapidity of the tide,—though I have been from my childhood a strong swimmer. But, this morning being calmer, I succeeded, and crossed the "broad Hellespont" in an hour and ten minutes.

Well, my dear sir, I have left my home, and seen part of Africa and Asia, and a tolerable portion of Europe. I have been with generals and admirals, princes and pashas, governors and ungovernables,—but I have not time or paper to expatiate. I wish to let you know that I live with a friendly remembrance of you, and a hope to meet you again; and if I do this as shortly as possible, attribute it to any thing but forgetfulness.

Greece, ancient and modern, you know too well to require description. Albania, indeed, I have seen more of than any Englishman (except a Mr. Leake), for it is a country rarely visited, from the savage character of the natives, though abounding in more natural beauties than the classical regions of Greece,—which, however, are still eminently beautiful, particularly Delphi and Cape Colonna in Attica. Yet these are nothing to parts of Illyria and Epirus, where places without a name, and

"Abydos," Byron writes, "Chevalier says that a young Jew swam "the same distance for his mistress; and Oliver mentions its having "been done by a Neapolitan; but our consul, Tarragona, remem- "bered neither of these circumstances, and tried to dissuade us from "the attempt. A number of the *Salsette's* crew were known to "have accomplished a greater distance; and the only thing that "surprised me was that, as doubts had been entertained of the truth "of Leander's story, no traveller had ever endeavoured to ascertain "its practicability."

Lieutenant Ekenhead, of the Marines, was afterwards killed by a fall from the fortifications of Malta.

rivers not laid down in maps, may, one day, when more known, be justly esteemed superior subjects, for the pencil and the pen, to the dry ditch of the Ilissus and the bogs of Bœotia.

The Troad is a fine field for conjecture and snipe-shooting, and a good sportsman and an ingenious scholar may exercise their feet and faculties to great advantage upon the spot;—or, if they prefer riding, lose their way (as I did) in a cursed quagmire of the Scamander, who wriggles about as if the Dardan virgins still offered their wonted tribute. The only vestige of Troy, or her destroyers, are the barrows supposed to contain the carcasses of Achilles, Antilochus, Ajax, etc.;—but Mount Ida is still in high feather, though the shepherds are now-a-days not much like Ganymede. But why should I say more of these things? are they not written in the *Boke* of *Gell*?[1] and has not Hobhouse got a journal? I keep none, as I have renounced scribbling.

1. Sir William Gell (1777–1836) published the *Topography of Troy* (1804); *Geography and Antiquities of Ithaca* (1807); the *Itinerary of Greece* (1810); and many other subsequent works. (For Byron's review of *Ithaca* and *Greece*, in the *Monthly Review* for August, 1811, see Appendix III.) In the MS. of *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers* (line 1034) he called him "coxcomb Gell;" but, having made his personal acquaintance before the Satire was printed, he changed the epithet to "classic." After seeing the country himself, he again altered the epithet—

> "Of Dardan tours let Dilettanti tell,
> I leave topography to rapid Gell."

To these lines is appended the following note: "'Rapid,' indeed! "He topographised and typographised King Priam's dominions in "three days! I called him 'classic' before I saw the Troad, but "since have learned better than to tack to his name what don't "belong to it." To this passage Byron, in 1816, added the further expression of his opinion, that "Gell's survey was hasty and super-"ficial." One of two suppressed stanzas in *Childe Harold* (Canto II. stanza xiii.) refers to Gell and his works:—

> "Or will the gentle Dilettanti crew
> Now delegate the task to digging Gell?

I see not much difference between ourselves and the Turks, save that we have * * and they have none—that they have long dresses, and we short, and that we talk much, and they little. They are sensible people. Ali Pacha told me he was sure I was a man of rank, because I had *small ears* and *hands*, and *curling hair*. By the by, I speak the Romaic, or modern Greek, tolerably. It does not differ from the ancient dialects so much as you would conceive; but the pronunciation is diametrically opposite. Of verse, except in rhyme, they have no idea.

I like the Greeks, who are plausible rascals,—with all the Turkish vices, without their courage. However, some are brave, and all are beautiful, very much resembling the busts of Alcibiades;—the women not quite so handsome. I can swear in Turkish; but, except one horrible oath, and "pimp," and "bread," and "water," I have got no great vocabulary in that language. They are extremely polite to strangers of any rank, properly protected; and as I have two servants and two soldiers, we get on with great *éclat*. We have been occasionally in danger of thieves, and once of shipwreck,—but always escaped.

Of Spain I sent some account to our Hodgson, but have subsequently written to no one, save notes to relations and lawyers, to keep them out of my premises. I mean to give up all connection, on my return, with many of my best friends—as I supposed them—and to snarl all my life. But I hope to have one good-humoured laugh

That mighty limner of a bird's-eye view,
How like to Nature let his volumes tell;
Who can with him the folio's limits swell
With all the Author saw, or said he saw?
Who can topographise or delve so well?
No boaster he, nor impudent and raw,
His pencil, pen, and shade, alike without a flaw."

with you, and to embrace Dwyer, and pledge Hodgson, before I commence cynicism.

Tell Dr. Butler I am now writing with the gold pen he gave me before I left England, which is the reason my scrawl is more unintelligible than usual. I have been at Athens, and seen plenty of these reeds for scribbling, some of which he refused to bestow upon me, because topographic Gell had brought them from Attica. But I will not describe,—no—you must be satisfied with simple detail till my return, and then we will unfold the flood-gates of colloquy. I am in a thirty-six gun frigate, going up to fetch Bob Adair from Constantinople, who will have the honour to carry this letter.

And so Hobhouse's *boke* is out,[1] with some sentimental sing-song of my own to fill up,—and how does it take, eh? and where the devil is the second edition of my Satire, with additions? and my name on the title page? and more lines tagged to the end, with a new exordium and what not, hot from my anvil before I cleared the Channel? The Mediterranean and the Atlantic roll between me and criticism; and the thunders of the Hyperborean Review are deafened by the roar of the Hellespont.

Remember me to Claridge,[2] if not translated to college, and present to Hodgson assurances of my high

1. *Imitations and Translations from the Ancient and Modern Classics, etc.* (London, 1809, 8vo). Of the sixty-five pieces, nine were by Byron (see *Poems*, vol. i., Bibliographical note; and vol. vi., Bibliographical note). The second and enlarged edition of *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers*, with Byron's name attached, appeared in October, 1809.

2. Two boys of this name, sons of J. Claridge, of Sevenoaks, entered Harrow School in April, 1805. George became a solicitor, and died at Sevenoaks in 1841; John (afterwards Sir John) went to Christ Church, Oxford, became a barrister, and died in 1868. John Claridge seems to have been one of Byron's "juniors and favourites," whom he "spoilt by indulgence."

consideration. Now, you will ask, what shall I do next? and I answer, I do not know. I may return in a few months, but I have intents and projects after visiting Constantinople.—Hobhouse, however, will probably be back in September.

On the 2d of July we have left Albion one year—*oblitus meorum obliviscendus et illis*. I was sick of my own country, and not much prepossessed in favour of any other; but I "drag on my chain" without "lengthening "it at each remove."[1] I am like the Jolly Miller, caring for nobody, and not cared for.[2] All countries are much the same in my eyes. I smoke, and stare at mountains, and twirl my mustachios very independently. I miss no comforts, and the musquitoes that rack the morbid frame of H. have, luckily for me, little effect on mine, because I live more temperately.

I omitted Ephesus in my catalogue, which I visited during my sojourn at Smyrna; but the Temple has almost perished, and St. Paul need not trouble himself to epistolise the present brood of Ephesians, who have converted a large church built entirely of marble into a mosque, and I don't know that the edifice looks the worse for it.

My paper is full, and my ink ebbing—good afternoon!

1. "Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain."
GOLDSMITH'S *Traveller*, lines 9, 10.

2. The allusion is to the familiar lines inserted by Isaac Bickerstaffe in *Love in a Village* (1762), act i. sc. 3—

"There was a jolly miller once,
Liv'd on the river Dee;
He work'd and sung from morn till night;
No lark more blithe than he.

"And this the burden of his song,
For ever us'd to be—
I care for nobody, not I,
If no one cares for me."

If you address to me at Malta, the letter will be forwarded wherever I may be. H. greets you; he pines for his poetry,—at least, some tidings of it. I almost forgot to tell you that I am dying for love of three Greek girls at Athens, sisters. I lived in the same house. Teresa, Mariana, and Katinka,[1] are the names of these divinities,—all of them under fifteen.

Your ταπεινοτατος δουλος,

BYRON.

1. "During our stay at Athens," writes Hobhouse (*Travels in Albania, etc.*, vol. i. pp. 242, 243), "we occupied two houses "separated from each other only by a single wall, through which "we opened a doorway. One of them belongs to a Greek lady, "whose name is Theodora Macri, the daughter of the late English "Vice-Consul, and who has to show many letters of recommenda- "tion left in her hands by several English travellers. Her lodgings "consisted of a sitting-room and two bedrooms, opening into a "court-yard where there were five or six lemon-trees, from which, "during our residence in the place, was plucked the fruit that "seasoned the pilaf and other national dishes served up at our "frugal table."

The beauty of the Greek women is transient. Hughes (*Travels in Sicily, etc.*, vol. i. p. 254, published in 1820) speaks of the three daughters of Madame Macri as "the *belles* of Athens." Of Theresa, the eldest, he says that "her countenance was extremely interesting, "and her eye retained much of its wonted brilliancy; but the roses "had already deserted the cheek, and we observed the remains only "of that loveliness which elicited such strains from an impassioned "poet." Walsh, in his *Narrative of a Resident in Constantinople* (vol. i. p. 122), speaks of Theresa Macri, the "Maid of Athens," whom he saw in 1821, as "still very elegant in her person, and "gentle and ladylike in her manners," but adds that "she has "lost all pretensions to beauty, and has a countenance singularly "marked by hopeless sadness." On the other hand, Williams, in his *Travels in Italy, etc.* (vol. ii. pp. 290, 291), speaks, in 1820, with an artist's enthusiasm, of the beauty of the three daughters of Theodora Macri. He quotes from the "Visitors' Book," to which Hobhouse alludes, four lines written by Byron in answer to an anonymous versifier—

> "This modest bard, like many a bard unknown,
> Rhymes on our names, but wisely hides his own;
> But yet, whoe'er he be, to say no worse,
> His name would bring more credit than his verse."

Theresa and Mariana Macri were dark; Katinka was fair. The

137.—To Francis Hodgson.

Salsette frigate, in the Dardanelles, off Abydos, May 5, 1810.

I am on my way to Constantinople, after a tour through Greece, Epirus, etc., and part of Asia Minor, some particulars of which I have just communicated to our friend and host, H. Drury. With these, then, I shall not trouble you; but as you will perhaps be pleased to hear that I am well, etc., I take the opportunity of our ambassador's return to forward the few lines I have time to despatch. We have undergone some inconveniences, and incurred partial perils, but no events worthy of communication, unless you will deem it one that two days ago I swam from Sestos to Abydos. This, with a few alarms from robbers, and some danger of shipwreck in a Turkish galliot six months ago, a visit to a Pacha, a passion for a married woman at Malta,[1] a challenge to an

latter name Byron uses as that of the fair Georgian in *Don Juan* (Canto VI. stanza xli.).

"It was," says Moore, "if I recollect right, in making love to "one of these girls that he had recourse to an act of courtship often "practised in that country;—namely, giving himself a wound across "the breast with his dagger. The young Athenian, by his own "account, looked on very coolly during the operation, considering "it a fit tribute to her beauty, but in no degree moved to gratitude."

Theresa, sometimes called Thyrza, Macri married an Englishman named Black, employed in H.M.'s Consular service at Missolonghi. She survived her husband, and fell into great poverty. Finlay, the historian of Greece, made an appeal on her behalf, which obtained the support of the leading members of Athenian society, including M. Charilaus Tricoupi, for some time Prime Minister at Athens, the son of Spiridion Tricoupi—Byron's intimate friend. In the *New York Times* for October 22, 1875, Mr. Anthony Martelaus, United States Consular Agent at Athens, describes Mrs. Black, whom he visited in August, 1875, as "a tall old lady, with features "inspiring reverence, and showing that at a time past she was a "beautiful woman." Theresa Black died October 15, 1875, aged 80 years. (See letters to the *Times*, October 25 and October 27, 1875, by Richard Edgcumbe and Neocles Mussabini respectively.)

1. Mrs. Spencer Smith (see page 244, *note* 1). "In the mean "time," writes Galt, who was at Malta with him, "besides his

officer, an attachment to three Greek girls at Athens, with a great deal of buffoonery and fine prospects, form all that has distinguished my progress since my departure from Spain.

Hobhouse rhymes and journalises; I stare and do nothing—unless smoking can be deemed an active amusement. The Turks take too much care of their women to permit them to be scrutinised; but I have lived a good deal with the Greeks, whose modern dialect I can converse in enough for my purposes. With the Turks I have also some male acquaintances—female society is out of the question. I have been very well treated by the Pachas and Governors, and have no complaint to make of any kind. Hobhouse will one day inform you of all our adventures—were I to attempt the recital, neither *my* paper nor *your* patience would hold out during the operation.

Nobody, save yourself, has written to me since I left England; but indeed I did not request it. I except my relations, who write quite as often as I wish. Of Hobhouse's volume I know nothing, except that it is out; and of my second edition I do not even know *that*, and certainly do not, at this distance, interest myself in the matter. I hope you and Bland[1] roll down the stream of sale with rapidity.

"Platonic dalliance with Mrs. Spencer Smith, Byron had involved "himself in a quarrel with an officer; but it was satisfactorily "settled" (*Life of Byron*, p. 67).

1. The Rev. Robert Bland (1780–1825), the son of a well-known London doctor, educated at Harrow and Pembroke College, Cambridge, was an assistant-master at Harrow when Byron was a schoolboy. There he became one of a "social club or circle," to which belonged J. Herman Merivale, Hodgson, Henry Drury, Denman (afterwards Lord Chief Justice), Charles Pepys (afterwards Lord Chancellor), Launcelot Shadwell (afterwards Vice-Chancellor), Walford (afterwards Solicitor to the Customs), and Paley, a son of the archdeacon. A good singer, an amusing companion, and a

Of my return I cannot positively speak, but think it probable Hobhouse will precede me in that respect. We have been very nearly one year abroad. I should wish to gaze away another, at least, in these evergreen climates; but I fear business, law business, the worst of employments, will recall me previous to that period, if not very quickly. If so, you shall have due notice.

I hope you will find me an altered personage,—I do not mean in body, but in manner, for I begin to find out that nothing but virtue will do in this damned world. I am tolerably sick of vice, which I have tried in its agreeable varieties, and mean, on my return, to cut all my dissolute acquaintance, leave off wine and carnal company, and betake myself to politics and decorum. I am very serious

clever, impulsive, eccentric creature, he was nicknamed by his friends "Don Hyperbolo" for his humorous extravagances. Some of his letters, together with a sketch of his life, are given in the *Life of the Rev. Francis Hodgson*, vol. i. pp. 226–250. In the *Monthly Magazine* for March, 1805, he and Merivale began to publish a series of translations from the Greek minor poets and epigrammatists, which were afterwards collected, with additions by Denman, Hodgson, Drury, and others, and published (1806) under the title of *Translations, chiefly from the Greek Anthology, with Tales and Miscellaneous Poems*. Bland and Merivale (1779–1844) are addressed by Byron (*English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers*, lines 881–890) as "associate bards," and adjured to "resign Achaia's lyre, "and strike your own." The two friends also collaborated in the *Collections from the Greek Anthology* (1813), and *A Collection of the most Beautiful Poems of the Minor Poets of Greece* (1813). Bland also published two volumes of original verse: *Edwy and Elgiva* (1808), and *The Four Slaves of Cythera, a Poetical Romance* (1809). Several generations of schoolboys have learned to write Latin verse from his *Elements of Latin Hexameters and Pentameters*. A lover of France, and of the French nation and of French acting, he spoke the language like a native, travelled in disguise over the countries occupied by Napoleon's armies, and (1813) published, in collaboration with Miss Plumptre, a translation of the *Memoirs* of Baron Grimm and Diderot. He was appointed Chaplain at Amsterdam, whence he returned in 1811. (For the circumstances of his quarrel with Hodgson, see page 195, *note* 1.) He was successively Curate of Prittlewell and Kenilworth. At the latter place, where he eked out a scanty income by taking pupils, he died in 1825 from breaking a blood-vessel.

and cynical, and a good deal disposed to moralise; but fortunately for you the coming homily is cut off by default of pen and defection of paper.

Good morrow! If you write, address to me at Malta, whence your letters will be forwarded. You need not remember me to any body, but believe me,

Yours with all faith,

BYRON.

Constantinople, May 15, 1810.

P.S.—My dear H.,—The date of my postscript "will "prate to you of my whereabouts." We anchored between the Seven Towers and the Seraglio on the 13th, and yesterday settled ashore.[1] The ambassador[2] is laid up; but the secretary[3] does the honours of the palace, and we have a general invitation to his palace. In a short time he has his leave of audience, and we accompany him in our uniforms to the Sultan, etc., and in a few days I am to visit the Captain Pacha with the commander of our frigate.[4] I have seen enough of their Pashas already;

1. Byron and Hobhouse landed on May 14, and rode to their inn. "This," says Hobhouse (*Travels in Albania, etc.*, vol. ii. pp. 216, 217), "was situated at the corner of the main street of Pera, "where four ways meet, all of which were not less mean and dirty "than the lanes of Wapping. The hotel, however (kept by a Mons. "Marchand), was a very comfortable mansion, containing many "chambers handsomely furnished, and a large billiard-room, which "is the resort of all the idle young men of the place. Our dinners "there were better served, and composed of meats more to the "English taste, than we had seen at any tavern since our departure "from Falmouth; and the butter of Belgrade (perfectly fresh, "though not of a proper consistency) was a delicacy to which we "had long been unaccustomed. The best London porter, and "nearly every species of wine, except port, were also to be procured "in any quantity. To this eulogy cannot be added the material "recommendation of cheapness."

2. Robert Adair. (See page 260, *note* 1.)

3. Stratford Canning, afterwards Lord Stratford de Redcliffe.

4. Captain Bathurst, and the officers of the *Salsette*, anxious to

but I wish to have a view of the Sultan, the last of the Ottoman race.

Of Constantinople you have Gibbon's description, very correct as far as I have seen. The mosques I shall have a firman to visit. I shall most probably (*Deo volente*), after a full inspection of Stamboul, bend my course homewards; but this is uncertain. I have seen the most interesting parts, particularly Albania, where few Franks have ever been, and all the most celebrated ruins of Greece and Ionia.

Of England I know nothing, hear nothing, and can find no person better informed on the subject than myself. I this moment drink your health in a bumper of hock; Hobhouse fills and empties to the same; do you and Drury pledge us in a pint of any liquid you please—vinegar will bear the nearest resemblance to that which I have just swallowed to your name; but when we meet again the draught shall be mended and the wine also.

Yours ever,

B.

138.—To his Mother.

Constantinople, May 18, 1810.

DEAR MADAM,—I arrived here in an English frigate from Smyrna a few days ago, without any events worth mentioning, except landing to view the plains of Troy, and afterwards, when we were at anchor in the Dardanelles, *swimming* from Sestos to Abydos, in imitation

see the arsenal and the Turkish fleet, paid a visit with Byron to Ali, the Capudan-Pasha, or Lord High Admiral. "He was," writes Hobhouse (*Travels in Albania, &c.*, vol. ii. p. 279), "in his kiosk "of audience at Divan-Hane, a splendid chamber, surrounded by "his attendants, and, contrary to custom, received us sitting. He "is reported to be a ferocious character, and certainly had the "appearance of being so."

of Monsieur Leander, whose story you, no doubt, know too well for me to add anything on the subject except that I crossed the Hellespont without so good a motive for the undertaking. As I am just going to visit the Captain-Pacha, you will excuse the brevity of my letter. When Mr. Adair takes leave I am to see the Sultan and the mosques, etc.

Believe me, yours ever,

BYRON.

139.—To his Mother.

Constantinople, May 24, 1810.

DEAR MOTHER,—I wrote to you very shortly the other day on my arrival here, and, as another opportunity avails, take up my pen again, that the frequency of my letters may atone for their brevity. Pray did you ever receive a picture of me in oil by *Sanders* in *Vigo Lane*, London? (a noted limner); if not, write for it immediately; it was paid for, except the frame (if frame there be), before I left England. I believe I mentioned to you in my last that my only notable exploit lately has been swimming from Sestos to Abydos in humble imitation of *Leander*, of amorous memory; though I had no *Hero* to receive me on the other shore of the Hellespont.

Of Constantinople you have of course read fifty descriptions by sundry travellers, which are in general so correct that I have nothing to add on the subject. When our ambassador takes his leave I shall accompany him to see the Sultan, and afterwards probably return to Greece. I have heard nothing of Mr. H——, but one remittance without any letter from that legal gentleman. If you have occasion for any pecuniary supply, pray use my funds as far as they *go*, without reserve; and lest there

should not be enough, in my next to Mr. H—— I will direct him to advance any sum you want, leaving at your discretion how much, in the present state of my affairs, you may think proper to require.

I have already seen the most interesting part of Turkey in Europe and Asia Minor, but shall not proceed further till I hear from England. In the mean time I shall expect occasional supplies, according to circumstances, and shall pass my summer amongst my friends the Greeks of the Morea. You will direct to Malta, where my letters are forwarded.

And believe me, with great sincerity, yours ever,

BYRON.

P.S.—Fletcher is well. Pray take care of my boy Robert and the old man Murray. It is fortunate they returned; neither the youth of the one nor the age of the other would have suited the changes of climate and fatigue of travelling.

140.—To Henry Drury.

Constantinople, June 17, 1810.

Though I wrote to you so recently, I break in upon you again to congratulate you on a child being born,[1] as a letter from Hodgson apprizes me of that event, in which I rejoice.

I am just come from an expedition through the Bosphorus to the Black Sea and the Cyanean Symplegades, up which last I scrambled with as great risk as ever the Argonauts escaped in their hoy. You remember the beginning of the nurse's dole in the *Medea*, of which

1. Henry Drury, afterwards Archdeacon of Wilts.

I beg you to take the following translation, done on the summit:—

"Oh how I wish that an embargo
Had kept in port the good ship Argo!
Who, still unlaunch'd from Grecian docks,
Had never passed the Azure rocks;
But now I fear her trip will be a
Damn'd business for my Miss Medea, etc., etc.," [1]

as it very nearly was to me;—for, had not this sublime passage been in my head, I should never have dreamed of ascending the said rocks, and bruising my carcass in honour of the ancients.

I have now sat on the Cyaneans, swam from Sestos to Abydos (as I trumpeted in my last), and, after passing through the Morea again, shall set sail for Santa Maura, and toss myself from the Leucadian promontory;—surviving which operation, I shall probably join you in England. Hobhouse, who will deliver this, is bound straight for these parts; and, as he is bursting with his travels, I shall not anticipate his narratives, but merely beg you not to believe one word he says, but reserve your ear for me, if you have any desire to be acquainted with the truth.

I am bound for Athens once more, and thence to the Morea; but my stay depends so much on my caprice, that I can say nothing of its probable duration. I have

1. Euripides, *Medea*, lines 1–7—

Εἰθ' ὄφελ' Ἀργοῦς μὴ διαπτάσθαι σκάφος
Κόλχων ἐς αἶαν κυανέας Συμπληγάδας,
μηδ' ἐν νάπαισι Πηλίου πεδεῖν ποτε
τμηθεῖσα πεύκη, μηδ' ἐρετμῶσαι χέρας
ἀνδρῶν ἀριστέων, οἳ τὸ πάγχρυσον δέρος
Πελίᾳ μετῆλθον· οὐ γὰρ ἂν δέσποιν' ἐμὴ
Μήδεια πύργους γῆς ἔπλευσ' Ἰωλκίας, κ.τ.λ.

been out a year already, and may stay another; but I am quicksilver, and say nothing positively. We are all very much occupied doing nothing, at present. We have seen every thing but the mosques, which we are to view with a firman on Tuesday next. But of these and other sundries let H. relate, with this proviso, that *I* am to be referred to for authenticity; and I beg leave to contradict all those things whereon he lays particular stress. But, if he soars at any time into wit, I give you leave to applaud, because that is necessarily stolen from his fellow-pilgrim. Tell Davies [1] that Hobhouse has made excellent use of his best jokes in many of his Majesty's ships of war; but add, also, that I always took care to restore them to the right owner; in consequence of which he (Davies) is no less famous by water than by land, and reigns unrivalled in the cabin as in the "Cocoa Tree." [2]

And Hodgson has been publishing more poesy—I wish he would send me his *Sir Edgar*,[3] and Bland's *Anthology*, to Malta, where they will be forwarded. In my last, which I hope you received, I gave an outline of the ground we have covered. If you have not been overtaken by this despatch, Hobhouse's tongue is at your service. Remember me to Dwyer, who owes me eleven guineas. Tell him to put them in my banker's hands at Gibraltar or Constantinople. I believe he paid them once, but that goes for nothing, as it was an annuity.

1. For Scrope Berdmore Davies, see page 165, *note* 2.

2. "The Cocoa Tree," now 64, St. James's Street, formerly in Pall Mall, was, in the reign of Queen Anne, the Tory Chocolate House. It became a club about 1745, and was then regarded as the head-quarters of the Jacobites. Probably for this reason Gibbon, whose father professed Jacobite opinions, belonged to it on coming to live in London (see his journal for November, 1762, and his letter to his stepmother, January 18, 1766: "The Cocoa Tree serves "now and then to take off an idle hour"). Byron was a member.

3. Hodgson's *Sir Edgar* was published in 1810.

I wish you would write. I have heard from Hodgson frequently. Malta is my post-office. I mean to be with you by next Montem. You remember the last,—I hope for such another; but after having swam across the "broad Hellespont," I disdain Datchett.[1] Good afternoon!

I am yours, very sincerely,

BYRON.

141.—To his Mother.

Constantinople, June 28, 1810.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I regret to perceive by your last letter that several of mine have not arrived, particularly a very long one written in November last from Albania, where I was on a visit to the Pacha of that province. Fletcher has also written to his spouse perpetually.

Mr. Hobhouse, who will forward or deliver this, and is on his return to England, can inform you of our different movements, but I am very uncertain as to my own return. He will probably be down in Notts. some time or other; but Fletcher, whom I send back as an incumbrance (English servants are sad travellers), will supply his place in the interim, and describe our travels, which have been tolerably extensive.

I have written twice briefly from this capital, from Smyrna, from Athens and other parts of Greece; from Albania, the Pacha of which province desired his respects to my mother, and said he was sure I was a man of high birth because I had small ears, curling hair, and white hands!!! He was very kind to me, begged me to

1. Alluding to his having swum across the Thames with Henry Drury, after the Montem, to see how many times they could make the passage backwards and forwards without touching land. In this trial Byron was the conqueror.

consider him as a father, and gave me a guard of forty soldiers through the forests of Acarnania. But of this and other circumstances I have written to you at large, and yet hope you will receive my letters.

I remember Mahmout Pacha, the grandson of Ali Pacha, at Yanina, (a little fellow of ten years of age, with large black eyes, which our ladies would purchase at any price, and those regular features which distinguish the Turks,) asked me how I came to travel so young, without anybody to take care of me. This question was put by the little man with all the gravity of threescore. I cannot now write copiously; I have only time to tell you that I have passed many a fatiguing, but never a tedious moment; and all that I am afraid of is that I shall contract a gipsylike wandering disposition, which will make home tiresome to me: this, I am told, is very common with men in the habit of peregrination, and, indeed, I feel it so. On the 3d of May I swam from *Sestos* to *Abydos*. You know the story of Leander, but I had no *Hero* to receive me at landing.

I also passed a fortnight on the Troad. The tombs of Achilles and Æsyetes still exist in large barrows, similar to those you have doubtless seen in the North. The other day I was at Belgrade (a village in these environs), to see the house built on the same site as Lady Mary Wortley's.[1] By-the-by, her ladyship, as far as I can judge, has lied, but not half so much as any other woman would have done in the same situation.

1. Lady Mary describes the village of Belgrade in a letter to Pope, dated June 17, 1717 (*Letters*, edit. 1893, vol. i. pp. 331–333). But Walsh (*Narrative of a Residence in Constantinople*, vol. ii. 108, 109), who visited Belgrade in 1821, says that no trace of her description was then to be seen—no view of the Black Sea, no houses of the wealthy Christians, no fountains, and no fruit-trees. "The very tradition" of the house, which had disappeared before Dallaway visited Belgrade in 1794, had perished.

I have been in all the principal mosques by the virtue of a firman: this is a favour rarely permitted to Infidels, but the ambassador's departure obtained it for us. I have been up the Bosphorus into the Black Sea, round the walls of the city, and, indeed, I know more of it by sight than I do of London. I hope to amuse you some winter's evening with the details, but at present you must excuse me;—I am not able to write long letters in June. I return to spend my summer in Greece. I write often, but you must not be alarmed when you do not receive my letters; consider we have no regular post farther than Malta, where I beg you will in future send your letters, and not to this city.

Fletcher is a poor creature, and requires comforts that I can dispense with. He is very sick of his travels, but you must not believe his account of the country. He sighs for ale, and idleness, and a wife, and the devil knows what besides. I have not been disappointed or disgusted. I have lived with the highest and the lowest. I have been for days in a Pacha's palace, and have passed many a night in a cowhouse, and I find the people inoffensive and kind. I have also passed some time with the principal Greeks in the Morea and Livadia, and, though inferior to the Turks, they are better than the Spaniards, who, in their turn, excel the Portuguese. Of Constantinople you will find many descriptions in different travels; but Lady Mary Wortley errs strangely when she says, "St. Paul's would cut a strange figure by "St. Sophia's."[1] I have been in both, surveyed them

1. Lady Mary does not compare St. Paul's with St. Sophia's, but with the mosque of the Valide, "the largest of all, built entirely of "marble, the most prodigious, and, I think, the most beautiful "structure I ever saw, be it spoken to the honour of our sex, for it "was founded by the mother of Mahomet IV. Between friends,

inside and out attentively. St. Sophia's is undoubtedly the most interesting from its immense antiquity, and the circumstance of all the Greek emperors, from Justinian, having been crowned there, and several murdered at the altar, besides the Turkish Sultans who attend it regularly. But it is inferior in beauty and size to some of the mosques, particularly "Soleyman," etc., and not to be mentioned in the same page with St. Paul's (I speak like a *Cockney*). However, I prefer the Gothic cathedral of Seville to St. Paul's, St. Sophia's, and any religious building I have ever seen.

The walls of the Seraglio are like the walls of Newstead gardens, only higher, and much in the same *order;* but the ride by the walls of the city, on the land side, is beautiful. Imagine four miles of immense triple battlements, covered with ivy, surmounted with 218 towers, and, on the other side of the road, Turkish burying-grounds (the loveliest spots on earth), full of enormous cypresses. I have seen the ruins of Athens, of Ephesus, and Delphi. I have traversed great part of Turkey, and many other parts of Europe, and some of Asia; but I never beheld a work of nature or art which yielded an impression like the prospect on each side from the Seven Towers to the end of the Golden Horn.[1]

Now for England. I am glad to hear of the progress of *English Bards*, etc. Of course, you observed I have

"St. Paul's Church would make a pitiful figure near it" (*Letters*, vol. i. p. 356).

1. "The European with the Asian shore
Sprinkled with palaces; the ocean stream
Here and there studded with a seventy-four;
Sophia's cupola with golden gleam;
The cypress groves; Olympus high and hoar;
The twelve isles, and the more than I could dream,
Far less describe, present the very view
Which charm'd the charming Mary Montagu."
Don Juan, Canto V. stanza 3.

made great additions to the new edition. Have you received my picture from Sanders, Vigo Lane, London? It was finished and paid for long before I left England: pray, send for it. You seem to be a mighty reader of magazines: where do you pick up all this intelligence, quotations, etc., etc.? Though I was happy to obtain my seat without the assistance of Lord Carlisle, I had no measures to keep with a man who declined interfering as my relation on that occasion, and I have done with him, though I regret distressing Mrs. Leigh,[1] poor thing!—I hope she is happy.

It is my opinion that Mr. B** ought to marry Miss R**. Our first duty is not to do evil; but, alas! that is impossible: our next is to repair it, if in our power. The girl is his equal: if she were his inferior, a sum of money and provision for the child would be some, though a poor, compensation: as it is, he should marry her. I will have no gay deceivers on my estate, and I shall not allow my tenants a privilege I do not permit myself—*that* of debauching each other's daughters. God knows, I have been guilty of many excesses; but, as I have laid down a resolution to reform, and lately kept it, I expect this Lothario to follow the example, and begin by restoring this girl to society, or, by the beard of my father! he shall hear of it. Pray take some notice of Robert, who will miss his master; poor boy, he was very unwilling to return. I trust you are well and happy. It will be a pleasure to hear from you.

Believe me, yours very sincerely,

BYRON.

P.S.—How is Joe Murray?

P.S.—I open my letter again to tell you that Fletcher

1. For Mrs. Leigh, *née* Augusta Byron, see page 18, *note* 1.

having petitioned to accompany me into the Morea, I have taken him with me, contrary to the intention expressed in my letter.

142.—To his Mother.

Constantinople, July 1, 1810.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I have no wish to forget those who have any claim upon me, and shall be glad of the good wishes of R—— when he can express them in person, which it seems will be at some very indefinite date. I shall perhaps essay a speech or *two* in the House when I return, but I am not ambitious of a parliamentary career, which is of all things the most degrading and unthankful. If I could by my own efforts inculcate the truth, that a man is not intended for a despot or a machine, but as an individual of a community, and fit for the society of kings, so long as he does not trespass on the laws or rebel against just governments, I might attempt to found a new Utopia; but as matters are at present, in course you will not expect me to sacrifice my health or self to your or anyone's ambition.

To quit this new idea for something you will understand better, how are Miss R's, the W's, and Mr. R's blue bastards? for I suppose he will not deny their *authorship*, which was, to say the least, imprudent and immoral. Poor Miss ——: if he does not marry, and marry her speedily, he shall be no tenant of mine from the day that I set foot on English shores.

I am glad you have received my portrait from Sanders. It does not *flatter* me, I think, but the subject is a bad one, and I must even do as Fletcher does over his Greek wines—make a face and hope for better. What you told me of —— is not *true*, which I regret for your sake and

your gossip-seeking neighbours, whom present with my good wishes, and believe me,

Yours, etc.,

BYRON.

143.—To Francis Hodgson.

Constantinople, July 4, 1810.

MY DEAR HODGSON,—Twice have I written—once in answer to your last, and a former letter when I arrived here in May. That I may have nothing to reproach myself with, I will write once more—a very superfluous task, seeing that Hobhouse is bound for your parts full of talk and wonderment. My first letter went by an ambassadorial express; my second by the *Black John* lugger; my third will be conveyed by Cam, the miscellanist.

I shall begin by telling you, having only told it you twice before, that I swam from Sestos to Abydos. I do this that you may be impressed with proper respect for me, the performer; for I plume myself on this achievement more than I could possibly do on any kind of glory, political, poetical, or rhetorical. Having told you this, I will tell you nothing more, because it would be cruel to curtail Cam's narrative, which, by-the-by, you must not believe till confirmed by me, the eye-witness. I promise myself much pleasure from contradicting the greatest part of it. He has been plaguily pleased by the intelligence contained in your last to me respecting the reviews of his hymns. I refreshed him with that paragraph immediately, together with the tidings of my own third edition, which added to his recreation. But then he has had a letter from a Lincoln's Inn Bencher, full of praise of his harpings, and vituperation of the other contributions to his *Missellingany*, which that sagacious person is pleased to

say must have been put in as FOILS (*horresco referens!*); furthermore he adds that Cam "is a genuine pupil of "Dryden," concluding with a comparison rather to the disadvantage of Pope.

I have written to Drury by Hobhouse; a letter is also from me on its way to England intended for that matrimonial man. Before it is very long, I hope we shall again be together; the moment I set out for England you shall have intelligence, that we may meet as soon as possible. Next week the frigate sails with Adair; I am for Greece, Hobhouse for England. A year together on the 2nd July since we sailed from Falmouth. I have known a hundred instances of men setting out in couples, but not one of a similar return. Aberdeen's [1] party split; several voyagers at present have done the same. I am confident that twelve months of any given individual is perfect ipecacuanha.

The Russians and Turks are at it,[2] and the Sultan in person is soon to head the army. The Captain Pasha

1. George Hamilton Gordon, Earl of Aberdeen (1784–1860), afterwards Prime Minister (1852–55), succeeded his grandfather as fourth earl in 1801. Grandson of the purchaser of Mrs. Byron's old home of Gight, and writer of an article in the *Edinburgh Review* (July, 1805) on Gell's *Topography of Troy*, he has a place in *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers* (lines 508, 509). He also appears as "sullen Aberdeen," in a suppressed stanza of *Childe Harold*, Canto II., which in the MS. follows stanza xiii., among those who

> "——pilfer all the Pilgrim loves to see,
> All that yet consecrates the fading scene."

After leaving Harrow, and before entering St. John's College, Cambridge, he spent two years (1801–3) in Greece. On his return he founded the Athenian Society, and became President of the Society of Antiquaries from 1812 to 1846. It may be added that he was Foreign Secretary when the Porte acknowledged the independence of Greece by the Treaty of Adrianople (1829).

2. In this war, the scene of which lay chiefly in Wallachia, Bosnia, Bulgaria, and Servia, the main episodes were the two battles of Rustchuk (July 4 and October 14, 1811), the recapture of Silistria by the Russians, and the Convention of Giurgevo between the contending forces (October 28, 1811).

cuts off heads every day, and a Frenchman's ears; the last is a serious affair. By-the-by I like the Pashas in general. Ali Pasha called me his son, desired his compliments to my mother, and said he was sure I was a man of birth, because I had "small ears and curling hair." He is Pasha of Albania six hundred miles off, where I was in October—a fine portly person. His grandson Mahmout, a little fellow ten years old, with large black eyes as big as pigeon's eggs, and all the gravity of sixty, asked me what I did travelling so young without a *Lala* (tutor)?

Good night, dear H. I have crammed my paper, and crave your indulgence. Write to me at Malta. I am, with all sincerity,

Yours affectionately,

BYRON.

144.—To his Mother.

Athens, July 25, 1810.

DEAR MOTHER,—I have arrived here in four days from Constantinople, which is considered as singularly quick, particularly for the season of the year. I left Constantinople with Adair, at whose adieux of leave I saw Sultan Mahmout,[1] and obtained a firman to visit the

1. On July 10, 1810, the British ambassador, Robert Adair, had his audience of Sultan Mahmoud II., and on the 14th the *Salsette* set sail. She touched at the island of Zea to land Byron, who thence made his way to Athens.

It was in making war against Mahmoud II., the conqueror of Ali Pasha and the destroyer of the Janissaries, that Byron lost his life. The following description of the Sultan is given by Hobhouse (*Travels in Albania, etc.*, vol. ii. pp. 364, 365):—

"The chamber was small and dark, or rather illumined with a "gloomy artificial light, reflected from the ornaments of silver, "pearls, and other white brilliants, with which it is thickly studded "on every side and on the roof. The throne, which is supposed "the richest in the world, is like a four-posted bed, but of a dazzling "splendour; the lower part formed of burnished silver and pearls,

mosques, of which I gave you a description in my last letter, now voyaging to England in the *Salsette* frigate, in

"and the canopy and supporters encrusted with jewels. It is in "an awkward position, being in one corner of the room, and close "to a fireplace.

"Sultan Mahmoud was placed in the middle of the throne, with "his feet upon the ground, which, notwithstanding the common "form of squatting upon the hams, seems the seat of ceremony. "He was dressed in a robe of yellow satin, with a broad border "of the darkest sable; his dagger, and an ornament on his breast, "were covered with diamonds; the front of his white and blue "turban shone with a large treble sprig of diamonds, which served "as a buckle to a high, straight plume of bird-of-paradise feathers. "He, for the most part, kept a hand on each knee, and neither "moved his body nor head, but rolled his eyes from side to side, "without fixing them for an instant upon the ambassador or any "other person present. Occasionally he stroked and turned up his "beard, displaying a milk-white hand glittering with diamond rings. "His eyebrows, eyes, and beard, being of a glossy jet black, did "not appear natural, but added to that indescribable majesty which "it would be difficult for any but an Oriental sovereign to assume; "his face was pale, and regularly formed, except that his nose "(contrary to the usual form of that feature in the Ottoman princes) "was slightly turned up and pointed; his whole physiognomy was "mild and benevolent, but expressive and full of dignity. He "appeared of a short and small stature, and about thirty years "old, which is somewhat more than his actual age."

Byron, at the audience, claimed some precedence in the procession as a peer. On May 23, 1819, Moore sat at dinner next to Stratford Canning (afterwards Lord Stratford de Redcliffe), who "gave a ludicrous account of Lord Byron's insisting upon taking "precedence of the *corps diplomatique* in a procession at Constanti- "nople (when Canning was secretary), and upon Adair's refusing "it, limping, with as much swagger as he could muster, up the hall, "cocking a foreign military hat on his head. He found, however, "he was wrong, and wrote a very frank letter acknowledging it, "and offering to take his station anywhere" (*Journals, etc.*, of *Thomas Moore*, vol. ii. p. 313).

An incident of the voyage from Constantinople to Zea is mentioned by Moore (*Life*, p. 110). Picking up a Turkish dagger on the deck, Byron looked at the blade, and then, before replacing it in the sheath, was overheard to say to himself, "I should like to know "how a person feels after committing a murder." In *Firmilian; a Spasmodic Tragedy* (scene ix.) the sentiment is parodied. Firmilian determines to murder his friend, in order to shriek "delirious at the "taste of sin!" He had already blown up a church full of people; but—

"I must have
A more potential draught of guilt than this

which I visited the plains of Troy and Constantinople. Your northern gentry can have no conception of a Greek summer; which, however, is a perfect frost compared with Malta and Gibraltar, where I reposed myself in the shade last year, after a gentle gallop of four hundred miles, without intermission, through Portugal and Spain. You see, by my date, that I am at Athens again, a place which I think I prefer, upon the whole, to any I have seen.

My next movement is to-morrow into the Morea, where I shall probably remain a month or two, and then return to winter here, if I do not change my plans, which, however, are very variable, as you may suppose; but none of them verge to England.

The Marquis of Sligo,[1] my old fellow-collegian, is

> With more of wormwood in it! . . .
> . . . . . .
> Courage, Firmilian! for the hour has come
> When thou canst know atrocity indeed,
> By smiting him that was thy dearest friend.
> And think not that he dies a vulgar death—
> 'Tis poetry demands the sacrifice!"

And he hurls Haverillo from the summit of the Pillar of St. Simeon Stylites.

1. For Lord Sligo, see page 100, *note* 2. Lord Sligo was at Athens with a 12-gun brig and a crew of fifty men. At Athens, also, were Lady Hester Stanhope and Michael Bruce, on their way through European Turkey. As the party were passing the Piræus, they saw a man jump from the mole-head into the sea. Lord Sligo, recognizing the bather as Byron, called to him to dress and join them. Thus began what Byron, in his Memoranda, speaks of as "the most delightful acquaintance which I formed in Greece." From Lord Sligo Moore heard the following stories:—

Weakened and thinned by his illness at Patras, Byron returned to Athens. There, standing one day before a looking-glass, he said to Lord Sligo, "How pale I look! I should like, I think, to die "of a consumption." "Why of a consumption?" asked his friend. "Because then," he answered, "the women would all say, 'See "that poor Byron—how interesting he looks in dying!'"

He often spoke of his mother to Lord Sligo, who thought that his feeling towards her was little short of aversion. "Some time or

here, and wishes to accompany me into the Morea. We shall go together for that purpose; but I am woefully

"other," he said, "I will tell you *why* I feel thus towards her." A few days after, when they were bathing together in the Gulf of Lepanto, pointing to his naked leg and foot, he exclaimed, "Look "there! It is to her false delicacy at my birth I owe that deformity; "and yet as long as I can remember, she has never ceased to taunt "and reproach me with it. Even a few days before we parted, for "the last time, on my leaving England, she, in one of her fits of "passion, uttered an imprecation upon me, praying that I might "prove as ill formed in mind as I am in body!"

Relics of ancient art only appealed to Byron's imagination among their original and natural surroundings. For collections and collectors he had a contempt which, like everything he thought or felt, was unreservedly expressed. Lord Sligo wished to spend some money in digging for antiquities, and Byron offered to act as his agent, and to see the money honestly applied. "You may safely trust *me*," he said; "I am no dilettante. Your connoisseurs are all thieves; but "I care too little for these things ever to steal them."

His system of thinning himself, which he had begun before he left England, was continued abroad. While at Athens, where he stayed at the Franciscan Convent, he took a Turkish bath three times a week, his usual drink being vinegar and water, and his food seldom more than a little rice. The result was that, when he returned to England, he weighed only 9 stone 11½ lbs. (see page 127, *note* 1).

Moore's account of the "cordial friendship" between Byron and Lady Hester Stanhope requires modification. Lady Hester (see page 302, *note* 1) thus referred in after-life to her meeting with Byron, if her physician's recollection is to be trusted (*Memoirs*, by Dr. Meryon, vol. iii. pp. 218, 219)—

"'I think he was a strange character: his generosity was for a "motive, his avarice for a motive; one time he was mopish, and "nobody was to speak to him; another, he was for being jocular "with everybody. Then he was a sort of Don Quixote, fighting "with the police for a woman of the town; and then he wanted to "make himself something great. . . . At Athens I saw nothing "in him but a well-bred man, like many others; for, as for poetry, "it is easy enough to write verses; and as for the thoughts, who "knows where he got them? . . . He had a great deal of vice in "his looks—his eyes set close together, and a contracted brow—so' "(imitating it). 'Oh, Lord! I am sure he was not a liberal man, "whatever else he might be. The only good thing about his looks "was this part' (drawing her hand under the cheek down the "front of her neck), 'and the curl on his forehead.'"

Michael Bruce, with the help of Sir Robert Wilson and Capt. Hutchinson, assisted Count Lavallette to escape from Paris in January, 1816. For an account, see Wilson's intercepted letter to Lord Grey (*Mémoires du Comte Lavallette*, vol. ii. p. 132) and the story of their trial, conviction, and sentence before the Assize

sick of travelling companions, after a year's experience of Mr. Hobhouse, who is on his way to Great Britain. Lord S. will afterwards pursue his way to the capital; and Lord B., having seen all the wonders in that quarter, will let you know what he does next, of which at present he is not quite certain. Malta is my perpetual post-office, from which my letters are forwarded to all parts of the habitable globe:—by the bye, I have now been in Asia, Africa, and the east of Europe, and, indeed, made the most of my time, without hurrying over the most interesting scenes of the ancient world. Fletcher, after having been toasted and roasted, and baked, and grilled, and eaten by all sorts of creeping things, begins to philosophise, is grown a refined as well as a resigned character, and promises at his return to become an ornament to his own parish, and a very prominent person in the future family pedigree of the Fletchers, who I take to be Goths by their accomplishments, Greeks by their acuteness, and ancient Saxons by their appetite. He (Fletcher) begs leave to send half-a-dozen sighs to Sally his spouse, and wonders (though I do not) that his ill-written and worse spelt letters have never come to hand; as for that matter, there is no great loss in either of our letters, saving and except that I wish you to know we are well, and warm enough at this present writing, God knows. You must not expect long letters at present, for they are written with the sweat of my brow, I assure you. It is rather singular that Mr. Hanson has not written a syllable since my departure. Your letters I have mostly received as well as others; from which I conjecture that the man of law is either angry or busy.

I trust you like Newstead, and agree with your

Court of the Department of the Seine (April 22–24, 1816), given in the *Annual Register* for 1816, pp. 329–336.

neighbours; but you know *you* are a *vixen*—is not that a dutiful appellation? Pray, take care of my books and several boxes of papers in the hands of Joseph; and pray leave me a few bottles of champagne to drink, for I am very thirsty;—but I do not insist on the last article, without you like it. I suppose you have your house full of silly women, prating scandalous things. Have you ever received my picture in oil from Sanders, London? It has been paid for these sixteen months: why do you not get it? My suite, consisting of two Turks, two Greeks, a Lutheran, and the nondescript, Fletcher, are making so much noise, that I am glad to sign myself

Yours, etc., etc.,

BYRON.

145.—To his Mother.

Athens, July 27, 1810.

DEAR MOTHER,—I write again in case you have not received my letters. To-day I go into the Morea, which will, I trust, be colder than this place, where I have tarried in the expectation of obtaining rest. Sligo has very kindly proposed a union of our forces for the occasion, which will be perhaps as uncomfortable to him as to myself, judging from previous experience, which, however, may be explained by my own irritability and hurry.

At Constantinople I visited the Mosques, plains, and grandees of that place, which, in my opinion, cannot be compared with Athens and its neighbourhood; indeed I know of no Turkish scenery to equal this, which would be civilised and Celtic enough with a little alteration in situation and inhabitants. An usual custom here, as at Cadiz, is to part with wives, daughters, etc., for a trifling

present of gold or English arms (which the Greeks set a high value upon). The women are generally of the middle height, with Turkish eyes, straight hair, and clear olive complexion, but are not nearly so amorous as the Spanish belles, whom I have described to you in former letters. I have some feats to boast of when I return, which is undesired and undesirable—I always except you from my complaints, and hope you will expect me with the same delight that I anticipate meeting you. You can have no conception of Lord S.'s ecstasy when I informed him of my probable movements. The man is well enough and sensible enough by himself; but the swarm of attendants, Turks, Greeks, Englishmen that he carries with him, makes his society, or rather theirs, an intolerable annoyance. If you will read this letter to ——, you may imagine in what capacity I believe you excel.

Before I left England I promised to give my silver-mounted whip (in your chamber) to Charles. Present it to him, poor boy, for I should not like him to suppose me as unfaithful as his *amante*, who, by the way is no better than she should be, and no great loss to himself or his family. Hobhouse is silent, and has, I suppose, not yet returned; indeed, like myself, he appears to love the world better than England, and the Devil more than either, who I regret is not present to be informed of this. Do not fail, if you see him (Hobhouse, I mean), to repeat it, and the assurance that I am to him, with yourself,

Ever affectionately,

BYRON.

146.—To his Mother.

Patras, July 30, 1810.

DEAR MADAM,—In four days from Constantinople, with a favourable wind, I arrived in the frigate at the island of Teos, from whence I took a boat to Athens, where I met my friend the Marquis of Sligo, who expressed a wish to proceed with me as far as Corinth. At Corinth we separated, he for Tripolitza, I for Patras, where I had some business with the consul, Mr. Strané, in whose house I now write. He has rendered me every service in his power since I quitted Malta on my way to Constantinople, whence I have written to you twice or thrice. In a few days I visit the Pacha[1] at Tripolitza, make the tour of the Morea, and return again to Athens, which at present is my head-quarters. The heat is at present intense. In England, if it reaches 98° you are all on fire: the other day, in travelling between Athens and Megara, the thermometer was at 125°!!! Yet I feel no inconvenience; of course I am much bronzed, but I live temperately, and never enjoyed better health.

Before I left Constantinople, I saw the Sultan (with Mr. Adair), and the interior of the mosques, things which rarely happen to travellers. Mr. Hobhouse is gone to England: I am in no hurry to return, but have no particular communications for your country, except my surprise at Mr. Hanson's silence, and my desire that he will remit regularly. I suppose some arrangement has been made with regard to Wymondham and Rochdale. Malta is my post-office, or to Mr. Strané, consul-general, Patras, Morea. You complain of my silence—I have written twenty or thirty times within the last year: never

1. For Veli Pasha, see page 248, *note* 1.

less than twice a month, and often more. If my letters do not arrive, you must not conclude that we are eaten, or that there is war, or a pestilence, or famine: neither must you credit silly reports, which I dare say you have in Notts., as usual. I am very well, and neither more nor less happy than I usually am; except that I am very glad to be once more alone, for I was sick of my companion,—not that he was a bad one, but because my nature leads me to solitude, and that every day adds to this disposition. If I chose, here are many men who would wish to join me—one wants me to go to Egypt, another to Asia, of which I have seen enough. The greater part of Greece is already my own, so that I shall only go over my old ground, and look upon my old seas and mountains, the only acquaintances I ever found improve upon me.

I have a tolerable suite, a Tartar, two Albanians, an interpreter, besides Fletcher; but in this country these are easily maintained. Adair received me wonderfully well, and indeed I have no complaints against any one. Hospitality here is necessary, for inns are not. I have lived in the houses of Greeks, Turks, Italians, and English—to-day in a palace, to-morrow in a cow-house; this day with a Pacha, the next with a shepherd. I shall continue to write briefly, but frequently, and am glad to hear from you; but you fill your letters with things from the papers, as if English papers were not found all over the world. I have at this moment a dozen before me. Pray take care of my books, and believe me, my dear mother,

Yours very faithfully,

BYRON.

147.—To his Mother.

Patras, October 2, 1810.

DEAR MADAM,—It is now several months since I have received any communication from you; but at this I am not surprised, nor indeed have I any complaint to make, since you have written frequently, for which I thank you; but I very much condemn Mr. Hanson, who has not taken the smallest notice of my many letters, nor of my request before I left England, which I sailed from on this very day *fifteen* months ago. Thus one year and a quarter have passed away, without my receiving the least intelligence on the state of my affairs, and they were not in a posture to admit of neglect; and I do conceive and declare that Mr. Hanson has acted negligently and culpably in not apprising me of his proceedings; I will also add uncivilly. His letters, were there any, could not easily miscarry; the communications with the Levant are slow, but tolerably secure, at least as far as Malta, and there I left directions which I know would be observed.

I have written to you several times from Constantinople and Smyrna. You will perceive by my date I am returned into the Morea,[1] of which I have been making the tour, and visiting the Pacha, who gave me a fine horse, and paid me all possible honours and attention. I have now seen a good portion of Turkey in Europe,

1. In a note upon the Advertisement prefixed to his *Siege of Corinth*, Byron says, "I visited all three (Tripolitza, Napoli, and "Argos) in 1810–11, and, in the course of journeying through the "country, from my first arrival in 1809, I crossed the Isthmus eight "times in my way from Attica to the Morea, over the mountains, "or in the other direction, when passing from the Gulf of Athens to "that of Lepanto."

and Asia Minor, and shall remain at Athens, and in the vicinity, till I hear from England.

I have punctually obeyed your injunctions of writing frequently, but I shall not pretend to describe countries which have been already amply treated of. I believe before this time Mr. Hobhouse will have arrived in England, and he brings letters from me, written at Constantinople. In these I mention having seen the Sultan and the mosques, and that I swam from Sestos to Abydos, an exploit of which I take care to boast.

I am here on business at present, but Athens is my head-quarters, where I am very pleasantly situated in a Franciscan convent. Believe me to be, with great sincerity, yours very affectionately,

BYRON.

P.S.—Fletcher is well, and discontented as usual; his wife don't write, at least her scrawls have not arrived. You will address to Malta. Pray have you never received my picture in oil from Sanders, Vigo Lane, London?

148.—To Francis Hodgson.

Patras, Morea, October 3, 1810.

As I have just escaped from a physician and a fever, which confined me five days to bed, you won't expect much *allegressa* in the ensuing letter. In this place there is an indigenous distemper, which when the wind blows from the Gulf of Corinth (as it does five months out of six), attacks great and small, and makes woful work with visiters. Here be also two physicians, one of whom trusts to his genius (never having studied)—the other to a campaign of eighteen months against the sick of Otranto, which he made in his youth with great effect.

When I was seized with my disorder, I protested against both these assassins;—but what can a helpless, feverish, toasted-and-watered poor wretch do? In spite of my teeth and tongue, the English consul, my Tartar, Albanians, dragoman, forced a physician upon me, and in three days vomited and glystered me to the last gasp. In this state I made my epitaph—take it:—

Youth, Nature, and relenting Jove,
To keep my lamp *in* strongly strove:
But Romanelli was so stout,
He beat all three—and *blew* it *out.*

But Nature and Jove, being piqued at my doubts, did, in fact, at last, beat Romanelli, and here I am, well but weakly, at your service.

Since I left Constantinople, I have made a tour of the Morea, and visited Veley Pacha, who paid me great honours, and gave me a pretty stallion. H. is doubtless in England before even the date of this letter:—he bears a despatch from me to your bardship. He writes to me from Malta, and is desperate of his Miscellany, but has other plots against the public, and requests my journal, if I keep one. I have none, or he should have it; but I have replied in a consolatory and exhortatory epistle, wherein I do recommend him to turn his hand to prose, which must go down or the Deyil's in't at the same time—praying him to abate three and sixpence in the price of his next boke, seeing that half a guinea is a price not to be given for any thing save an opera ticket.

As for England, it is long since I have heard from it. Every one at all connected with my concerns is asleep, and you are my only correspondent, agents excepted. I have really no friends in the world; though all my old school companions are gone forth into that world, and

walk about there in monstrous disguises, in the garb of guardsmen, lawyers, parsons, fine gentlemen, and such other masquerade dresses. So, I have shaken hands and cut with all these busy people, none of whom write to me. Indeed I asked it not;—and here I am, a poor traveller and heathenish philosopher, who hath perambulated the greatest part of the Levant, and seen a great quantity of very improvable land and sea, and, after all, am no better than when I set out—Lord help me!

I have been out fifteen months this very day, and I believe my concerns will draw me to England soon; but of this I will apprise you regularly from Malta. On all points Hobhouse will inform you, if you are curious as to our adventures.[1] I have seen some old English papers up to the 15th of May. I see the *Lady of the Lake*[2] advertised. Of course it is in his old ballad style, and pretty. After all, Scott is the best of them. The end of all scribblement is to amuse, and he certainly succeeds there. I long to read his new romance.

And how does *Sir Edgar*? and your friend Bland? I suppose you are involved in some literary squabble.

1. Hobhouse, writing to Byron from Malta, July 31, 1810, says, "Mrs. Bruce picked out a pretty picture of a woman in a fashionable dress in Ackerman's *Repository*, and observed it was vastly like Lord Byron. I give you warning of this, for fear you should make another conquest and return to England without a curl upon your head. Surely the ladies copy Delilah when they crop their lovers after this fashion.

> "'Successful youth! why mourn thy ravish'd hair,
> Since each lost lock bespeaks a conquer'd fair,
> And young and old conspire to make thee bare?'

"This makes me think of my poor *Miscellany*, which is quite dead, if indeed that can be said to be dead which was never alive; not a soul knows, or knowing will speak of it." Again, July 15, 1811, he writes: "The *Miscellany* is so damned that my friends make it a point of politeness not to mention it ever to me."

2. *The Lady of the Lake* was published in May, 1810.

The only way is to despise all brothers of the quill. I suppose you won't allow me to be an author, but I contemn you all, you dogs!—I do.

You don't know Dallas, do you? He had a farce [1] ready for the stage before I left England, and asked me for a prologue, which I promised, but sailed in such a hurry I never penned a couplet. I am afraid to ask after his drama, for fear it should be damned—Lord forgive me for using such a word! but the pit, Sir, you know the pit—they will do those things in spite of merit. I remember this farce from a curious circumstance. When Drury Lane [2] was burnt to the ground, by which accident Sheridan and his son lost the few remaining shillings they were worth, what doth my friend Dallas do? Why, before the fire was out, he writes a note to Tom Sheridan,[3] the manager of this combustible concern, to inquire whether this farce was not converted into fuel with about two thousand other unactable manuscripts, which of course were in great peril, if not actually consumed. Now was not this characteristic?—the ruling passions of Pope are nothing to it. Whilst the poor

1. For Dallas, see page 168, *note* 1. His farce, entitled, *Not at Home*, was acted at the Lyceum, by the Drury Lane Company, in November, 1809. It was afterwards printed, with a prologue (intended to have been spoken) written by Walter Rodwell Wright, author of *Horæ Ionicæ*.

2. Drury Lane Theatre, burned down in 1791, and reopened in 1794, was again destroyed by fire on February 24, 1809.

3. Thomas Sheridan (1775–1817), originally in the army, was at this time assisting his father, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, as manager of Drury Lane Theatre. His *Bonduca* was played at Covent Garden in May, 1808. He married, in 1805, Caroline Henrietta Callender, who was "more beautiful than anybody but her daughters," afterwards Mrs. Norton, the Duchess of Somerset, and Lady Dufferin. He died at the Cape of Good Hope in 1817. "Tom Sheridan and "his beautiful wife" were at Gibraltar in 1809, when Byron and Hobhouse landed on the Rock, and, as Galt states (*Life of Byron*, p. 58), brought the news to Lady Westmorland of their arrival. (See *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers*, lines 572, 573, and *note* 1.)

distracted manager was bewailing the loss of a building only worth 300,000*l.*, together with some twenty thousand pounds of rags and tinsel in the tiring rooms, Bluebeard's elephants,[1] and all that—in comes a note from a scorching author, requiring at his hands two acts and odd scenes of a farce ! !

Dear H., remind Drury that I am his well-wisher, and let Scrope Davies be well affected towards me. I look forward to meeting you at Newstead, and renewing our old champagne evenings with all the glee of anticipation. I have written by every opportunity, and expect responses as regular as those of the liturgy, and somewhat longer. As it is impossible for a man in his senses to hope for happy days, let us at least look forward to merry ones, which come nearest to the other in appearance, if not in reality; and in such expectations I remain, etc.

149.—To John Cam Hobhouse.

Patras, Morea, October 4th, 1810.

MY DEAR HOBHOUSE,—I wrote to you two days ago, but the weather and my friend Stranè's conversation being much the same, and my ally Nicolo[2] in bed with

1. *Bluebeard, or Female Curiosity*, by George Colman the Younger (1762–1836), was being acted at Drury Lane in January, 1809. "Bluebeard's elephants" were wicker-work constructions. It was at Covent Garden that the first live elephant was introduced two years later. Johnstone, the machinist employed at Drury Lane, famous for the construction of wooden children, wicker-work lions, and paste-board swans, was present with a friend. "Among the "attractions of this Christmas foolery, a *real* elephant was intro- "duced. . . . The friend, who sat close to Johnstone, jogged his "elbow, whispering, 'This is a bitter bad job for Drury! Why, the "elephant's *alive!* He'll carry all before him, and beat you hollow. "What do you think on't, eh?' 'Think on't?' said Johnstone, in "a tone of utmost contempt, 'I should be very sorry if I couldn't "make a much better elephant than that, at any time'" (George Colman the Younger, *Random Records*, vol. i. pp. 228, 229).

2. Nicolo Giraud, from whom Byron was learning Italian.

a fever, I think I may as well talk to you, the rather, as you can't answer me, and excite my wrath with impertinent observations, at least for three months to come.

I will try not to say the same things I have set down in my other letter of the 2nd, but I can't promise, as my poor head is still giddy with my late fever.

I saw the Lady Hesther Stanhope [1] at Athens, and do not admire "that dangerous thing a female wit." She told me (take her own words) that she had given you a good set-down at Malta, in some disputation about the Navy; from this, of course, I readily inferred the contrary, or in the words of an *acquaintance* of ours, that "you had the best of it."

She evinced a similar disposition to *argufy* with me, which I avoided by either laughing or yielding. I despise the sex too much to squabble with them, and I rather wonder you should allow a woman to draw you into a contest, in which, however, I am sure you had the advantage, she abuses you so bitterly.

I have seen too little of the Lady to form any decisive opinion, but I have discovered nothing different from other she-things, except a great disregard of received notions in her conversation as well as conduct. I don't know whether this will recommend her to our sex, but

1. Hobhouse had written to Byron, speaking of Lady Hester Stanhope "as the most superior woman, as Bruce says, of all the "world." The daughter of Pitt's favourite sister, Lady Hester (1776–1839) was her uncle's constant companion (1803–6). In character she resembled her grandfather far more than her uncle, who owed his cool judgment to the Grenville blood. Lady Hester inherited the overweening pride, generosity, courage, and fervent heat of the "Great Commoner," as well as his indomitable will. Like him, she despised difficulties, and ignored the word "impossi-"bility." Her romantic ideas were also combined with keen insight into character, and much practical sagacity. These were the qualities which made her for many years a power among the wild tribes of Lebanon, with whom she was in 1810 proceeding to take up her abode (1813–39).

I am sure it won't to her own. She is going on to Constantinople.

Ali Pacha is in a scrape. Ibrahim Pacha and the Pacha of Scutari have come down upon him with 20,000 Gegdes and Albanians, retaken Berat, and threaten Tepaleni. Adam Bey is dead, Vely Pacha was on his way to the Danube, but has gone off suddenly to Yanina, and all Albania is in an uproar.

The mountains we crossed last year are the scene of warfare, and there is nothing but carnage and cutting of throats. In my other letter I mentioned that Vely had given me a fine horse. On my late visit he received me with great pomp, standing, conducted me to the door with his arm round my waist, and a variety of civilities, invited me to meet him at Larissa and see his army, which I should have accepted, had not this rupture with Ibrahim taken place. Sultan Mahmout is in a phrenzy because Vely has not joined the army. We have a report here, that the Russians have beaten the Turks and taken Muchtar Pacha prisoner, but it is a Greek Bazaar rumour and not to be believed.

I have now treated you with a dish of Turkish politics, You have by this time gotten into England, and your ears and mouth are full of "Reform Burdett, Gale Jones,[1] "minority, last night's division, dissolution of Parliament, "battle in Portugal," and all the cream of forty newspapers.

1. Sir Francis Burdett (1770–1844), a lifelong friend of Lady Hester Stanhope, was afterwards Hobhouse's colleague as M.P. for Westminster (1820–33). He was committed to the Tower in 1810 for publishing a speech which he delivered in the House of Commons in defence of John Gale Jones, whom the House (February, 1810) had sent to Newgate for a breach of privilege. Sir Francis refused to obey the warrant, and told the sergeant-at-arms that he would not go unless taken by force. His refusal led to riots near his house (77, Piccadilly), in which the Horse Guards, or "Oxford "Blues" as they were called, gained the name of "Piccadilly "Butchers" (Lord Albemarle's *Recollections*, vol. i. pp. 317, 318).

In my t'other letter, to which I am perpetually obliged to refer, I have offered some moving topics on the head of your *Miscellany*, the neglect of which I attribute to the half guinea annexed as the indispensable equivalent for the said volume.

Now I do hope, notwithstanding that exorbitant demand, that on your return you will find it selling, or, what is better, sold, in consequence of which you will be able to face the public with your new volume, if that intention still subsists.

My journal, did I keep one, should be yours. As it is I can only offer my sincere wishes for your success, if you will believe it possible for a brother scribbler to be sincere on such an occasion.

Will you execute a commission for me? Lord Sligo tells me it was the intention of Miller[1] in Albemarle Street to send by him a letter to me, which he stated to be of consequence. Now I have no concern with Mr. M. except a bill which I hope is paid before this time; will you visit the said M. and if it be a pecuniary matter, refer him to Hanson, and if not, tell me what he means, or forward his letter.

I have just received an epistle from Galt,[2] with a Candist poem, which it seems I am to forward to you. This I would willingly do, but it is too large for a letter, and too small for a parcel, and besides appears to be damned nonsense, from all which considerations I will deliver it in person. It is entitled the "Fair Shepherdess," or rather "Herdswoman;" if you don't like the translation take the original title "ἡ βοσκοπουλα."

1. See page 319, *note* 2.

2. John Galt (1779–1839), the novelist, was at this time endeavouring to establish a place of business at Mycone, in the Greek Archipelago. He published in 1812 his *Voyages and Travels in the Years* 1809, 1810, 1811. (For his meeting with Byron at Gibraltar, see page 243, *note* 1.)

Galt also writes something not very intelligible about a "Spartan State paper" which by his account is everything but Laconic. Now the said Sparta having some years ceased to be a state, what the devil does he mean by a paper? he also adds mysteriously that the *affair* not being concluded, he cannot at present apply for it.

Now, Hobhouse, are you mad? or is he? Are these documents for Longman & Co.? Spartan state papers! and Cretan rhymes! indeed these circumstances superadded to his house at Mycone (whither I am invited) and his Levant wines, make me suspect his sanity. Athens is at present infested with English people, but they are moving, *Dio bendetto!* I am returning to pass a month or two; I think the spring will see me in England, but do not let this transpire, nor cease to urge the most dilatory of mortals, Hanson. I have some idea of purchasing the Island of Ithaca; I suppose you will add me to the Levant lunatics. I shall be glad to hear from your Signoria of your welfare, politics, and literature.

Your last letter closes pathetically with a postscript about a nosegay;[1] I advise you to introduce that into your next sentimental novel. I am sure I did not suspect you of any fine feelings, and I believe you were laughing, but you are welcome.

Vale; "I can no more," like Lord Grizzle.[2]

Yours,

Μπαίρων.

1. Hobhouse's letter to Byron of July 31, 1810, ends with the following postscript:—"I kept the half of your little nosegay till it "withered entirely, and even then I could not bear to throw it away. "I can't account for this, nor can you either, I dare say."

2. Lord Grizzle, in Fielding's *Tom Thumb*, is the first peer in the Court of King Arthur, who, jealous of Tom Thumb and in love with the Princess Huncamunca, turns traitor, and is run through the body by Tom Thumb. It is the ghost, not Grizzle, who says, "I "can no more." (See page 226, *note* 1.)

150.—To Francis Hodgson.

Athens, November 14, 1810.

MY DEAR HODGSON,—This will arrive with an English servant whom I send homewards with some papers of consequence. I have been journeying in different parts of Greece for these last four months, and you may expect me in England somewhere about April, but this is very dubious. Hobhouse you have doubtless seen; he went home in August to arrange materials for a tour he talks of publishing. You will find him well and scribbling—that is, scribbling if well, and well if scribbling.

I suppose you have a score of new works, all of which I hope to see flourishing, with a hecatomb of reviews. *My* works are likely to have a powerful effect with a vengeance, as I hear of divers angry people, whom it is proper I should shoot at, by way of satisfaction. Be it so, the same impulse which made "Otho a warrior" will make me one also. My domestic affairs being moreover considerably deranged, my appetite for travelling pretty well satiated with my late peregrinations, my various hopes in this world almost extinct, and not very brilliant in the next, I trust I shall go through the process with a creditable *sang froid* and not disgrace a line of cut-throat ancestors.

I regret in one of your letters to hear you talk of domestic embarrassments,[1] indeed I am at present very well calculated to sympathise with you on that point. I suppose I must take to dram-drinking as a *succedaneum*

1. Hodgson's father, Rector of Barwick-in-Elmet, Yorkshire, died in October, 1810, heavily in debt. Francis Hodgson undertook to satisfy the claims of his father's creditors (*Life of the Rev. Francis Hodgson*, vol. i. pp. 147, 148).

for philosophy, though as I am happily not married, I have very little occasion for either just yet.

Talking of marriage puts me in mind of Drury, who I suppose has a dozen children by this time, all fine fretful brats; I will never forgive Matrimony for having spoiled such an excellent Bachelor. If anybody honours my name with an inquiry tell them of "my whereabouts" and write if you like it. I am living alone in the Franciscan monastery with one "fri*ar*" (a Capuchin of course) and one "fri*er*" (a bandy-legged Turkish cook), two Albanian savages, a Tartar, and a Dragoman. My only Englishman departs with this and other letters. The day before yesterday the Waywode (or Governor of Athens) with the Mufti of Thebes (a sort of Mussulman Bishop) supped here and made themselves beastly with raw rum, and the Padré of the convent being as drunk as *we*, my *Attic* feast went off with great *éclat*. I have had a present of a stallion from the Pacha of the Morea. I caught a fever going to Olympia. I was blown ashore on the Island of Salamis, in my way to Corinth through the Gulf of Ægina. I have kicked an Athenian postmaster, I have a friendship with the French consul [1] and an Italian painter, and am on good terms with five Teutones and Cimbri, Danes and Germans,[1] who are travelling for an Academy. Vale!

Yours,

Μπαιρῶν.[2]

1. M. Fauriel, the French Consul: Lusieri, an Italian artist employed by Lord Elgin; Nicolo Giraud, from whom Byron learned Italian, and to whose sister Lusieri proposed; Baron Haller, a Bavarian *savant;* and Dr. Bronstett, of Copenhagen, were among his friends at Athens.

2. The signature represents "Byron" in modern Greeek, Μπ being the correct transliteration of B.

151.—To his Mother.

Athens, January 14, 1811.

MY DEAR MADAM,—I seize an occasion to write as usual, shortly, but frequently, as the arrival of letters, where there exists no regular communication, is, of course, very precarious. I have lately made several small tours of some hundred or two miles about the Morea, Attica, etc., as I have finished my grand giro by the Troad, Constantinople, etc., and am returned down again to Athens. I believe I have mentioned to you more than once that I swam (in imitation of Leander, though without his lady) across the Hellespont, from Sestos to Abydos. Of this, and all other particulars, Fletcher, whom I have sent home with papers, etc., will apprise you. I cannot find that he is any loss; being tolerably master of the Italian and modern Greek languages, which last I am also studying with a master, I can order and discourse more than enough for a reasonable man. Besides, the perpetual lamentations after beef and beer, the stupid, bigoted contempt for every thing foreign, and insurmountable incapacity of acquiring even a few words of any language, rendered him, like all other English servants, an incumbrance. I do assure you, the plague of speaking for him, the comforts he required (more than myself by far), the pilaws (a Turkish dish of rice and meat) which he could not eat, the wines which he could not drink, the beds where he could not sleep, and the long list of calamities, such as stumbling horses, want of *tea* / / / etc., which assailed him, would have made a lasting source of laughter to a spectator, and inconvenience to a master. After all, the man is honest enough, and, in Christendom, capable enough; but in Turkey, Lord forgive me! my

Albanian soldiers, my Tartars and Janissary, worked for him and us too, as my friend Hobhouse can testify.

It is probable I may steer homewards in spring; but to enable me to do that, I must have remittances. My own funds would have lasted me very well; but I was obliged to assist a friend, who, I know, will pay me; but, in the mean time, I am out of pocket. At present, I do not care to venture a winter's voyage, even if I were otherwise tired of travelling; but I am so convinced of the advantages of looking at mankind instead of reading about them, and the bitter effects of staying at home with all the narrow prejudices of an islander, that I think there should be a law amongst us, to set our young men abroad, for a term, among the few allies our wars have left us.

Here I see and have conversed with French, Italians, Germans, Danes, Greeks, Turks, Americans, etc., etc., etc.; and without losing sight of my own, I can judge of the countries and manners of others. Where I see the superiority of England (which, by the by, we are a good deal mistaken about in many things), I am pleased, and where I find her inferior, I am at least enlightened. Now, I might have stayed, smoked in your towns, or fogged in your country, a century, without being sure of this, and without acquiring any thing more useful or amusing at home. I keep no journal, nor have I any intention of scribbling my travels. I have done with authorship, and if, in my last production, I have convinced the critics or the world I was something more than they took me for, I am satisfied; nor will I hazard *that reputation* by a future effort. It is true I have some others in manuscript, but I leave them for those who come after me; and, if deemed worth publishing, they may serve to prolong my memory when I myself shall cease to remember. I have a famous Bavarian artist

taking some views of Athens, etc., etc., for me. This will be better than scribbling, a disease I hope myself cured of. I hope, on my return, to lead a quiet, recluse life, but God knows and does best for us all; at least, so they say, and I have nothing to object, as, on the whole, I have no reason to complain of my lot. I am convinced, however, that men do more harm to themselves than ever the devil could do to them. I trust this will find you well, and as happy as we can be; you will, at least, be pleased to hear I am so, and

Yours ever.

152.—To his Mother.

Athens, February 28, 1811.

DEAR MADAM,—As I have received a firman for Egypt, etc., I shall proceed to that quarter in the spring, and I beg you will state to Mr. Hanson that it is necessary to [send] further remittances. On the subject of Newstead, I answer as before, *No*. If it is necessary to sell, sell Rochdale. Fletcher will have arrived by this time with my letters to that purport. I will tell you fairly, I have, in the first place, no opinion of funded property; if, by any particular circumstances, I shall be led to adopt such a determination, I will, at all events, pass my life abroad, as my only tie to England is Newstead, and, that once gone, neither interest nor inclination lead me northward. Competence in your country is ample wealth in the East, such is the difference in the value of money and the abundance of the necessaries of life; and I feel myself so much a citizen of the world, that the spot where I can enjoy a delicious climate, and every luxury, at a less expense than a common college life in England, will always be a country to me; and such

are in fact the shores of the Archipelago. This then is the alternative—if I preserve Newstead, I return; if I sell it, I stay away. I have had no letters since yours of June, but I have written several times, and shall continue, as usual, on the same plan.

Believe me, yours ever,

BYRON.

P.S.—I shall most likely see you in the course of the summer, but, of course, at such a distance, I cannot specify any particular month.

153.—To his Mother.

Volage frigate, at sea, June 25, 1811.

DEAR MOTHER,—This letter, which will be forwarded on our arrival at Portsmouth, probably about the 4th of July, is begun about twenty-three days after our departure from Malta. I have just been two years (to a day, on the 2d of July) absent from England, and I return to it with much the same feelings which prevailed on my departure, viz. indifference; but within that apathy I certainly do not comprise yourself, as I will prove by every means in my power. You will be good enough to get my apartments ready at Newstead; but don't disturb yourself, on any account, particularly mine, nor consider me in any other light than as a visiter. I must only inform you that for a long time I have been restricted to an entire vegetable diet, neither fish nor flesh coming within my regimen; so I expect a powerful stock of potatoes, greens, and biscuit; I drink no wine. I have two servants, middle-aged men, and both Greeks. It is my intention to proceed first to town, to see Mr. Hanson, and thence to Newstead, on my way to Rochdale.

I have only to beg you will not forget my diet, which it is very necessary for me to observe. I am well in health, as I have generally been, with the exception of two agues, both of which I quickly got over.

My plans will so much depend on circumstances, that I shall not venture to lay down an opinion on the subject. My prospects are not very promising, but I suppose we shall wrestle through life like our neighbours; indeed, by Hanson's last advices, I have some apprehension of finding Newstead dismantled by Messrs. Brothers,[1] etc., and he seems determined to force me into selling it, but he will be baffled. I don't suppose I shall be much pestered with visiters; but if I am, you must receive them, for I am determined to have nobody breaking in upon my retirement: you know that I never was fond of society, and I am less so than before. I have brought you a shawl, and a quantity of attar of roses, but these I must smuggle, if possible. I trust to find my library in tolerable order.

Fletcher is no doubt arrived. I shall separate the mill from Mr. B * *'s farm, for his son is too gay a deceiver to inherit both, and place Fletcher in it, who has served me faithfully, and whose wife is a good woman; besides, it is necessary to sober young Mr. B * *, or he will people the parish with bastards. In a word, if he had seduced a dairy-maid, he might have found something like an apology; but the girl is his equal, and in high life or low life reparation is made in such circumstances. But I shall not interfere further than (like Buonaparte) by dismembering Mr. B.'s *kingdom*, and erecting part of it into a principality for field-marshal Fletcher! I hope you govern my little *empire* and its

1. Brothers, an upholsterer of Nottingham, had put in an execution at Newstead for £1600.

sad load of national debt with a wary hand. To drop my metaphor, I beg leave to subscribe myself

Yours ever,

BYRON.

P.S. July 14.—This letter was written to be sent from Portsmouth, but, on arriving there, the squadron was ordered to the Nore, from whence I shall forward it. This I have not done before, supposing you might be alarmed by the interval mentioned in the letter being longer than expected between our arrival in port and my appearance at Newstead.

154.—To R. C. Dallas.

Volage Frigate, at sea, June 28, 1811.

After two years' absence (to a day, on the 2d of July, before which we shall not arrive at Portsmouth), I am retracing my way to England. I have, as you know, spent the greater part of that period in Turkey, except two months in Spain and Portugal, which were then accessible. I have seen every thing most remarkable in Turkey, particularly the Troad, Greece, Constantinople, and Albania, into which last region very few have penetrated so high as Hobhouse and myself. I don't know that I have done anything to distinguish me from other voyagers, unless you will reckon my swimming from Sestos to Abydos, on May 3d, 1810, a tolerable feat for a *modern*.

I am coming back with little prospect of pleasure at home, and with a body a little shaken by one or two smart fevers, but a spirit I hope yet unbroken. My affairs, it seems, are considerably involved, and much business must be done with lawyers, colliers, farmers, and

creditors. Now this, to a man who hates bustle as he hates a bishop, is a serious concern. But enough of my home department.

I find I have been scolding Cawthorn without a cause, as I found two parcels with two letters from you on my return to Malta. By these it appears you have not received a letter from Constantinople, addressed to Longman's, but it was of no consequence.

My Satire, it seems, is in a fourth edition, a success rather above the middling run, but not much for a production which, from its topics, must be temporary, and of course be successful at first, or not at all. At this period, when I can think and act more coolly, I regret that I have written it, though I shall probably find it forgotten by all except those whom it has offended. My friend Hobhouse's *Miscellany* has not succeeded; but he himself writes so good-humouredly on the subject, I don't know whether to laugh or cry with him. He met with your son at Cadiz, of whom he speaks highly.

Yours and Pratt's[1] *protégé*, Blacket,[2] the cobbler, is

1. For Pratt, see page 186, *note* 1.

2. Joseph Blacket (1786–1810) has his place in *English Bards* (lines 765, 798) and *Hints from Horace* (line 734). The son of a labourer, and himself by trade a cobbler, he wrote verses in which Pratt saw signs of genius. A volume of his poetry was published in 1809, under the title of *Specimens*, edited by Pratt. Among those who befriended him were Elliston the actor, Dallas, and Miss Milbanke, afterwards Lady Byron (see *English Bards*, lines 770, and *note* 1). His *Remains* were collected and published by Pratt in 1811 for the benefit of Blacket's orphan daughter, with a dedication to "the Duchess of Leeds, Lady Milbanke and family" (see page 337, and *Hints from Horace*, line 734, and Byron's *note*). In the suppressed edition of Dallas's *Correspondence of Lord Byron* (pp. 127, 128) occurs the following passage, from which, if Dallas's grammar is to be trusted, it seems that the famous epitaph on Blacket was not Byron's composition. Dallas "was persuaded by Mr. Pratt's "warmth to see some sparkling of genius in the effusions of this "young man (Blacket). It was upon this that Lord Byron and "a young friend of his were sometimes playful in conversation, and "in writing to me. 'I see,' says the latter, 'that Blacket the Son

dead, in spite of his rhymes, and is probably one of the instances where death has saved a man from damnation. You were the ruin of that poor fellow amongst you: had it not been for his patrons, he might now have been in very good plight, shoe- (not verse-) making; but you have made him immortal with a vengeance. I write this, supposing poetry, patronage, and strong waters, to have been the death of him. If you are in town in or about the beginning of July, you will find me at Dorant's, in Albemarle Street, glad to see you.[1] I have an imitation of Horace's *Art of Poetry* ready for Cawthorn, but don't let that deter you, for I sha'n't inflict it upon you. You know I never read my rhymes to visiters. I shall quit town in a few days for Notts., and thence to Rochdale.

"of Crispin and Apollo is dead.' Looking into Boswell's *Life of* "*Johnson* the other day, I saw, 'We were talking about the famous "Mr. Wordsworth, the poetical Shoemaker.' Now, I never "before heard that there had been a Mr. Wordsworth a Poet, a "Shoemaker, or a famous man; and I dare say you have never "heard of him. Thus it will be with Bloomfield and Blackett— "their names two years after their death will be found neither on "the rolls of Curriers' Hall nor of Parnassus. Who would think "that anybody would be such a blockhead as to sin against an "express proverb, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*?

'But spare him, ye Critics, his follies are past,
For the Cobler is come, as he ought, to his *last*.'

"Which two lines, with a scratch under *last*, to show where the joke "lies, I beg that you will prevail on Miss Milbanke to have inserted "on the tomb of her departed Blacket." It should be added that the shoemaking poet was not Wordsworth, but Woodhouse.

1. Dallas called on Byron at Reddish's Hotel, St. James's Street, July 15, 1811, and received from him the MS. of *Hints from Horace*. Byron finished the work March 12, 1811, at the Franciscan Convent at Athens, where he found a copy of the *De Arte Poetica*. (*Hints from Horace* were not, however, published till 1831.) On July 16 Dallas called again, and expressed surprise that Byron had written nothing else. Byron then produced out of his trunk *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, saying, "They are not "worth troubling you with, but you shall have them all with you "if you like." He was as reluctant to publish *Childe Harold* as he was eager to publish *Hints from Horace*.

I shall send this the moment we arrive in harbour, that is a week hence.

Yours ever sincerely,

BYRON.

155.—To Francis Hodgson.

Volage Frigate, at sea, June 29, 1811.

In a week, with a fair wind, we shall be at Portsmouth, and on the 2d of July I shall have completed (to a day) two years of peregrination, from which I am returning with as little emotion as I set out. I think, upon the whole, I was more grieved at leaving Greece than England, which I am impatient to see, simply because I am tired of a long voyage.

Indeed, my prospects are not very pleasant. Embarrassed in my private affairs, indifferent to public, solitary without the wish to be social, with a body a little enfeebled by a succession of fevers, but a spirit I trust, yet unbroken, I am returning *home* without a hope, and almost without a desire. The first thing I shall have to encounter will be a lawyer, the next a creditor, then colliers, farmers, surveyors, and all the agreeable attachments to estates out of repair, and contested coal-pits. In short, I am sick and sorry, and when I have a little repaired my irreparable affairs, away I shall march, either to campaign in Spain, or back again to the East, where I can at least have cloudless skies and a cessation from impertinence.

I trust to meet, or see you, in town, or at Newstead, whenever you can make it convenient—I suppose you are in love and in poetry as usual. That husband, H. Drury, has never written to me, albeit I have sent him more than one letter;—but I dare say the poor man has

a family, and of course all his cares are confined to his circle.

> "For children fresh expenses yet,
> And Dicky now for school is fit."
>
> WARTON.[1]

If you see him, tell him I have a letter for him from Tucker, a regimental chirurgeon and friend of his, who prescribed for me, * * * and is a very worthy man, but too fond of hard words. I should be too late for a speech-day, or I should probably go down to Harrow. I regretted very much in Greece having omitted to carry the *Anthology* with me—I mean Bland and Merivale's.—What has *Sir Edgar* done? And the *Imitations and Translations*—where are they? I suppose you don't mean to let the public off so easily, but charge them home with a quarto. For me, I am "sick of fops, and "poesy, and prate," and shall leave the "whole Castalian "state" to Bufo, or any body else.[2] But you are a sentimental and sensibilitous person, and will rhyme to the end of the chapter. Howbeit, I have written some 4000 lines, of one kind or another, on my travels.

I need not repeat that I shall be happy to see you. I shall be in town about the 8th, at Dorant's Hotel, in Albemarle Street, and proceed in a few days to Notts., and thence to Rochdale on business.

I am, here and there, yours, etc.

1. Warton's *Progress of Discontent*, lines 109, 110.

2. "But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To Bufo left the whole Castalian state."
Pope, *Prologue to the Satires*, lines 229, 230.

156.—To Henry Drury.

Volage frigate, off Ushant, July 17, 1811.

MY DEAR DRURY,—After two years' absence (on the 2d) and some odd days, I am approaching your country. The day of our arrival you will see by the outside date of my letter. At present, we are becalmed comfortably, close to Brest Harbour;—I have never been so near it since I left Duck Puddle.[1] We left Malta thirty-four days ago, and have had a tedious passage of it. You will either see or hear from or of me, soon after the receipt of this, as I pass through town to repair my irreparable affairs; and thence I want to go to Notts. and raise rents, and to Lancs. and sell collieries, and back to London and pay debts,—for it seems I shall neither have coals nor comfort till I go down to Rochdale in person.

I have brought home some marbles for Hobhouse;—for myself, four ancient Athenian skulls,[2] dug out of sarcophagi—a phial of Attic hemlock[3]—four live tortoises—a greyhound (died on the passage)—two live Greek servants, one an Athenian, t'other a *Yaniote*, who can speak nothing but Romaic and Italian—and *myself*, as Moses in the *Vicar of Wakefield* says, *slily*,[4] and I may say it too, for I have as little cause to boast of my expedition as he had of his to the fair.

I wrote to you from the Cyanean Rocks to tell you I had swam from Sestos to Abydos—have you received my letter? Hobhouse went to England to fish up his

1. The swimming-bath at Harrow.
2. Given afterwards to Sir Walter Scott.
3. At present in the possession of Mr. Murray.
4. "'Welcome, welcome, Moses! Well, my boy, what have "you brought us from the fair?' 'I have brought you *myself*,' cried "Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser."—*Vicar of Wakefield*, ch. xii.

Miscellany, which foundered (so he tells me) in the Gulph of Lethe. I daresay it capsized with the vile goods of his contributory friends, for his own share was very portable. However, I hope he will either weigh up or set sail with a fresh cargo, and a luckier vessel. Hodgson, I suppose, is four deep by this time. What would he have given to have seen, like me, the *real Parnassus*, where I robbed the Bishop of Chrisso of a book of geography!—but this I only call plagiarism, as it was done within an hour's ride of Delphi.

157.—To his Mother.

Reddish's Hotel, St. James's Street, London, July 23, 1811.

MY DEAR MADAM,—I am only detained by Mr. Hanson to sign some copyhold papers, and will give you timely notice of my approach. It is with great reluctance I remain in town.[1] I shall pay a short visit as we go on to Lancashire on Rochdale business. I shall attend to your directions, of course, and am, with great respect, yours ever,

BYRON.

P.S.—You will consider Newstead as your house, not mine; and me only as a visiter.

158.—To William Miller.[2]

Reddish's Hotel, July 30th, 1811.

SIR,—I am perfectly aware of the justice of your remarks, and am convinced that, if ever the poem is

1. On his way to London, Byron paid a visit, at Sittingbourne, to Hobhouse, who was with his Militia Regiment, and under orders for Ireland. He also stayed with H. Drury, at Harrow, for two or three days.

2. William Miller (1769-1844), son of Thomas Miller, bookseller,

published, the same objections will be made in much stronger terms. But as it was intended to be a poem on *Ariosto's plan*, that *is* to *say* on *no plan* at all, and, as is usual in similar cases, having a predilection for the worst passages, I shall retain those parts, though I cannot venture to defend them. Under these circumstances I regret that you decline the publication, on my own account, as I think the book would have done better in your hands; the pecuniary part, you know, I have nothing to do with. But I can perfectly conceive, and indeed *approve* your reasons, and assure you my sensations are not *Archiepiscopal*[1] enough as yet to regard the rejection of my Homilies.

I am, Sir, your very obed[t] humble serv[t],

BYRON.

159.—To John M. B. Pigot.

Newport Pagnell, August 2, 1811.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—My poor mother died yesterday! and I am on my way from town to attend her to the

of Bungay (see Beloe's *Sexagenarian*, 2nd edit., vol. ii. pp. 253, 254), served his apprenticeship in Hookham's publishing house. In 1790 he set up for himself as a bookselling publisher in Bond Street. From 1804 onwards his place of business was at 50, Albemarle Street. But in September, 1812, he sold his stock, copyrights, good will, and lease to John Murray, and retired to a country farm in Hertfordshire. He declined to publish *Childe Harold*, on the grounds that it contained "sceptical stanzas," and attacked Lord Elgin as a plunderer. But on the latter point, Byron, who was in serious earnest, was not likely to give way. In Beloe's *Sexagenarian* (vol. ii. pp. 270, 271), Miller is described as "the splendid "bookseller," who "was enabled to retire to tranquillity and "independence long before the decline of life, or infirmities of age, "rendered it necessary to do so. He was highly respectable, but "could drive a hard bargain with a poor author, as well as any of "his fraternity."

1. Alluding to Gil Blas and the Archbishop of Grenada (see page 121, *note* 3).

family vault. I heard *one* day of her illness, the *next* of her death.[1] Thank God her last moments were most tranquil. I am told she was in little pain, and not aware of her situation. I now feel the truth of Mr. Gray's observation, "That we can only have *one* mother."[2] Peace be with her! I have to thank you for your expressions of regard; and as in six weeks I shall be in Lancashire on business, I may extend to Liverpool and Chester,—at least I shall endeavour.

If it will be any satisfaction, I have to inform you that in November next the Editor of the *Scourge*[3] will be

1. On the night after his arrival at Newstead, Mrs. Byron's maid, passing the room where the body lay, heard a heavy sigh from within. Entering the room, she found Byron sitting in the dark beside the bed. When she spoke to him, he burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Oh, Mrs. By, I had but one friend in the world, and "she is gone!" On the day of the funeral he refused to follow the corpse to the grave, but watched the procession move away from the door of Newstead; then, turning to Rushton, bade him bring the gloves, and began his usual sparring exercise. Only his silence, abstraction, and unusual violence betrayed to his antagonist, says Moore (*Life*, p. 128), the state of his feelings.

2. "I had discovered a thing very little known, which is, that in "one's whole life one can never have more than a single mother. "You may think this is obvious, and (what you call) a trite observa- "tion. You are a green gosling! I was at the same age (very "near) as wise as you, and yet I never discovered this (with full "evidence and conviction, I mean) till it was too late. It is thirteen "years ago, . . . and every day I live it sinks deeper into my "heart."—Gray to Nicholls, *Works*, vol. i. p. 482.

3. One of Byron's first acts on returning to England was to buy a copy of the *Scourge*. In Ridgway's bill for books supplied from Piccadilly to Byron on July 24, 1811, is a copy of the *Scourge* at 2*s*. 6*d*. Hewson Clarke (1787-1832) was entered at Emanuel College, Cambridge, apparently as a sizar, in 1806. Obliged to leave the University before he had taken his degree, he supported himself in London by his pen. He wrote two historical works—a continuation of Hume's *History of England* (1832), and an *Impartial History of the Naval, etc., Events in Europe* from the French Revolution to the Peace of 1815. It was, however, as a journalist that he came into collision with Byron. In the *Satirist*, a monthly magazine, illustrated with coloured cartoons, three attacks were made on Byron, which he attributed to Clarke: (1) October, 1807 (vol. i. pp. 77-81), a review of *Hours of Idleness;* (2) June, 1808

tried for two different libels on the late Mrs. B. and myself (the decease of Mrs. B. makes no difference in

(vol. ii. p. 368), verses on "Lord B—n to his Bear. To the tune "of 'Lo chin y gair;'" (3) August, 1808 (vol. iii. pp. 78–86), a review of *Poems Original and Translated.* Byron's reply was the passage in *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers* (lines 973–980; see also the notes), where Clarke is described as

> "A would-be satirist, a hired Buffoon,
> A monthly scribbler of some low Lampoon," etc.;

and also the Postscript to the second edition (see *Poems*, vol. i. p. 382). In the *Scourge* for March, 1811 (vol. i. pp. 191, *et seqq.*), appeared an article headed "Lord Byron," in which the alleged libel occurred. "We are unacquainted," says the article, "with any act "of cowardice that can be compared with that of keeping a libel "*ready cut and dried* till some favourable opportunity enable its "author to disperse it without the hazard of personal responsibility, "and under circumstances which deprive the injured party of every "means of reparation. . . . He confined the knowledge of his "lampoon, therefore, to the circle of his own immediate friends, "and left it to be given to the public as soon as he should have bid "adieu to the shores of Britain. Whether his voyage was in reality "no further than to Paris, in search of the proofs of his own legiti- "macy, or, as he asserts, to 'Afric's coasts, and Calpe's adverse "height,' was of little consequence to Mr. Clarke, who felt that "to recriminate during his absence would be unworthy of his "character. . . . Considering the two parties not as writers, but "as men, Mr. Clarke might confidently appeal to the knowledge "and opinion of the whole university; but a character like his "disdains comparison with that of his noble calumniator; a temper "unruffled by malignant passions, a mind superior to vicissitude, "are gifts for which the pride of doubtful birth, and the temporary "possession of Newstead Abbey are contemptible equivalents. . . .

"It may be reasonably asked whether to be a denizen of Berwick- "upon-Tweed be more disgraceful than to be the illegitimate "descendant of a murderer; whether to labour in an honourable "profession for the peace and competence of maturer age be less "worthy of praise than to waste the property of others in vulgar "debauchery; whether to be the offspring of parents whose only "crime is their want of title, be not as honourable as to be the son "of a profligate father, and a mother whose days and nights are "spent in the delirium of drunkenness; and, finally, whether to "deserve the kindness of his own college, to obtain its prizes, and "to prepare himself for any examination that might entitle him to "share the highest honours which the university can bestow, be less "indicative of talent and virtue than to be held up to the derision "and contempt of his fellow-students, as a scribbler of doggerel and "a bear-leader; to be hated for malignity of temper and repulsiveness

the proceedings); and as he is guilty, by his very foolish and unfounded assertion of a breach of privilege, he will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour.

I inform you of this, as you seem interested in the affair, which is now in the hands of the Attorney-general.

I shall remain at Newstead the greater part of this month, where I shall be happy to hear from you, after my two years' absence in the East.

I am, dear Pigot, yours very truly,

BYRON.

160.—To John Hanson.

Newstead Abbey, August 4th, 1811.

MY DEAR SIR,—The *Earl* of Huntley and the Lady *Jean* Stewart, daughter of James 1st, of Scotland were the progenitors of Mrs. Byron. I think it would be as well to be correct in the statement. Every thing is doing that can be done, plainly yet decently, for the interment.

When you favour me with your company, be kind enough to bring down my carriage from Messrs. Baxter's & Co., Long Acre. I have written to them, and beg you will come down in it, as I cannot travel conveniently or properly without it. I trust that the decease of Mrs. B. will not interrupt the prosecution of the Editor of the Magazine, less for the mere punishment of the rascal,

"of manners, and shunned by every man who did not want to be "considered a profligate without wit, and trifling without elegance. ". . . We . . . shall neither expose the infamy of his uncle, the "indiscretions of his mother, nor his personal follies and embarrass-"ments. But let him not again obtrude himself on our attention "as a moralist, etc."

The Attorney-General, Sir Vicary Gibbs, gave his opinion against legal proceedings, on the two grounds that a considerable time had elapsed since the publication, and Byron himself had provoked the attack.

than to set the question at rest, which, with the ignorant & weak-minded, might leave a wrong impression. I will have no stain on the Memory of my Mother; with a very large portion of foibles and irritability, she was without a *vice* (and in these days that is much). The laws of my country shall do her and me justice in the first instance; but, if they were deficient, the laws of modern Honour should decide. Cost what it may, Gold or blood, I will pursue to the last the cowardly calumniator of an absent man and a defenceless woman.

The effects of the deceased are sealed and untouched. I have sent for her agent, Mr. Bolton, to ascertain the proper steps and nothing shall be done precipitately. I understand her jewels and clothes are of considerable value. I shall write to you again soon, and in the meantime, with my most particular remembrance to Mrs. Hanson, my regards to Charles, and my *respects* to the young ladies, I am, Dear Sir,

Your very sincere and obliged servant,

BYRON.

161.—To Scrope Berdmore Davies.

Newstead Abbey, August 7, 1811.

MY DEAREST DAVIES,—Some curse hangs over me and mine. My mother lies a corpse in this house; one of my best friends is drowned in a ditch.[1] What can I say, or think, or do? I received a letter from him the day before yesterday. My dear Scrope, if you can spare a moment, do come down to me—I want a friend. Matthews's last letter was written on *Friday*.—on Saturday he was not. In ability, who was like Matthews? How

1. Charles Skinner Matthews (see page 150, *note* 3).

did we all shrink before him? You do me but justice in saying, I would have risked my paltry existence to have preserved his. This very evening did I mean to write, inviting him, as I invite you, my very dear friend, to visit me. God forgive —— for his apathy! What will our poor Hobhouse feel? His letters breathe but of Matthews. Come to me, Scrope, I am almost desolate—left almost alone in the world[1]—I had but you, and H., and M., and let me enjoy the survivors whilst I can. Poor M., in his letter of Friday, speaks of his intended contest for Cambridge, and a speedy journey to London. Write or come, but come if you can, or one or both.

Yours ever.

162.—To R. C. Dallas.

Newstead Abbey, Notts., August 12, 1811.

Peace be with the dead! Regret cannot wake them. With a sigh to the departed, let us resume the dull business of life, in the certainty that we also shall have our repose. Besides her who gave me being, I have lost more than one who made that being tolerable.—The best friend of my friend Hobhouse, Matthews, a man of the first talents, and also not the worst of my narrow circle, has perished miserably in the muddy waves of the Cam, always fatal to genius:—my poor school-fellow, Wingfield, at Coimbra—within a month; and whilst I had heard from *all three*, but not seen *one*. Matthews wrote to me the very day before his death; and though I feel for his fate, I am still more anxious for Hobhouse,

1. In 1811 Byron had lost, besides his mother and Matthews (August), his Harrow friend Wingfield (see page 180, *note* 1), Hargreaves Hanson (see page 54, *note* 1), and Edleston (see page 130, *note* 3).

who, I very much fear, will hardly retain his senses: his letters to me since the event have been most incoherent.[1]

1. "Just," writes Hobhouse to Byron, in an undated letter from Dover, "as I was preparing to condole with you on your severe "misfortune, an event has taken place, the details of which you "will find in the enclosed letter from S. Davies. I am totally "unable to say one word on the subject. He was my oldest friend, "and, though quite unworthy of his attachment, I believe that I "was an object of his regard.

"I now fear that I have not been sufficiently at all times just and "kind to him. Return me this fatal letter, and pray add, if it is "but one line, a few words of your own."

A second letter, dated August 8, 1811, is as follows:—

"MY DEAR BYRON,—To-morrow morning we sail for Cork. It "is with difficulty I bring myself to talk of my paltry concerns, but "I cannot refuse giving you such information as may enable me to "hear from one of the friends that I have still left. Pray do give "me a line; nothing is more selfish than sorrow. His great and "unrivalled talents were observable by all, his kindness was known "to his friends. You recollect how affectionately he shook my "hand at parting. It was the last time you ever saw him—did you "think it would be the last? But three days before his death he "told me in a letter that he had heard from you. On Friday he "wrote to me again, and on Saturday—alas, alas! we are not stocks "or stones,—every word of our friend Davies' letter still pierces me "to the soul—such a man and such a death! I would that he had "not been so minute in his horrid details. Oh, my dear Byron, do "write to me; I am very, very sick at heart indeed, and, after "various efforts to write upon my own concerns, I still revert to "the same melancholy subject. I wrote to Cawthorn to-day, but "knew not what I said to him; half my incitement to finish that "task is for ever gone. I can neither have his assistance during my "labour, his comfort if I should fail, nor his congratulation if I "should succeed. Forgive me, I do not forget you—but I cannot "but remember him.

"Ever your obliged and faithful,

"JOHN C. HOBHOUSE."

Byron had apparently suggested that Hobhouse should write some brief record of his friend. Hobhouse replies from Enniscorthy, September 13, 1811:—

"The melancholy subject of your last, in spite of every effort, "perpetually recurs to me. It is indeed a hard science to forget, "though I cannot but think that it is the wisest and indeed the only "remedy for grief. I should be quite incapable every way of doing "what you mention, and I could not even set about such a melan-"choly task with spirit or prospect of success. The thing may be "better done by a person less interested than myself in so cruel a "catastrophe. Whatever you say in your book will be well said,

But let this pass; we shall all one day pass along with the rest—the world is too full of such things, and our very sorrow is selfish.

I received a letter from you, which my late occupations prevented me from duly noticing.[1]—I hope your friends and family will long hold together. I shall be glad to hear from you, on business, on commonplace, or any thing, or nothing—but death—I am already too familiar with the dead. It is strange that I look on the skulls which stand beside me (I have always had *four* in my study) without emotion, but I cannot strip the features of those I have known of their fleshy covering, even in idea, without a hideous sensation; but the worms are less ceremonious.—Surely, the Romans did well when they burned the dead.—I shall be happy to hear from you, and am,

Yours, etc.

163.—To —— Bolton.

Newstead Abbey, August 12, 1811.

SIR,—I enclose a rough draught of my intended will which I beg to have drawn up as soon as possible, in the firmest manner. The alterations are principally made in consequence of the death of Mrs. Byron. I have only to request that it may be got ready in a short time, and have the honour to be,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

BYRON.

"and do credit both to your heart and head; how much would it "have gratified him who shall ne'er hear it!"

1. Dallas had written on July 29 to protest, on six grounds which he gives (*Correspondence of Lord Byron*, pp. 151–153), "against the "sceptical stanzas" of *Childe Harold*.

Newstead Abbey, August 12, 1811.

DIRECTIONS FOR THE CONTENTS OF A WILL TO BE DRAWN UP IMMEDIATELY.

The estate of Newstead to be entailed (subject to certain deductions) on George Anson Byron, heir-at-law, or whoever may be the heir-at-law on the death of Lord B. The Rochdale property to be sold in part or the whole, according to the debts and legacies of the present Lord B.

To Nicolo Giraud of Athens, subject of France, but born in Greece, the sum of seven thousand pounds sterling, to be paid from the sale of such parts of Rochdale, Newstead, or elsewhere, as may enable the said Nicolo Giraud (resident at Athens and Malta in the year 1810) to receive the above sum on his attaining the age of twenty-one years.

To William Fletcher, Joseph Murray, and Demetrius Zograffo[1] (native of Greece), servants, the sum of fifty pounds pr. ann. each, for their natural lives. To W^m. Fletcher, the Mill at Newstead, on condition that he payeth rent, but not subject to the caprice of the landlord. To R^t. Rushton the sum of fifty pounds per ann. for life, and a further sum of one thousand pounds on attaining the age of twenty-five years.

1. "If the papers lie not (which they generally do), Demetrius "Zograffo of Athens is at the head of the Athenian part of the "Greek insurrection. He was my servant in 1809, 1810, 1811, "1812, at different intervals of those years (for I left him in "Greece when I went to Constantinople), and accompanied me to "England in 1811: he returned to Greece, spring, 1812. He was "a clever, but not *apparently* an enterprising man; but circumstances "make men. His two sons (*then* infants) were named Miltiades and "Alcibiades: may the omen be happy!"—Byron's MS. Journal, quoted by Moore, *Life*, p. 131.

To J^n^. Hanson, Esq. the sum of two thousand pounds sterling.

The claims of S. B. Davies, Esq. to be satisfied on proving the amount of the same.

The body of Lord B. to be buried in the vault of the garden of Newstead, without any ceremony or burial-service whatever, or any inscription, save his name and age. His dog not to be removed from the said vault.

My library and furniture of every description to my friends J^n^. Cam Hobhouse, Esq., and S. B. Davies, Esq., my executors. In case of their decease, the Rev. J. Becher, of Southwell, Notts., and R. C. Dallas, Esq., of Mortlake, Surrey, to be executors.[1]

The produce of the sale of Wymondham in Norfolk, and the late Mrs. B.'s Scotch property,[2] to be appropriated in aid of the payment of debts and legacies.

This is the last will and testament of me, the Rt. Honble George Gordon, Lord Byron, Baron Byron of Rochdale, in the county of Lancaster.—I desire that my body may be buried in the vault of the garden of Newstead, without any ceremony or burial-service whatever, and that no inscription, save my name and age, be written on the tomb or tablet; and it is my will that my faithful dog may not be removed from the said vault. To the performance of this my particular desire, I rely on the attention of my executors hereinafter named.

It is submitted to Lord Byron whether this clause relative to the funeral had not better be omitted. The

1. In the clause enumerating the names and places of abode of the executors, the solicitor had left blanks for the Christian names of these gentlemen, and Lord Byron, having filled up all but that of Dallas, writes in the margin, "I forget the Christian name of Dallas "—cut him out."

2. On the death of Mrs. Byron, the sum of £4200, the remains of the price of the estate of Gight, were paid over to Byron by her trustee.

substance of it can be given in a letter from his Lordship to the executors, and accompany the will; and the will may state that the funeral shall be performed in such manner as his Lordship may by letter direct, and, in default of any such letter, then at the discretion of his executors.[1]

It must stand.

B.

I do hereby specifically order and direct that all the claims of the said S. B. Davies upon me shall be fully paid and satisfied as soon as conveniently may be after my decease, on his proving [by vouchers, or otherwise, to the satisfaction of my executors hereinafter named][2] the amount thereof, and the correctness of the same.

If Mr. Davies has any unsettled claims upon Lord Byron, that circumstance is a reason for his not being appointed executor; each executor having an opportunity of paying himself his own debt without consulting his co-executors.

So much the better — if possible, let him be an executor.

B.

164.—To —— Bolton.

Newstead Abbey, August 16, 1811.

SIR,—I have answered the queries on the margin. I wish Mr. Davies's claims to be most fully allowed, and, further, that he be one of my executors. I wish the will to be made in a manner to prevent all discussion, if possible, after my decease; and this I leave to you as a professional gentleman.

1. The passages printed thus are suggestions made by the solicitors.
2. Over the words placed between brackets, Byron drew his pen.

With regard to the few and simple directions for the disposal of my *carcass*, I must have them implicitly fulfilled, as they will, at least, prevent trouble and expense; —and (what would be of little consequence to me, but may quiet the conscience of the survivors) the garden is *consecrated* ground. These directions are copied verbatim from my former will; the alterations in other parts have arisen from the death of Mrs. B. I have the honour to be,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

BYRON.

165.—To —— Bolton.

Newstead Abbey, August 20, 1811.

SIR,—The witnesses shall be provided from amongst my tenants, and I shall be happy to see you on any day most convenient to yourself. I forgot to mention, that it must be specified by codicil, or otherwise, that my body is on no account to be removed from the vault where I have directed it to be placed; and in case any of my successors within the entail (from bigotry, or otherwise) might think proper to remove the carcass, such proceeding shall be attended by forfeiture of the estate, which in such case shall go to my sister, the Honble Augusta Leigh and her heirs on similar conditions. I have the honour to be, sir,

Your very obedient, humble servant,

BYRON.

166.—To the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

Newstead Abbey, August 21st, 1811.

MY DEAR SISTER,—I ought to have answered your letter before, but when did I ever do any-thing that I ought?

I am losing my relatives & you are adding to the number of yours; but which is best, God knows;—besides poor Mrs. Byron, I have been deprived by death of two most particular friends within little more than a month; but as all observations on such subjects are superfluous and unavailing, I leave the dead to their rest, and return to the dull business of life, which however presents nothing very pleasant to me either in prospect or retrospection.

I hear you have been increasing his Majesty's Subjects, which in these times of War and tribulation is really patriotic. Notwithstanding Malthus[1] tells us that, were it not for Battle, Murder, and Sudden death, we should be overstocked, I think we have latterly had a redundance of these national benefits, and therefore I give you all credit for your matronly behaviour.

I believe you know that for upwards of two years I have been rambling round the Archipelago, and am returned just in time to know that I might as well have staid away for any good I ever have done, or am likely to do at home, and so, as soon as I have somewhat *repaired* my *irreparable* affairs I shall een go abroad again, for I am heartily sick of your climate and every thing it *rains* upon, always save and except *yourself* as in *duty bound*.

I should be glad to see you here (as I think you

1. The Rev. T. R. Malthus (1766–1834) published, in 1798, his *Essay on the Principle of Population*.

have never seen the place) if you could make it convenient. Murray is still like a Rock, and will probably outlast some six Lords Byron, though in his 75th Autumn. I took him with me to Portugal & sent him round by sea to Gibraltar whilst I rode through the Interior of Spain, which was then (1809) accessible.

You say you have much to communicate to me, let us have it by all means, as I am utterly at a loss to guess; whatever it may be it will meet with due attention.

Your trusty and well beloved cousin F. Howard [1] is married to a Miss Somebody, I wish him joy on your account, and on his own, though speaking generally I do not affect that Brood.

By the bye, *I* shall marry, if I can find any thing inclined to barter money for rank within six months; after which I shall return to my friends the Turks.

In the interim I am, Dear Madam,

[Signature cut out.]

167.—To R. C. Dallas.

Newstead, August 21, 1811.

Your letter gives me credit for more acute feelings than I possess; for though I feel tolerably miserable, yet I am at the same time subject to a kind of hysterical merriment, or rather laughter without merriment, which I can neither account for nor conquer, and yet I do not feel relieved by it; but an indifferent person would think me in excellent spirits. "We must forget these things,"

1. The Hon. Frederick Howard (see page 55, *note* 1) married, August 6, 1811, Frances Susan Lambton, only daughter of William Lambton, formerly M.P. for Durham.

and have recourse to our old selfish comforts, or rather comfortable selfishness.

I do not think I shall return to London immediately, and shall therefore accept freely what is offered courteously—your mediation between me and Murray.[1] I

1. In 1793 John Murray the first (born 1745) died, leaving a widow, two daughters, and one son, John Murray the second (1778-1843), then a boy of fifteen. The bookselling and publishing business at 32, Fleet Street, which the first John Murray had purchased in 1768 from William Sandby, was for two years carried on by the chief assistant, Samuel Highley. From 1795, when John Murray the second joined it, it was conducted as a partnership, under the title of Murray and Highley. But in 1803 John Murray cancelled the partnership, and started for himself at 32, Fleet Street. Relieved from a timorous partner, he at once displayed his shrewdness, energy, and literary enthusiasm. He rapidly became, as Byron called him, "the Ἄναξ of Publishers," or, as he was nicknamed, "The "Emperor of the West." In February, 1809, he had launched the *Quarterly Review;* in March, 1812, he published *Childe Harold;* in the following September, he moved to 50, Albemarle Street, the lease of which, with the stock, good will, and copyrights, he purchased from William Miller (see page 319, *note* 2). The remarkable position which the second John Murray created for himself, has two aspects, one commercial, the other social. He was not only the publisher, but the friend, of the most distinguished men of the day; and he was both by reason, partly of his honourable character, partly of his personal attractiveness. Sir Walter Scott, writing, October 30, 1828, to Lockhart, speaks of Murray in words which sum up his character: "By all means do what the Emperor says. He is what Emperor "Nap was not, 'much a gentleman.'" Murray was the first to divorce the business of publishing from that of selling books; the first to see, as he wrote to Sir Walter Scott, October 13, 1825 (*A Publisher and his Friends*, vol. ii. p. 199), that "the business of a publishing "bookseller is not in his shop, or even his connection, but in his "brains." Quick-tempered and warm-hearted, he was endowed with a strong sense of humour, and a gift of felicitous expression, which made him at once an admirable talker and an excellent letter-writer, and enabled him to hold his own among the noted wits and brilliant men of letters whom he gathered under his roof. A man of ideas more than a man of business, of enterprise rather than of calculation, he was always on the watch for new writers and new openings. But his imagination and impulsive temperament were checked by his fine taste for sound literature, and controlled by high principles in matters of trade. Thus he was saved from those disastrous speculations which involved Scott in ruin, and might otherwise have appealed with fatal force to his own sanguine nature. His close relations with Byron, which began in 1811, and lasted till the

don't think my name will answer the purpose, and you must be aware that my plaguy Satire will bring the north and south Grub Streets down upon the *Pilgrimage*;—but, nevertheless, if Murray makes a point of it, and you coincide with him, I will do it daringly; so let it be entitled "By the author of *English Bards and Scotch "Reviewers*." My remarks on the Romaic, etc., once intended to accompany the *Hints from Horace*, shall go along with the other, as being indeed more appropriate; also the smaller poems now in my possession, with a few selected from those published in Hobhouse's *Miscellany*. I have found amongst my poor mother's papers all my letters from the East, and one in particular of some length from Albania. From this, if necessary, I can work up a note or two on that subject. As I kept no journal, the letters written on the spot are the best. But of this anon, when we have definitively arranged.

Has Murray shown the work to any one? He may —but I will have no traps for applause. Of course there are little things I would wish to alter, and perhaps the two stanzas of a buffooning cast on London's Sunday are as well left out. I much wish to avoid identifying Childe Harold's character with mine, and that, in sooth, is my second objection to my name appearing in the title-page.

poet's death, are set forth in the numerous letters which follow, and were never embittered even when he refused to continue the publication of *Don Juan*. Their names are inseparably associated in the history of literature. A generous paymaster, he was also an hospitable host. Round him gathers much of the literary history of a half-century which includes such names as those of Scott, Byron, Southey, Coleridge, Hallam, Milman, Mahon, Carlyle, Grote, Benjamin Disraeli, Sir Robert Peel, Canning, and Mr. Gladstone. His literary dinners were famous, and his drawing-room was the rallying-place of all that was witty and agreeable in society. At the same time, he was the acknowledged head of the publishing trade, unswerving in the rectitude of his commercial dealings, and in the maintenance of the honourable traditions of his most distinguished predecessors, as well as sincere in his enthusiasm for English letters.

When you have made arrangements as to time, size, type, etc., favour me with a reply. I am giving you an universe of trouble, which thanks cannot atone for. I made a kind of prose apology for my scepticism at the head of the MS., which, on recollection, is so much more like an attack than a defence, that, haply, it might better be omitted:—perpend, pronounce. After all, I fear Murray will be in a scrape with the orthodox; but I cannot help it, though I wish him well through it. As for me, "I "have supped full of criticism," and I don't think that the "most dismal treatise" will stir and rouse my "fell "of hair" till "Birnam wood do come to Dunsinane."

I shall continue to write at intervals, and hope you will pay me in kind. How does Pratt get on, or rather get off, Joe Blackett's posthumous stock? You killed that poor man amongst you, in spite of your Ionian friend[1] and myself, who would have saved him from Pratt, poetry, present poverty, and posthumous oblivion. Cruel patronage! to ruin a man at his calling; but then he is a divine subject for subscription and biography; and Pratt, who makes the most of his dedications, has inscribed the volume to no less than five families of distinction.

I am sorry you don't like Harry White:[2] with a great deal of cant, which in him was sincere (indeed it killed him as you killed Joe Blackett), certes there is poesy and genius. I don't say this on account of my simile and

1. Walter Rodwell Wright, author of *Horæ Ionicæ, a Poem descriptive of the Ionian Islands, and part of the adjacent coast of Greece* (1809), had been Consul-General of the Seven Islands. On his return he became Recorder of Bury St. Edmund's. He was subsequently President of the Court of Appeals in Malta, where he died in 1826. (See Byron's address to him in *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers*, lines 877–880.)

2. Henry Kirke White (1785–1806) published *Clifton Grove* and other poems in 1803. He died at Cambridge in 1806. His *Remains* were published by Southey in 1807. (See *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers*, lines 831–848, and *note* 2.)

rhymes; but surely he was beyond all the Bloomfields [1] and Blacketts, and their collateral cobblers, whom Lofft [2]

1. The three brothers, George Bloomfield, a shoemaker, Nathaniel, a tailor, and Robert, also a shoemaker, were the sons of a tailor at Honington, in Suffolk, whose wife kept the village school. (For further details as to George and Nathaniel, see *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers*, lines 765–798, and *notes*.)

Robert Bloomfield (1766–1823) achieved a success with his *Farmer's Boy* (1800), of which thousands of copies were sold in England, and which was translated into French and Italian. But however creditable the lines may have been to the author, Byron's opinion of the merits of the poet was the true one. Bloomfield's subsequent volumes, of which there were seven, were inferior to *The Farmer's Boy*. *Good Tidings, or News from the Farm* (1804), is perhaps the best known. A collected edition of Bloomfield's *Works* was published in 1824.

2. Capell Lofft (1751–1824), educated at Eton and Cambridge, was called to the Bar in 1775. Succeeding in 1781 to the family estates near Bury St. Edmund's, he lived for some years at Troston Hall. Crabb Robinson (*Diary*, vol. i. p. 29) describes him, in 1795, as "a gentleman of good family and estate—an author on an "infinity of subjects; his books were on Law, History, Poetry, "Antiquities, Divinity, and Politics. He was then an acting magis-"trate, having abandoned the profession of the Bar. He was one "of the numerous answerers of Burke; and, in spite of a feeble "voice and other disadvantages, was an eloquent speaker." His boyish figure, slovenly dress, and involved sentences were well known on the platforms where he advocated parliamentary reform. On May 17, 1784, Johnson dined at Mr. Dilly's. Among the guests was "Mr. Capell Lofft, who, though a most zealous Whig, has a "mind so full of learning and knowledge, and so much in exer-"cise in various exertions, and withal so much liberality, that the "stupendous powers of the literary Goliath, though they did not "frighten this little David of popular spirit, could not but excite his "admiration." Lofft held strong opinions in favour of the French Revolution, which he admired. He, "Godwin, and Thelwall are "the only three persons I know (except Hazlitt) who grieve at "the late events;" so writes Crabb Robinson, after the battle of Waterloo (*Diary*, vol. i. p. 491). He published numerous works on law and politics, besides four volumes of poetry: *The Praises of Poetry, a Poem* (1775); *Eudosia, or a Poem on the Universe* (1781); *The first and second Georgics of Virgil* (in blank verse, 1803); *Laura, or an Anthology of Sonnets* (1814). He also edited Milton's *Paradise Lost*. In November, 1798, Lofft read the manuscript of *The Farmer's Boy*, written by Robert Bloomfield in a London garret, where he worked as a shoemaker. Interested in the poem and the Suffolk poet, Lofft had it published in 1800, with cuts by Bewick, and a preface by himself.

and Pratt have or may kidnap from their calling into the service of the trade. You must excuse my flippancy, for I am writing I know not what, to escape from myself. Hobhouse is gone to Ireland. Mr. Davies has been here on his way to Harrowgate.

You did not know Matthews: he was a man of the most astonishing powers, as he sufficiently proved at Cambridge, by carrying off more prizes and fellowships, against the ablest candidates, than any other graduate on record; but a most decided atheist, indeed noxiously so, for he proclaimed his principles in all societies. I knew him well, and feel a loss not easily to be supplied to myself—to Hobhouse never. Let me hear from you, and

Believe me, etc.

168.—To Francis Hodgson.

Newstead Abbey, August 22, 1811.

You may have heard of the sudden death of my mother, and poor Matthews, which, with that of Wingfield (of which I was not fully aware till just before I left town, and indeed hardly believed it,) has made a sad chasm in my connections. Indeed the blows followed each other so rapidly that I am yet stupid from the shock; and though I do eat, and drink, and talk, and even laugh, at times, yet I can hardly persuade myself that I am awake, did not every morning convince me mournfully to the contrary.—I shall now wave the subject,—the dead are at rest, and none but the dead can be so.

You will feel for poor Hobhouse,—Matthews was the "god of his idolatry;" and if intellect could exalt a man above his fellows, no one could refuse him pre-eminence. I knew him most intimately, and valued him

proportionably; but I am recurring—so let us talk of life and the living.

If you should feel a disposition to come here, you will find "beef and a sea-coal fire," and not ungenerous wine. Whether Otway's two other requisites for an Englishman or not, I cannot tell, but probably one of them.[1]—Let me know when I may expect you, that I may tell you when I go and when return. I have not yet been to Lancs. Davies has been here, and has invited me to Cambridge for a week in October, so that, peradventure, we may encounter glass to glass. His gaiety (death cannot mar it) has done me service; but, after all, ours was a hollow laughter.

You will write to me? I am solitary, and I never felt solitude irksome before. Your anxiety about the critique on * *'s book is amusing; as it was anonymous, certes it was of little consequence: I wish it had produced a little more confusion, being a lover of literary malice. Are you doing nothing? writing nothing? printing nothing? why not your Satire on Methodism? the subject (supposing the public to be blind to merit) would do wonders. Besides, it would be as well for a destined deacon to prove his orthodoxy.—It really would give me pleasure to see you properly appreciated. I say *really*, as, being an author, my humanity might be suspected.

Believe me, dear H., yours always.

1. "Give but an Englishman his whore and ease,
Beef and a sea-coal fire, he's yours for ever."
Venice Preserved, act ii. sc. 3.

H. Feb 22

APPENDIX I.

REVIEW OF WORDSWORTH'S POEMS, 2 VOLS. 1807.

(From *Monthly Literary Recreations* for July, 1807.)

THE volumes before us are by the author of Lyric Ballads, a collection which has not undeservedly met with a considerable share of public applause. The characteristics of Mr. Wordsworth's muse are simple and flowing, though occasionally inharmonious verse; strong, and sometimes irresistible appeals to the feelings, with unexceptionable sentiments. Though the present work may not equal his former efforts, many of the poems possess a native elegance, natural and unaffected, totally devoid of the tinsel embellishments and abstract hyperboles of several contemporary sonneteers. The last sonnet in the first volume, p. 152, is perhaps the best, without any novelty in the sentiments, which we hope are common to every Briton at the present crisis; the force and expression is that of a genuine poet, feeling as he writes:—

"Another year! another deadly blow!
Another mighty empire overthrown!
And we are left, or shall be left, alone—
The last that dares to struggle with the foe.
'Tis well!—from this day forward we shall know
That in ourselves our safety must be sought,
That by our own right-hands it must be wrought;
That we must stand unprop'd, or be laid low.
O dastard! whom such foretaste doth not cheer!
We shall exult, if they who rule the land
Be men who hold its many blessings dear,
Wise, upright, valiant, not a venal band,
Who are to judge of danger which they fear,
And honour which they do not understand."

The song at the Feast of Brougham Castle, the Seven Sisters, the Affliction of Margaret ——— of ———, possess all the beauties, and few of the defects, of the writer: the following lines from the last are in his first style :—

"Ah! little doth the young one dream,
When full of play and childish cares,
What power hath e'en his wildest scream,
Heard by his mother unawares:
He knows it not, he cannot guess:
Years to a mother bring distress,
But do not make her love the less."

The pieces least worthy of the author are those entitled "Moods of my own Mind." We certainly wish these "Moods" had been less frequent, or not permitted to occupy a place near works which only make their deformity more obvious; when Mr. W. ceases to please, it is by "abandoning" his mind to the most commonplace ideas, at the same time clothing them in language not simple, but puerile. What will any reader or auditor, out of the nursery, say to such namby-pamby as "Lines written at the Foot of "Brother's Bridge"?

"The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest,
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising,
There are forty feeding like one.
Like an army defeated,
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill,
On the top of the bare hill."

"The ploughboy is whooping anon, anon," etc., etc., is in the same exquisite measure. This appears to us neither more nor less than an imitation of such minstrelsy as soothed our cries in the cradle, with the shrill ditty of

"Hey de diddle,
The cat and the fiddle:
The cow jump'd over the moon,
The little dog laugh'd to see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon."

On the whole, however, with the exception of the above, and other INNOCENT odes of the same cast, we think these volumes display a genius worthy of higher pursuits, and regret that Mr. W. confines his muse to such trifling subjects. We trust his motto will be in future "Paulo majora cana-"mus." Many, with inferior abilities, have acquired a loftier seat on Parnassus, merely by attempting strains in which Wordsworth is more qualified to excel.

APPENDIX II.

ARTICLE FROM THE *EDINBURGH REVIEW*, FOR JANUARY, 1808.

Hours of Idleness; a Series of Poems, original and translated. By George Gordon, Lord Byron, a Minor. 8vo, pp. 200. *Newark*, 1807.

THE poesy of this young lord belongs to the class which neither gods nor men are said to permit. Indeed, we do not recollect to have seen a quantity of verse with so few deviations in either direction from that exact standard. His effusions are spread over a dead flat, and can no more get above or below the level, than if they were so much stagnant water. As an extenuation of this offence, the noble author is peculiarly forward in pleading minority. We have it in the title-page, and on the very back of the volume; it follows his name like a favourite part of his *style*. Much stress is laid upon it in the preface; and the poems are connected with this general statement of his case, by particular dates, substantiating the age at which each was written. Now, the law upon the point of minority we hold to be perfectly clear. It is a plea available only to the defendant; no plaintiff can offer it as a supplementary ground of action. Thus, if any suit could be brought against Lord Byron, for the purpose of compelling him to put into court a certain quantity of poetry, and if judgment were given against him, it is highly probable that an exception would be taken, were he to deliver *for poetry* the contents of this volume. To this he might plead *minority;* but, as he now makes voluntary tender of the article, he hath no right to sue, on that ground, for the price in good current praise, should the goods be unmarketable.

This is our view of the law on the point; and, we dare to say, so will it be ruled. Perhaps, however, in reality, all that he tells us about his youth is rather with a view to increase our wonder than to soften our censures. He possibly means to say, "See how a minor can write! This poem was "actually composed by a young man of eighteen, and this "by one of only sixteen!" But, alas! we all remember the poetry of Cowley at ten, and Pope at twelve; and so far from hearing, with any degree of surprise, that very poor verses were written by a youth from his leaving school to his leaving college, inclusive, we really believe this to be the most common of all occurrences; that it happens in the life of nine men in ten who are educated in England; and that the tenth man writes better verse than Lord Byron.

His other plea of privilege our author rather brings forward in order to waive it. He certainly, however, does allude frequently to his family and ancestry—sometimes in poetry, sometimes in notes; and, while giving up his claim on the score of rank, he takes care to remember us of Dr. Johnson's saying, that when a nobleman appears as an author, his merit should be handsomely acknowledged. In truth, it is this consideration only that induces us to give Lord Byron's poems a place in our review, beside our desire to counsel him, that he do forthwith abandon poetry, and turn his talents, which are considerable, and his opportunities, which are great, to better account.

With this view, we must beg leave seriously to assure him, that the mere rhyming of the final syllable, even when accompanied by the presence of a certain number of feet,—nay, although (which does not always happen) those feet should scan regularly, and have been all counted accurately upon the fingers,—is not the whole art of poetry. We would entreat him to believe, that a certain portion of liveliness, somewhat of fancy, is necessary to constitute a poem, and that a poem in the present day, to be read, must contain at least one thought, either in a little degree different from the ideas of former writers, or differently expressed. We put it to his candour, whether there is any thing so deserving the name of poetry in verses like the following, written in 1806; and whether, if a youth of eighteen could say any thing so

uninteresting to his ancestors, a youth of nineteen should publish it :—

"Shades of heroes, farewell! your descendant, departing
From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu!
Abroad or at home, your remembrance imparting
New courage, he'll think upon glory and you.

"Though a tear dim his eye at this sad separation,
'Tis nature, not fear, that excites his regret;
Far distant he goes, with the same emulation;
The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget.

"That fame, and that memory, still will he cherish;
He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your renown;
Like you will he live, or like you will he perish;
When decay'd, may he mingle his dust with your own."

Now, we positively do assert, that there is nothing better than these stanzas in the whole compass of the noble minor's volume.

Lord Byron should also have a care of attempting what the greatest poets have done before him, for comparisons (as he must have had occasion to see at his writing-master's) are odious. Gray's Ode on Eton College should really have kept out the ten hobbling stanzas "On a distant View of the "Village and School of Harrow."

"Where fancy yet joys to retrace the resemblance
Of comrades, in friendship and mischief allied,
How welcome to me your ne'er-fading remembrance,
Which rests in the bosom, though hope is denied."

In like manner, the exquisite lines of Mr. Rogers, "*On a "Tear*," might have warned the noble author off those premises, and spared us a whole dozen such stanzas as the following :—

"Mild Charity's glow, to us mortals below,
Shows the soul from barbarity clear;
Compassion will melt where this virtue is felt,
And its dew is diffused in a Tear.

"The man doom'd to sail with the blast of the gale,
Through billows Atlantic to steer,
As he bends o'er the wave, which may soon be his grave,
The green sparkles bright with a Tear."

And so of instances in which former poets have failed. Thus we do not think Lord Byron was made for translating, during his nonage, "Adrian's Address to his Soul," when Pope succeeded so indifferently in the attempt. If our readers, however, are of another opinion, they may look at it.

> "Ah! gentle, fleeting, wavering sprite,
> Friend and associate of this clay!
> To what unknown region borne
> Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight?
> No more with wonted humour gay,
> But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn."

However, be this as it may, we fear his translations and imitations are great favourites with Lord Byron. We have them of all kinds, from Anacreon to Ossian; and, viewing them as school exercises, they may pass. Only, why print them after they have had their day and served their turn? And why call the thing in p. 79 (see p. 380) a translation, where *two* words (θέλω λέγειν) of the original are expanded into four lines, and the other thing in p. 81 (see *ibid.*) where μεσονυκτίοις ποθ' ὥραις is rendered by means of six hobbling verses? As to his Ossianic poesy, we are not very good judges, being in truth, so moderately skilled in that species of composition, that we should, in all probability, be criticizing some bit of the genuine Macpherson itself, were we to express our opinion of Lord Byron's rhapsodies. If, then, the following beginning of a "Song of Bards" is by his lordship, we venture to object to it, as far as we can comprehend it. "What form rises on the roar of clouds? whose dark ghost "gleams on the red stream of tempests? His voice rolls on "the thunder; 'tis Orla, the brown chief of Oithona. He "was," etc. After detaining this "brown chief" some time, the bards conclude by giving him their advice to "raise his "fair locks;" then to "spread them on the arch of the rain-"bow;" and to "smile through the tears of the storm." Of this kind of thing there are no less than *nine* pages; and we can so far venture an opinion in their favour, that they look very like Macpherson; and we are positive they are pretty nearly as stupid and tiresome.

It is a sort of privilege of poets to be egotists; but they

should "use it as not abusing it;" and particularly one who piques himself (though indeed at the ripe age of nineteen) on being "an infant bard,"—("The artless Helicon I boast "is youth")—should either not know, or should seem not to know, so much about his own ancestry. Besides a poem above cited, on the family seat of the Byrons, we have another of eleven pages, on the self-same subject, introduced with an apology, "he certainly had no intention of inserting it," but really "the particular request of some friends," etc., etc. It concludes with five stanzas on himself, "the last and "youngest of a noble line." There is a good deal also about his maternal ancestors, in a poem on Lachin y Gair, a mountain where he spent part of his youth, and might have learnt that pibroch is not a bagpipe, any more than duet means a fiddle.

As the author has dedicated so large a part of his volume to immortalise his employments at school and college, we cannot possibly dismiss it without presenting the reader with a specimen of these ingenious effusions. In an ode with a Greek motto, called "Granta," we have the following magnificent stanzas:—

"There, in apartments small and damp,
The candidate for college prizes,
Sits poring by the midnight lamp,
Goes late to bed, yet early rises.

"Who reads false quantities in Sele,
Or puzzles o'er the deep triangle,
Deprived of many a wholesome meal,
In barbarous Latin doom'd to wrangle:

"Renouncing every pleasing page,
From authors of historic use;
Preferring to the letter'd sage,
The square of the hypothenuse.

"Still harmless are these occupations,
That hurt none but the hapless student,
Compared with other recreations,
Which bring together the imprudent."

We are sorry to hear so bad an account of the college psalmody as is contained in the following Attic stanzas:—

"Our choir would scarcely be excused
Even as a band of raw beginners;
All mercy now must be refused
To such a set of croaking sinners.

"If David, when his toils were ended,
Had heard these blockheads sing before him,
To us his psalms had ne'er descended:
In furious mood he would have tore 'em!"

But, whatever judgment may be passed on the poems of this noble minor, it seems we must take them as we find them, and be content; for they are the last we shall ever have from him. He is, at best, he says, but an intruder into the groves of Parnassus: he never lived in a garret, like thorough-bred poets; and "though he once roved a careless "mountaineer in the Highlands of Scotland," he has not of late enjoyed this advantage. Moreover, he expects no profit from his publication; and, whether it succeeds or not, "it is "highly improbable, from his situation and pursuits here-"after," that he should again condescend to become an author. Therefore, let us take what we get, and be thankful. What right have we poor devils to be nice? We are well off to have got so much from a man of this lord's station, who does not live in a garret, but "has the sway" of Newstead Abbey. Again, we say, let us be thankful; and, with honest Sancho, bid God bless the giver, nor look the gift horse in the mouth.

APPENDIX III.

REVIEW OF GELL'S *GEOGRAPHY OF ITHACA*, AND *ITINERARY OF GREECE*.

(From the *Monthly Review* for August, 1811.)

THAT laudable curiosity concerning the remains of classical antiquity, which has of late years increased among our countrymen, is in no traveller or author more conspicuous than in Mr. Gell. Whatever difference of opinion may yet exist with regard to the success of the several disputants in the famous Trojan controversy,[1] or, indeed, relating to the present author's merits as an inspector of the Troad, it must universally be acknowledged that any work, which more forcibly impresses on our imaginations the scenes of heroic action, and the subjects of immortal song, possesses claims on the attention of every scholar.

Of the two works which now demand our report, we conceive the former to be by far the most interesting to the reader, as the latter is indisputably the most serviceable to the traveller. Excepting, indeed, the running commentary which it contains on a number of extracts from Pausanias and Strabo, it is, as the title imports, a mere itinerary of Greece, or rather of Argolis only, in its present circumstances. This being the case, surely it would have answered every purpose of utility much better by being printed as a pocket road-book of that part of the Morea; for a quarto is

1. We have it from the best authority that the venerable leader of the Anti-Homeric sect, Jacob Bryant, several years before his death, expressed regret for his ungrateful attempt to destroy some of the most pleasing associations of our youthful studies. One of his last wishes was—"*Trojaque nunc stares*," etc.

a very unmanageable travelling companion. The maps[1] and drawings, we shall be told, would not permit such an arrangement; but as to the drawings, they are not in general to be admired as specimens of the art; and several of them, as we have been assured by eye-witnesses of the scenes which they describe, do not compensate for their mediocrity in point of execution, by any extraordinary fidelity of representation. Others, indeed, are more faithful, according to our informants. The true reason, however, for this costly mode of publication is in course to be found in a desire of gratifying the public passion for large margins, and all the luxury of typography; and we have before expressed our dissatisfaction with Mr. Gell's aristocratical mode of communicating a species of knowledge, which ought to be accessible to a much greater portion of classical students than can at present acquire it by his means:—but, as such expostulations are generally useless, we shall be thankful for what we can obtain, and that in the manner in which Mr. Gell has chosen to present it.

The former of these volumes, we have observed, is the most attractive in the closet. It comprehends a very full survey of the far-famed island which the hero of the *Odyssey* has immortalized; for we really are inclined to think that the author has established the identity of the modern *Theaki* with the *Ithaca* of Homer. At all events, if it be an illusion, it is a very agreeable deception, and is effected by an ingenious interpretation of the passages in Homer that are supposed to be descriptive of the scenes which our traveller has visited. We shall extract some of these adaptations of the ancient picture to the modern scene, marking the points of resemblance which appear to be strained and forced, as well as those which are more easy and natural; but we must first insert some preliminary matter from the opening chapter. The following passage conveys a sort of general sketch of the book, which may give our readers a tolerably adequate notion of its contents:—

1. Or, rather, *map*; for we have only one in the volume, and that is on too small a scale to give more than a general idea of the relative position of places. The excuse about a larger map not folding well is trifling; see, for instance, the author's own map of Ithaca.

"The present work may adduce, by a simple and correct survey of the island, coincidences in its geography, in its natural productions, and moral state, before unnoticed. Some will be directly pointed out; the fancy or ingenuity of the reader may be employed in tracing others; the mind familiar with the imagery of the *Odyssey* will recognise with satisfaction the scenes themselves; and this volume is offered to the public, not entirely without hopes of vindicating the poem of Homer from the scepticism of those critics who imagine that the *Odyssey* is a mere poetical composition, unsupported by history, and unconnected with the localities of any particular situation.

"Some have asserted that, in the comparison of places now existing with the descriptions of Homer, we ought not to expect coincidence in minute details; yet it seems only by these that the kingdom of Ulysses, or any other, can be identified, as, if such an idea be admitted, every small and rocky island in the Ionian Sea, containing a good port, might, with equal plausibility, assume the appellation of Ithaca.

"The Venetian geographers have in a great degree contributed to raise those doubts which have existed on the identity of the modern with the ancient Ithaca, by giving, in their charts, the name of Val di Compare to the island. That name is, however, totally unknown in the country, where the isle is invariably called Ithaca by the upper ranks, and Theaki by the vulgar. The Venetians have equally corrupted the name of almost every place in Greece; yet, as the natives of Epactos or Naupactos never heard of Lepanto, those of Zacynthos of Zante, or the Athenians of Settines, it would be as unfair to rob Ithaca of its name, on such authority, as it would be to assert that no such island existed, because no tolerable representation of its form can be found in the Venetian surveys.

"The rare medals of the Island, of which three are represented in the title-page, might be adduced as a proof that the name of Ithaca was not lost during the reigns of the Roman emperors. They have the head of Ulysses, recognised by the pileum, or pointed cap, while the reverse of one presents the figure of a cock, the emblem of his vigilance, with the legend ΙΘΑΚΩΝ. A few of these medals are preserved in the cabinets of the curious, and one also, with the cock, found in the island, is in the possession of Signor Zavo, of Bathi. The uppermost coin is in the collection of Dr. Hunter; the second is copied from Newman; and the third is the property of R. P. Knight, Esq.

"Several inscriptions, which will be hereafter produced, will tend to the confirmation of the idea that Ithaca was inhabited about the time when the Romans were masters of Greece; yet there is every reason to believe that few, if any, of the present proprietors of the soil are descended from ancestors who had long resided successively in the island. Even those who lived, at the time of Ulysses, in Ithaca, seem to have been on the point of emigrating to Argos, and no chief remained, after the second in descent from that hero, worthy of being recorded in history. It appears that the isle has been twice colonised from Cephalonia in modern times, and I was informed

that a grant had been made by the Venetians, entitling each settler in Ithaca to as much land as his circumstances would enable him to cultivate."

Mr. Gell then proceeds to invalidate the authority of previous writers on the subject of Ithaca. Sir George Wheeler and M. le Chevalier fall under his severe animadversion; and, indeed, according to his account, neither of these gentlemen had visited the island, and the description of the latter is "absolutely too absurd for refutation." In another place, he speaks of M. le C. "disgracing a work of such "merit by the introduction of such fabrications;" again, of the inaccuracy of the author's maps; and, lastly, of his inserting an island at the southern entry of the channel between Cephalonia and Ithaca, which has no existence. This observation very nearly approaches to the use of that monosyllable which Gibbon,[1] without expressing it, so adroitly applied to some assertion of his antagonist, Mr. Davies. In truth, our traveller's words are rather bitter towards his brother tourist; but we must conclude that their justice warrants their severity.

In the second chapter, the author describes his landing in Ithaca, and arrival at the rock Korax and the fountain Arethusa, as he designates it with sufficient positiveness.—This rock, now known by the name of Korax, or Koraka Petra, he contends to be the same with that which Homer mentions as contiguous to the habitation of Eumæus, the faithful swineherd of Ulysses.—We shall take the liberty of adding to our extracts from Mr. Gell some of the passages in Homer to which he *refers* only, conceiving this to be the fairest method of exhibiting the strength or the weakness of his argument. "Ulysses," he observes, "came to the extremity of "the isle to visit Eumæus, and that extremity was the most "southern; for Telemachus, coming from Pylos, touched at the "first south-eastern part of Ithaca with the same intention."

> Καὶ τότε δὴ ρ' Ὀδυσῆα κακὸς ποθεν ἤγαγε δαίμων
> Ἀγροῦ ἐκ' ἐσχατιήν, ὅθι δώματα ναῖε συβώτης·
> Ἔνθ' ἦλθεν φίλος υἱὸς Ὀδυσσῆος θείοιο,
> Ἐκ Πύλου ἠμαθόεντος ἰὼν σὺν νηὶ μελαίνῃ.
>
> Ὀδύσσει· Ω.

1. See his Vindication of the 15th and 16th chapters of the *Decline and Fall, etc.*

Αὐτὰρ ἐπὴν πρώτην ἀκτὴν Ἰθάκης ἀφίκηαι,
Νῆα μὲν ἐς πόλιν ὀτρῦναι καὶ πάντας ἑταίρους·
Αὐτὸς δὲ πρώτιστα συβώτην εἰσαφικέσθαι, κ.τ.λ.
Ὀδύσσει· O.

These citations, we think, appear to justify the author in his attempt to identify the situation of his rock and fountain with the place of those mentioned by Homer. But let us now follow him in the closer description of the scene.—After some account of the subjects in the plate affixed, Mr. Gell remarks: "It is impossible to visit this sequestered spot "without being struck with the recollection of the Fount of "Arethusa and the rock Korax, which the poet mentions in "the same line, adding, that there the swine ate the *sweet*[1] "acorns, and drank the black water."

Δῆεις τόν γε σύεσσι παρήμενον· αἱ δὲ νέμονται
Πὰρ Κόρακος πέτρῃ, ἐπί τε κρήνῃ Ἀρεθούσῃ,
Ἔσθουσαι βάλανον μενοεικέα, καὶ μέλαν ὕδωρ
Πίνουσαι. Ὀδύσσει· N.

"Having passed some time at the fountain, taken a drawing, and made the necessary observations on the situation of the precipice, we proceeded to an examination of the precipice, climbing over the terraces above the source among shady fig-trees, which, however, did not prevent us from feeling the powerful effects of the mid-day sun. After a short but fatiguing ascent, we arrived at the rock, which extends in a vast perpendicular semicircle, beautifully fringed with trees, facing to the south-east. Under the crag we found two caves of inconsiderable extent, the entrance of one of which, not difficult of access, is seen in the view of the fount. They are still the resort of sheep and goats, and in one of them are small natural receptacles for the water, covered by a stalagmatic incrustation.

"These caves, being at the extremity of the curve formed by the precipice, open toward the south, and present us with another accompaniment of the fount of Arethusa, mentioned by the poet, who informs us that the swineherd Eumæus left his guests in the house, whilst he, putting on a thick garment, went to sleep near the herd, under the hollow of the rock, which sheltered him from the northern blast. Now we know that the herd fed near the fount; for Minerva tells Ulysses that he is to go first to Eumæus, whom he should find with the swine, near the rock Korax and the fount of Arethusa. As the swine then fed at the fountain, so it is necessary that a cavern should be found in its vicinity; and this seems to

1. "*Sweet* acorns." Does Mr. Gell translate from the Latin? To avoid similar cause of mistake, μενοεικέα should not be rendered *suavem*, but *gratam*, as Barnes has given it.

coincide, in distance and situation, with that of the poem. Near the fount also was the fold or stathmos of Eumæus; for the goddess informs Ulysses that he should find his faithful servant at or above the fount.

"Now the hero meets the swineherd close to the fold, which was consequently very near that source. At the top of the rock, and just above the spot where the waterfall shoots down the precipice, is at this day a stagni, or pastoral dwelling, which the herdsmen of Ithaca still inhabit, on account of the water necessary for their cattle. One of these people walked on the verge of the precipice at the time of our visit to the place, and seemed so anxious to know how we had been conveyed to the spot, that his inquiries reminded us of a question probably not uncommon in the days of Homer, who more than once represents the Ithacences demanding of strangers what ship had brought them to the island, it being evident they could not come on foot. He told us that there was, on the summit where he stood, a small cistern of water, and a kalybea, or shepherd's hut. There are also vestiges of ancient habitations, and the place is now called Amarāthia.

"Convenience, as well as safety, seems to have pointed out the lofty situation of Amarāthia as a fit place for the residence of the herdsmen of this part of the island from the earliest ages. A small source of water is a treasure in these climates; and if the inhabitants of Ithaca now select a rugged and elevated spot, to secure them from the robbers of the Echinades, it is to be recollected that the Taphian pirates were not less formidable, even in the days of Ulysses, and that a residence in a solitary part of the island, far from the fortress, and close to a celebrated fountain, must at all times have been dangerous, without some such security as the rocks of Korax. Indeed, there can be no doubt that the house of Eumæus was on the top of the precipice; for Ulysses, in order to evince the truth of his story to the swineherd, desires to be thrown from the summit if his narration does not prove correct.

"Near the bottom of the precipice is a curious natural gallery, about seven feet high, which is expressed in the plate. It may be fairly presumed, from the very remarkable coincidence between this place and the Homeric account, that this was the scene designated by the poet as the fountain of Arethusa, and the residence of Eumæus; and, perhaps, it would be impossible to find another spot which bears, at this day, so strong a resemblance to a poetic description composed at a period so very remote. There is no other fountain in this part of the island, nor any rock which bears the slightest resemblance to the Korax of Homer.

"The stathmos of the good Eumæus appears to have been little different, either in use or construction, from the stagni and kalybea of the present day. The poet expressly mentions that other herdsmen drove their flocks into the city at sunset,—a custom which still prevails throughout Greece during the winter, and that was the season in which Ulysses visited Eumæus. Yet Homer accounts for this deviation from the prevailing custom, by observing that he had retired from the city to avoid the suitors of Penelope. These trifling

occurrences afford a strong presumption that the Ithaca of Homer was something more than the creature of his own fancy, as some have supposed it; for though the grand outline of a fable may be easily imagined, yet the consistent adaptation of minute incidents to a long and elaborate falsehood is a task of the most arduous and complicated nature."

After this long extract, by which we have endeavoured to do justice to Mr. Gell's argument, we cannot allow room for any farther quotations of such extent; and we must offer a brief and imperfect analysis of the remainder of the work.

In the third chapter the traveller arrives at the capital, and in the fourth he describes it in an agreeable manner. We select his account of the mode of celebrating a Christian festival in the Greek Church:—

"We were present at the celebration of the feast of the Ascension, when the citizens appeared in their gayest dresses, and saluted each other in the streets with demonstrations of pleasure. As we sate at breakfast in the house of Signor Zavo, we were suddenly roused by the discharge of a gun, succeeded by a tremendous crash of pottery, which fell on the tiles, steps, and pavements, in every direction. The bells of the numerous churches commenced a most discordant jingle; colours were hoisted on every mast in the port, and a general shout of joy announced some great event. Our host informed us that the feast of the Ascension was annually commemorated in this manner at Bathi, the populace exclaiming *ανεστη ο Χριστος, αληθινος ο Θεος*, Christ is risen, the true God."

In another passage, he continues this account as follows:— "In the evening of the festival, the inhabitants danced before "their houses; and at one we saw the figure which is said to "have been first used by the youths and virgins of Delos, at "the happy return of Theseus from the expedition of the "Cretan Labyrinth. It has now lost much of that intricacy "which was supposed to allude to the windings of the habita- "tion of the Minotaur," etc., etc. This is rather too much for even the inflexible gravity of our censorial muscles. When the author talks, with all the *reality* (if we may use the expression) of a Lemprière, on the stories of the fabulous ages, we cannot refrain from indulging a momentary smile; nor can we seriously accompany him in the learned architectural detail by which he endeavours to give us, from the *Odyssey*, the ground-plot of the house of Ulysses,—of which he actually offers a plan in drawing! "showing how the

"description of the house of Ulysses in the *Odyssey* may be "supposed to correspond with the foundations yet visible on "the hill of Aito!"—Oh, Foote! Foote! why are you lost to such inviting subjects for your ludicrous pencil!—In his account of this celebrated mansion, Mr. Gell says, one side of the court seems to have been occupied by the Thalamos, or sleeping apartments of the men, etc., etc.; and, in confirmation of this hypothesis, he refers to the 10th *Odyssey*, line 340. On examining his reference, we read—

'Ες θάλαμόν τ' ἰέναι, καὶ σῆς ἐκιβήμεναι εὐνῆς·

where Ulysses records an invitation which he received from Circe to take a part of her bed. How this illustrates the above conjecture, we are at a loss to divine: but we suppose that some numerical error has occurred in the reference, as we have detected a trifling mistake or two of the same nature.

Mr. G. labours hard to identify the cave of Dexia near Bathi (the capital of the island), with the grotto of the Nymphs described in the 13th *Odyssey*. We are disposed to grant that he has succeeded; but we cannot here enter into the proofs by which he supports his opinion; and we can only extract one of the concluding sentences of the chapter, which appears to us candid and judicious:—

"Whatever opinion may be formed as to the identity of the cave of Dexia with the grotto of the Nymphs, it is fair to state, that Strabo positively asserts that no such cave as that described by Homer existed in his time, and that geographer thought it better to assign a physical change, rather than ignorance in Homer, to account for a difference which he imagined to exist between the Ithaca of his time and that of the poet. But Strabo, who was an uncommonly accurate observer with respect to countries surveyed by himself, appears to have been wretchedly misled by his informers on many occasions.

"That Strabo had never visited this country is evident, not only from his inaccurate account of it, but from his citation of Apollodorus and Scepsius, whose relations are in direct opposition to each other on the subject of Ithaca, as will be demonstrated on a future opportunity."

We must, however, observe that "demonstration" is a strong term.—In his description of the Leucadian Promontory (of which we have a pleasing representation in the plate), the author remarks that it is "celebrated for the *leap*

"of Sappho, and the *death* of Artemisia." From this variety in the expression, a reader would hardly conceive that both the ladies perished in the same manner; in fact, the sentence is as proper as it would be to talk of the decapitation of Russell, and the death of Sidney. The view from this promontory includes the island of Corfu; and the name suggests to Mr. Gell the following note, which, though rather irrelevant, is of a curious nature, and we therefore conclude our citations by transcribing it:—

"It has been generally supposed that Corfu, or Corcyra, was the Phæacia of Homer; but Sir Henry Englefield thinks the position of that island inconsistent with the voyage of Ulysses as described in the *Odyssey*. That gentleman has also observed a number of such remarkable coincidences between the courts of Alcinous and Solomon, that they may be thought curious and interesting. Homer was familiar with the names of Tyre, Sidon, and Egypt; and, as he lived about the time of Solomon, it would not have been extraordinary if he had introduced some account of the magnificence of that prince into his poem. As Solomon was famous for wisdom, so the name of Alcinous signifies strength of knowledge; as the gardens of Solomon were celebrated, so are those of Alcinous (*Od.* 7. 112); as the kingdom of Solomon was distinguished by twelve tribes under twelve princes (1 Kings ch. 4), so that of Alcinous (*Od.* 8. 390) was ruled by an equal number; as the throne of Solomon was supported by lions of gold (1 Kings ch. 10), so that of Alcinous was placed on dogs of silver and gold (*Od.* 7. 91); as the fleets of Solomon were famous, so were those of Alcinous. It is perhaps worthy of remark, that Neptune sate on the mountains of the SOLYMI, as he returned from Æthiopia to Ægæ, while he raised the tempest which threw Ulysses on the coast of Phæacia; and that the Solymi of Pamphylia are very considerably distant from the route.—The suspicious character, also, which Nausicaa attributes to her countryman agrees precisely with that which the Greeks and Romans gave of the Jews."

The seventh chapter contains a description of the Monastery of Kathara, and several adjacent places. The eighth, among other curiosities, fixes on an imaginary site for the Farm of Laertes; but this is the agony of conjecture indeed! —and the ninth chapter mentions another Monastery, and a rock still called the School of Homer. Some sepulchral inscriptions of a very simple nature are included.—The tenth and last chapter brings us round to the Port of Schœnus, near Bathi; after we have completed, seemingly in a very minute and accurate manner, the tour of the island.

We can certainly recommend a perusal of this volume to every lover of classical scene and story. If we may indulge the pleasing belief that Homer sang of a real kingdom, and that Ulysses governed it, though we discern many feeble links in Mr. Gell's chain of evidence, we are on the whole induced to fancy that this is the Ithaca of the bard and of the monarch. At all events, Mr. Gell has enabled every future traveller to form a clearer judgment on the question than he could have established without such a "Vade-mecum "to Ithaca," or a "Have with you, to the House of Ulysses," as the present. With Homer in his pocket, and Gell on his sumpter-horse or mule, the Odyssean tourist may now make a very classical and delightful excursion; and we doubt not that the advantages accruing to the Ithacences, from the increased number of travellers who will visit them in consequence of Mr. Gell's account of their country, will induce them to confer on that gentleman any heraldic honours which they may have to bestow, should he ever look in upon them again.—*Baron Bathi* would be a pretty title:—

"*Hoc* Ithacus *velit, et magno mercentur Atrida.*"
VIRGIL.

For ourselves, we confess that all our old Grecian feelings would be alive on approaching the fountain of Melainudros, where, as the tradition runs, or as the priests relate, Homer was restored to sight.

We now come to the "Grecian Patterson," or "Cary," which Mr. Gell has begun to publish; and really he has carried the epic rule of concealing the person of the author to as great a length as either of the above-mentioned heroes of itinerary writ. We hear nothing of his "hair-breadth "'scapes" by sea or land; and we do not even know, for the greater part of his journey through Argolis, whether he relates what he has seen or what he has heard. From other parts of the book, we find the former to be the case; but, though there have been tourists and "strangers" in other countries, who have kindly permitted their readers to learn rather too much of their sweet selves, yet it is possible to carry delicacy, or cautious silence, or whatever it may be called, to the contrary extreme. We think that Mr. Gell

has fallen into this error, so opposite to that of his numerous brethren. It is offensive, indeed, to be told what a man has eaten for dinner, or how pathetic he was on certain occasions; but we like to know that there is a being yet living who describes the scenes to which he introduces us; and that it is not a mere translation from Strabo or Pausanias which we are reading, or a commentary on those authors. This reflection leads us to the concluding remark in Mr. Gell's preface (by much the most interesting part of his book) to his *Itinerary of Greece*, in which he thus expresses himself:—

"The confusion of the modern with the ancient names of places in this volume is absolutely unavoidable; they are, however, mentioned in such a manner, that the reader will soon be accustomed to the indiscriminate use of them. The necessity of applying the ancient appellations to the different routes, will be evident from the total ignorance of the public on the subject of the modern names, which, having never appeared in print, are only known to the few individuals who have visited the country.

"What could appear less intelligible to the reader, or less useful to the traveller, than a route from Chione and Zaracca to Kutchukmadi, from thence by Krabata to Schœnochorio, and by the mills of Peali, while every one is in some degree acquainted with the names of Stymphalus, Nemea, Mycenæ, Lyrceia, Lerna, and Tegea?"

Although this may be very true inasmuch as it relates to the reader, yet to the traveller we must observe, in opposition to Mr. Gell, that nothing can be less useful than the designation of his route according to the ancient names. We might as well, and with as much chance of arriving at the place of our destination, talk to a Hounslow post-boy about making haste to *Augusta*, as apply to our Turkish guide in modern Greece for a direction to Stymphalus, Nemea, Mycenæ, etc., etc. This is neither more nor less than classical affectation; and it renders Mr. Gell's book of much more confined use than it would otherwise have been:—but we have some other and more important remarks to make on his general directions to Grecian tourists; and we beg leave to assure our readers that they are derived from travellers who have lately visited Greece. In the first place, Mr. Gell is absolutely incautious enough to recommend an interference on the part of English travellers with

the Minister at the Porte, in behalf of the Greeks. "The "folly of such neglect (page 16, preface), in many instances, "where the emancipation of a district might often be obtained "by the present of a snuff-box or a watch, at Constantinople, "*and without the smallest danger of exciting the jealousy of* "*such a court as that of Turkey*, will be acknowledged when "we are no longer able to rectify the error." We have every reason to believe, on the contrary, that the folly of half a dozen travellers, taking this advice, might bring us into a war. "Never interfere with any thing of the kind," is a much sounder and more political suggestion to all English travellers in Greece.

Mr. Gell apologizes for the introduction of "his panoramic "designs," as he calls them, on the score of the great difficulty of giving any tolerable idea of the face of a country in writing, and the ease with which a very accurate knowledge of it may be acquired by maps and panoramic designs. We are informed that this is not the case with many of these designs. The small scale of the single map we have already censured; and we have hinted that some of the drawings are not remarkable for correct resemblance of their originals. The two nearer views of the Gate of the Lions at Mycenæ are indeed good likenesses of their subject, and the first of them is unusually well executed; but the general view of Mycenæ is not more than tolerable in any respect; and the prospect of Larissa, etc., is barely equal to the former. The view *from* this last place is also indifferent; and we are positively assured that there are no windows at Nauplia which look like a box of dominos,—the idea suggested by Mr. Gell's plate. We must not, however, be too severe on these picturesque bagatelles, which, probably, were very hasty sketches; and the circumstances of weather, etc., may have occasioned some difference in the appearance of the same objects to different spectators. We shall therefore return to Mr. Gell's preface; endeavouring to set him right in his directions to travellers, where we think that he is erroneous, and adding what appears to have been omitted. In his first sentence, he makes an assertion which is by no means correct. He says, "*We* are at present as ignorant "of Greece, as of the interior of Africa." Surely not quite so

ignorant; or several of our Grecian *Mungo Parks* have travelled in vain, and some very sumptuous works have been published to no purpose! As we proceed, we find the author observing that "Athens is *now* the most polished city of "Greece," when we believe it to be the most barbarous, even to a proverb—

Ὦ Ἀθηνα, πρωτη χωρα,
Τι γαϊδάρους τρεφεις τωρα;[1]

is a couplet of reproach *now* applied to this once famous city; whose inhabitants seem little worthy of the inspiring call which was addressed to them within these twenty years, by the celebrated Riga:—

Δεῦτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων, κ.τ.λ.

Iannina, the capital of Epirus, and the seat of Ali Pacha's government, *is* in truth deserving of the honours which Mr. Gell has improperly bestowed on degraded Athens. As to the correctness of the remark concerning the fashion of wearing the hair cropped in *Molossia*, as Mr. Gell informs us, our authorities cannot depose; but why will he use the classical term of Eleuthero-Lacones, when that people are so much better known by their modern name of Mainotes? "The court of the Pacha of Tripolizza" is said "to realise "the splendid visions of the Arabian Nights." This is true with regard to the *court;* but surely the traveller ought to have added that the city and palace are most miserable, and form an extraordinary contrast to the splendour of the court. —Mr. Gell mentions *gold* mines in Greece: he should have specified their situation, as it certainly is not universally known. When, also, he remarks that "the first article of "necessity *in Greece* is a firman, or order from the Sultan, "permitting the traveller to pass unmolested," we are much misinformed if he be right. On the contrary, we believe this to be almost the only part of the Turkish dominions in which a firman is not necessary; since the passport of the Pacha is absolute within his territory (according to Mr. G.'s own admission), and much more effectual than a firman.—

1. We write these lines from the *recitation* of the travellers to whom we have alluded; but we cannot vouch for the correctness of the Romaic.

"Money," he remarks, "is easily procured at Salonica, or "Patrass, where the English have consuls." It is much better procured, we understand, from the Turkish governors, who never charge discount. The consuls for the English are not of the most magnanimous order of Greeks, and far from being so liberal, generally speaking; although there are, in course, some exceptions, and Strané of Patras has been more honourably mentioned.—After having observed that "horses seem the best mode of conveyance in Greece," Mr. Gell proceeds: "Some travellers would prefer an English "saddle; but a saddle of this sort is always objected to by "the owner of the horse, *and not without reason*," etc. This, we learn, is far from being the case; and, indeed, for a very simple reason, an English saddle must seem to be preferable to one of the country, because it is much lighter. When, too, Mr. Gell calls the *postillion* "Menzilgi," he mistakes him for his betters; *Serrugees* are postillions; *Menzilgis* are postmasters.—Our traveller was fortunate in his Turks, who are hired to walk by the side of the baggage-horses. They "are certain," he says, "of performing their engagement "without grumbling." We apprehend that this is by no means certain:—but Mr. Gell is perfectly right in preferring a Turk to a Greek for this purpose; and in his general recommendation to take a Janissary on the tour: who, we may add, should be suffered to act as he pleases, since nothing is to be done by gentle means, or even by offers of money, at the places of accommodation. A courier, to be sent on before to the place at which the traveller intends to sleep, is indispensable to comfort; but no tourist should be misled by the author's advice to suffer the Greeks to gratify their curiosity, in permitting them to remain for some time about him on his arrival at an inn. They should be removed as soon as possible; for, as to the remark that "no stranger "would think of intruding when a room is pre-occupied," our informants were not so well convinced of that fact.

Though we have made the above exceptions to the accuracy of Mr. Gell's information, we are most ready to do justice to the general utility of his directions, and can certainly concede the praise which he is desirous of obtaining,—namely, "of having facilitated the researches of future

"travellers, by affording that local information which it was "before impossible to obtain." This book, indeed, is absolutely necessary to any person who wishes to explore the Morea advantageously; and we hope that Mr. Gell will continue his Itinerary over that and over every other part of Greece. He allows that his volume "is only calculated "to become a book of reference, and not of general entertain-"ment;" but we do not see any reason against the compatibility of both objects in a survey of the most celebrated country of the ancient world. To that country, we trust, the attention not only of our travellers, but of our legislators, will hereafter be directed. The greatest caution will, indeed, be required, as we have premised, in touching on so delicate a subject as the amelioration of the possessions of an ally: but the field for the exercise of political sagacity is wide and inviting in this portion of the globe; and Mr. Gell, and all other writers who interest us, however remotely, in its extraordinary *capabilities*, deserve well of the British empire. We shall conclude by an extract from the author's work: which, even if it fails of exciting that general interest which we hope most earnestly it may attract towards its important subject, cannot, as he justly observes, "be entirely uninteresting to "the scholar;" since it is a work "which gives him a faithful "description of the remains of cities, the very existence of "which was doubtful, as they perished before the æra of "authentic history." The subjoined quotation is a good specimen of the author's minuteness of research as a topographer; and we trust that the credit which must accrue to him from the present performance will ensure the completion of his *Itinerary*:—

"The inaccuracies of the maps of Anacharsis are in many respects very glaring. The situation of Phlius is marked by Strabo as surrounded by the territories of Sicyon, Argos, Cleonæ, and Stymphalus. Mr. Hawkins observed, that Phlius, the ruins of which still exist near Agios Giorgios, lies in a direct line between Cleonæ and Stymphalus, and another from Sicyon to Argos; so that Strabo was correct in saying that it lay between those four towns; yet we see Phlius, in the map of Argolis by M. Barbie du Bocage, placed ten miles to the north of Stymphalus, contradicting both history and fact. D'Anville is guilty of the same error.

"M. du Bocage places a town named Phlius, and by him Phlionte, on the point of land which forms the port of Drepano; there are not

at present any ruins there. The maps of D'Anville are generally more correct than any others where ancient geography is concerned. A mistake occurs on the subject of Tiryns, and a place named by him Vathia, but of which nothing can be understood. It is possible that Vathi, or the profound valley, may be a name sometimes used for the valley of Barbitsa, and that the place named by D'Anville Claustra may be the outlet of that valley called Kleisoura, which has a corresponding signification.

"The city of Tiryns is also placed in two different positions, once by its Greek name, and again as Tirynthus. The mistake between the islands of Sphæria and Calaura has been noticed in page 135. The Pontinus, which D'Anville represents as a river, and the Erasinus, are equally ill placed in his map. There was a place called Creopolis, somewhere toward Cynouria; but its situation is not easily fixed. The ports called Bucephalium and Piræus seem to have been nothing more than little bays in the country between Corinth and Epidaurus. The town called Athenæ, in Cynouria, by Pausanias, is called Anthena by *Thucydides*, book 5. 41.

"In general, the map of D'Anville will be found more accurate than those which have been published since his time; indeed, the mistakes of that geographer are in general such as could not be avoided without visiting the country. Two errors of D'Anville may be mentioned, lest the opportunity of publishing the itinerary of Arcadia should never occur. The first is, that the rivers Malætas and Mylaon, near Methydrium, are represented as running toward the south, whereas they flow northwards to the Ladon; and the second is, that the Aroanius, which falls into the Erymanthus at Psophis, is represented as flowing from the lake of Pheneos; a mistake which arises from the ignorance of the ancients themselves who have written on the subject. The fact is that the Ladon receives the waters of the lakes of Orchomenos and Pheneos; but the Aroanius rises at a spot not two hours distant from Psophis."

In furtherance of our principal object in this critique, we have only to add a wish that some of our Grecian tourists, among the fresh articles of information concerning Greece which they have lately imported, would turn their minds to the language of the country. So strikingly similar to the ancient Greek is the modern Romaic as a written language, and so dissimilar in sound, that even a few general rules concerning pronunciation would be of most extensive use.

END OF VOL. I.

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